



32-PAGE NEWS SECTION

Sampras the unstoppable

WITH 12 PAGES OF SPORT

24-PAGE BROADSHEET REVIEW

Gardeners' (erotic) World

MONDAY REVIEW FRONT

Celebrities in cyberspace

WITH 7 PAGES OF NETWORK

Doctors seek new rules to let people die

DOCTORS FACING harrowing decisions on whether to withdraw treatment from severely brain damaged patients want new guidelines to protect them from the threat of legal action.

A British Medical Association report published yesterday suggested that the capacity to form human relationships could be one criterion for deciding whether to offer life sustaining treatment to patients who would otherwise die.

The BMA says that advances in medical technology are keeping patients with terrible injuries alive. Doctors are increasingly taking the quality of patients' lives into account as well as assessing the medical benefits of treatment, exposing them to the risk of legal action and charges of playing God.

A report by the association's ethics committee suggests that an individual's ability to interact and relate to other people is "one key indicator of a person's quality of life".

The BMA says that the law is confused and that NHS trusts are making different decisions in similar situations, leaving doctors and relatives uncertain where they stand.

Last month, the Royal Bournemouth Hospital paid £100,000 in an out-of-court settlement to Catherine Roberts, a young student who had been in a prolonged coma following an accident, after doctors decided not to replace her nasal feeding tube when it fell out.

The doctors had been about to switch off her ventilator when she unexpectedly started to emerge from her coma. She has since recovered enough to study for an Open University degree although she is severely handicapped.

BY JEREMY LAURANCE
Health Editor

In a second case, a 23-year-old patient identified as 'R' who had been brain damaged at birth was the subject of a court case in which his consultant argued that his condition was deteriorating and he should be allowed to die. R then weighed five stone and suffered from dehydration.

The consultant said that it would be in his best interests to "allow nature to take its course next time he has a life threatening crisis" by withdrawing active treatment, such as antibiotics.

"It seems to follow that life is a value to be preserved only insofar as it contains some potentiality for human relationships."

The court agreed but authorised a feeding tube to be inserted into his stomach, indicating that it distinguished artificial feeding from other forms of treatment.

The BMA report, withdrawing and withholding treatment, issued on the eve of its annual conference in Cardiff, seeks to bring consistency to an area regarded by many doctors as an ethical minefield. It says most accept that there is "no absolute duty to prolong life at all costs" but uncertainty remains about the point at which "treatment becomes excessively burdensome".

It says terms such as quality of life are controversial because they imply some lives are less valued but the concept underlies much of the decision making at

the end of life. Citing other commentators, it says most human values are rooted in human relationships. "It seems to follow that life is a value to be preserved only insofar as it contains some potentiality for human relationships."

The document says the most difficult issue is withdrawing artificial feeding and hydration. Whereas decisions to withhold treatment such as resuscitation or antibiotics can be taken by the clinical team in consultation with the relatives, the withdrawal of feeding "is likely to necessitate legal advice".

Vivienne Nathanson, the BMA's head of medical ethics, said: "These are terribly difficult decisions and there are lots of areas where there is a lack of clarity. With advances in technology we are getting a better idea of what the likely outcome of treatment might be. The question is how we as doctors make decisions and advise relatives."

However, doctors could also get it wrong, as in the Catherine Roberts case.

"We can predict the natural course of the condition with a certain degree of confidence but we can't always be certain. There are still uncertainties about diagnosis."

Dr Mac Armstrong, secretary of the BMA, said: "These are very difficult issues and there are very difficult judgments involved."

"We don't want to see 'cook book' medicine where doctors stick to the protocol, nor that doctors and patients are making decisions without the support of the system and then find themselves wrong-footed by the legal system."



Orangemen yesterday found their preferred route back to Portadown blocked by an impenetrable security cordon

Crispin Rodwell

Drumcree stand-off begins

THE SECURITY forces and the Orange Order yesterday took up positions for Drumcree J, which is to be a stern test - of the resolve of Orangemen who want to march along the Garvaghy Road, and of the authorities who forbid it.

The opening act of the drama had a cast of thousands, with around 5,000 Orangemen prevented from walking along the mainly Catholic thoroughfare after morning service at Drumcree parish church on the outskirts of Portadown, Co Armagh.

They were halted by 2,000

BY DAVID MCKITTRICK
Ireland Correspondent

troops and police, with the help of a formidable array of fortifications. No attempt was made to break through the defences, but the Order is expected to launch protests elsewhere to pressurise the authorities into lifting the ban on the march.

The blockade in the road, though made of modern materials, has features which add to the sense that a medieval siege has been recreated. Two cement-filled lorry containers have been placed at a bridge on

the narrow country lane connecting the church to the Garvaghy Road, so as to completely seal it off.

In front of the containers, a high steel wall has been erected to form the modern equivalent of battlements. Police officers and troops can look down on the Orangemen from this vantage point.

The structure was augmented by a deep trench or moat together with numerous lines of barbed wire laid out across fields for thousands of yards.

that the Government had turned the area "into something reminiscent of a war zone". The atmosphere was generally calm during the afternoon, since proceedings so far have an air of established ritual. With the route blocked so thoroughly, the question is what is the Orangemen's plan to force a government change of mind?

The Orange Grand Master, Robert Saulters, said: "It's not a stand-off yet, they don't know what a stand-off is yet. But, brethren, I sincerely hope that none of you get into trouble or any injuries caused."

A number of roads in and around Belfast were briefly blocked by Orange supporters during the afternoon but were quickly cleared by police. Appeals for calm and for protests to be kept peaceful came from many sources.

The RUC Chief Constable Ronnie Flanagan, promised that he would enforce the ban on the march. He declared: "The march will not be forced down. It is our responsibility to uphold the law and it is our responsibility to enforce the lawfully binding decision of the Parades Commission."

Tory anger at New Labour's 'sleazy' links to lobbyists

THE TORIES will demand an emergency Commons statement today on claims that former Labour employees working as lobbyists are offering inside information for cash.

Labour could also face the threat of angry trade union backers withdrawing funding from the party amid claims that lobbyists' clients had better access to ministers than they did.

The Prime Minister, Tony Blair, was under pressure as one of his key aides, a former lobbyist, was accused of offering businessmen access to government figures.

BY FRAN ABRAMS
Political Correspondent

A number of existing lobbyists who used to work for Mr Blair, Gordon Brown, the Chancellor, and Peter Mandelson were also caught up in the allegations. A newspaper report said they claimed to have access to unpublished government documents.

Francis Maude, the shadow chancellor, called for an investigation into the allegations last night. His colleagues will raise it in the Commons today.

In a letter to Mr Brown he said: "You will know that to trade in market-sensitive information is a serious criminal offence for which offenders may be sent to prison. It is essential that you mount an immediate and swift public investigation in order to restore the Treasury's good name."

The lobbyists told Observer journalists posing as American businessmen that they could obtain the text of the Chancellor's speeches in advance, could secure places for their clients on government task forces and help with winning approval for takeover bids.

But Downing Street dismissed the allegations as largely the result of bragging by certain individuals.

One of those at the centre of the allegations is Derek Draper, a former aide to Mr Mandelson, the Minister Without Portfolio, who is now a director of a lobbying firm called GPC. He said he knew the Chancellor's public spending plans in advance, it was claimed.

Another was Ben Lucas, who ran Mr Blair's political briefing unit during the general election. He was said to have boasted that he knew the contents of the

Chancellor's Mansion House speech days before it was made.

The newspaper also claimed that Roger Liddle, a member of the Downing Street policy unit who founded a lobbying company called Prima Europe, told its reporters: "Just tell me what you want, who you want to meet and Derek (Draper) and I will make the call for you."

Last night Mr Liddle put out a statement denying that he had made such a promise. In a statement Mr Lucas's firm, Lawson, Lucas, Mendelsohn (LLM), said it had been misrepresented.

Mosquitoes love a hot man with aftershave

WHEN IT comes to attracting members of the opposite sex, men should avoid smelly feet and an overpowering floral-scented aftershave. Except, that is, when the female of the species is a mosquito.

New research has revealed that oozing body chemicals and floral fragrances are the attributes that make a female mosquito swoon with delight. So alluring is this cocktail of smells that she will home in on it from 36 metres.

A review of insect repellents in the *Annals of Internal Medicine* magazine reveals that mosquitoes have favourite victims when they are looking for

BY ROGER DOBSON

a snack. But these are not women and children, as is popularly believed.

"In general, adults are more likely to be bitten than children, and men are bitten more readily than women," says Dr Mark Fradin, author of the report.

He adds: "Large persons tend to attract more mosquitoes, perhaps because of their greater relative heat or carbon dioxide output." For mosquitoes that feed during the day, movement and dark clothing are an extra draw.

man of generous proportions, wearing an aftershave with a strong artificial floral fragrance, and giving off plenty of carbon dioxide and body odours.

The review says that the insects use their eyes, noses and thermal sensors to pick out their preferred targets. Some species home in on feet.

The female does the biting, gulping down her own weight in blood every three or four days. Despite continual attempts to find ways to make people less attractive to mosquitoes, the report says the chemical Deet remains the gold standard among repellents.

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MONDAY REVIEW

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'New Labour is a hot-house in the same way that the defensive, inward-looking circle around Mrs Thatcher was in the early part of her reign.'
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Richard Branson
'I believe there is almost no limit to what a brand can do.'
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Judges 'too soft in fraud cases'

ONE OF the country's most senior police chiefs yesterday criticised some judges for being soft on fraudsters and accused the Crown Prosecution Service of employing too many mediocre lawyers.

Perry Nove, 54, the new Commissioner of the City of London police, the force that deals with many of the most sophisticated and large-scale frauds, argued that "lenient" sentences against some criminals sent the "wrong message" to other offenders.

In an interview with *The Independent* he also revealed that some of the armed robbers of the 1960s had hung up their shotguns and moved into City fraud.

Mr Nove, who has been the head of both the City of London and Metropolitan Police fraud squads is critical of the work of some judges involved in fraud cases. He said: "We are from time to time surprised by what we believe to be the leniency of courts." He added: "There are cases undoubtedly where the sentences have sent the wrong message."

He said a six-year sentence for fraud was unusual and a 10-year sentence was very rare. He argued that the short jail terms may "tempt" former armed robbers into white-collar crime.

He said: "In the last 10 years a large number of the players [City fraudsters] were the armed robbers of the 1960s. If you are now 60 you probably don't want to run across the pavement with a shotgun."

One of the most infamous cases of a short jail sentence involved Roger Levitt, who was originally charged with fraud on 62 counts and faced a possible seven-year jail term. He was sentenced to 180 hours' community service after pleading guilty to one minor charge. The sentence given to Mr

By JASON BENNETTO
Crime Correspondent

Levitt caused a furore after his investment company crashed with debts of £34m in 1990.

There was also anger at the five-year sentence handed down to Ernest Saunders - halved on appeal - for theft and false accounting during the 1986 takeover of Distillers by Guinness.

Mr Nove also criticised the overall quality of lawyers working for the CPS. He said: "A lot of people in the criminal justice service arena, including police officers, believe that the CPS does not attract its fair share of the best lawyers in the country. This is not to say they have not got good lawyers."

"The anecdotal evidence that I have heard from the legal profession is that if you want to be a star in the criminal justice arena you're unlikely to want to forge a career in the CPS."

He added: "Have they got their fair share of the better lawyers? I think the answer to that is no. That is something to do with pay and conditions and how the CPS is seen."

His comments come as the Government is preparing a shake-up of the Crown prosecution system.

Mr Nove also said that he expects to keep most of the City's anti-terrorists measures - nicknamed the "ring of steel" - which has helped his force produce the lowest crime rate in the country.

The measures include the installation of 1,300 surveillance cameras that can automatically check vehicle number plates entering the City and keep photographic records of each passenger for 84 hours.

The force is considering in the future installing equipment that could automatically check the photographs against wanted criminals.



A 'fairy' putting finishing touches to a garden inspired by Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* - one of the displays at the Hampton Court Palace Flower Show, which opens to the general public on Thursday
Rui Xavier

Adoption plan for 'Big Issue' sellers gets Blair's backing

COMMUTERS WHO buy the *Big Issue* magazine to support the homeless should go one step further and adopt the vendor.
Tony Blair will say this week.

The Prime Minister is backing a joint mentoring scheme between the Government and the publication's management to encourage the public to give more support to the homeless. After a period of intensive training, volunteers will be assigned as "buddies" to *Big Issue* sellers. They will be expected to see them once a week and offer support and

By FRAN ABRAMS
Political Correspondent

advice as they look for jobs and homes.

The initiative is part of a package of measures being launched to try to cut down the number of rough sleepers on the streets of the capital. The Government is also giving the homeless immediate access to its New Deal employment and training programme and is appointing a homelessness "tsar" to oversee its campaign.

Writing in the *Big Issue*, a self-help publication sold by homeless people in major cities, Mr Blair will say the magazine has shown its sellers can work and want to do so.

"We are looking at a new project for the public and businesses to connect up with homeless people and help them by providing work opportunities, practical advice and support," he will say.

The Government wants to reduce the number of people sleeping rough on the streets of London from an estimated 400 to 100. It is believed there are

around 2,000 rough sleepers in England.

A spokeswoman for the homelessness charity, Shelter, said that while it welcomed the initiative, many homeless people needed specialist help.

"We would have great reservations if people with very complex problems were meant to benefit from this scheme," she said.

The initiative comes as a result of work by the Social Exclusion Unit, which publishes a report on homelessness this week.

Defence review an 'unprecedented deal'

DEFENCE SECRETARY George Robertson hailed the Government's year-long defence review as an unprecedented deal that would give the armed forces the resources they needed.

Mr Robertson will unveil the long-awaited strategic defence review this Wednesday.

He said he was happy with

the deal he had done with Chancellor Gordon Brown.

He told BBC 1's *Breakfast* with Frost: "I'm content that what I've got from Gordon Brown in the way of resources, which will allow us to do the job."

Mr Robertson played down reports of a £500 million cut in the defence budget, insisting

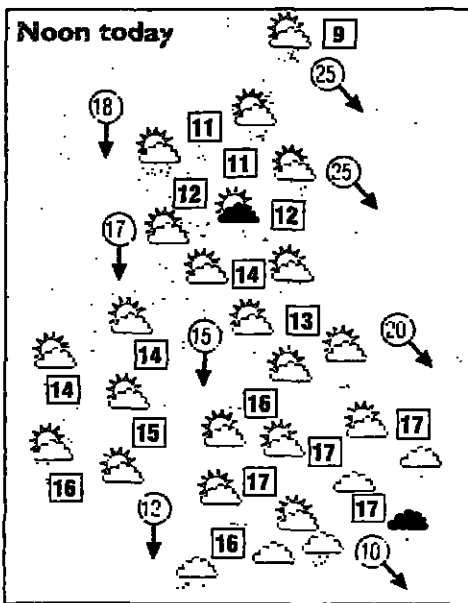
the review was policy led and that the size of the army would probably be increased.

A new "minimum nuclear" for Britain's Trident nuclear deterrent might involve a reduced number of warheads and two new aircraft carriers would be built in the UK, the first to be launched in 2012.

He said it was sensible to sell off redundant defence assets and the ministry would drive a hard bargain on procurement.

Britain's defence industry was "one of the best in the world, worth £5 billion a year in exports, with 340,000 people employed in it. We have to show a commitment to it," he said.

BRITAIN TODAY



OUTLOOK

Southern parts of England and Wales will start cloudy with patchy rain. This will clear only slowly, with sunny spells developing later this afternoon. The rest of the UK will have a mix of sunshine and showers. The showers will be most frequent in the north and east and sheltered western areas will have the best of the day's sunshine, escaping most of the showers. However, it will be a disappointingly cool day for July with a stiff breeze blowing.

NEXT FEW DAYS

Tomorrow will start dry with some early sunshine but western Scotland and Northern Ireland will become cloudy with rain expected by afternoon and scattered light showers will develop elsewhere. On Wednesday most areas will have spells of rain, although the south-east will have warm sun during the morning before rain arrives in the afternoon. Thursday and Friday will be showery, the best of any sunny spells in the east.

LIGHTING UP TIMES

	22.00	to	04.57
Belfast	21.31	to	04.55
Birmingham	21.28	to	05.02
Glasgow	22.02	to	04.42
London	21.19	to	04.52
Manchester	21.38	to	04.49
Newcastle	21.45	to	04.37

HIGH TIDES

	AM	HT	PM	HT
London	12.16	6.1	00.43	6.0
Liverpool	09.44	7.9	22.09	8.2
Wolverhampton	05.18	10.8	17.49	11.2
Hull (River Don)	04.45	7.4	17.10	7.5
Greenock	11.03	2.8	23.49	2.9
Dun Laoghaire	10.17	3.4	22.36	3.6

AIR QUALITY

	NO ₂	PM ₁₀	O ₃
London	Gd	Low	Gd
S. England	Gd	Low	Gd
Wales	Gd	Mod	Gd
C. England	Gd	Low	Gd
N. England	Gd	High	Gd
Scotland	Gd	Mod	Gd
N. Ireland	Gd	Mod	Gd

SUN & MOON

Sun rises:	04.51
Sun sets:	21.19
Moon rises:	18.06
Moon sets:	02.44
Full moon:	July 9

WEATHERLINE

For the latest forecasts, visit our website at www.bbc.co.uk/weather
Source: The Met Office. Calls charged at 50p per min (inc VAT)

YESTERDAY

BRITISH ISLES WEATHER

	R	W	S
Abertawe	15	58	
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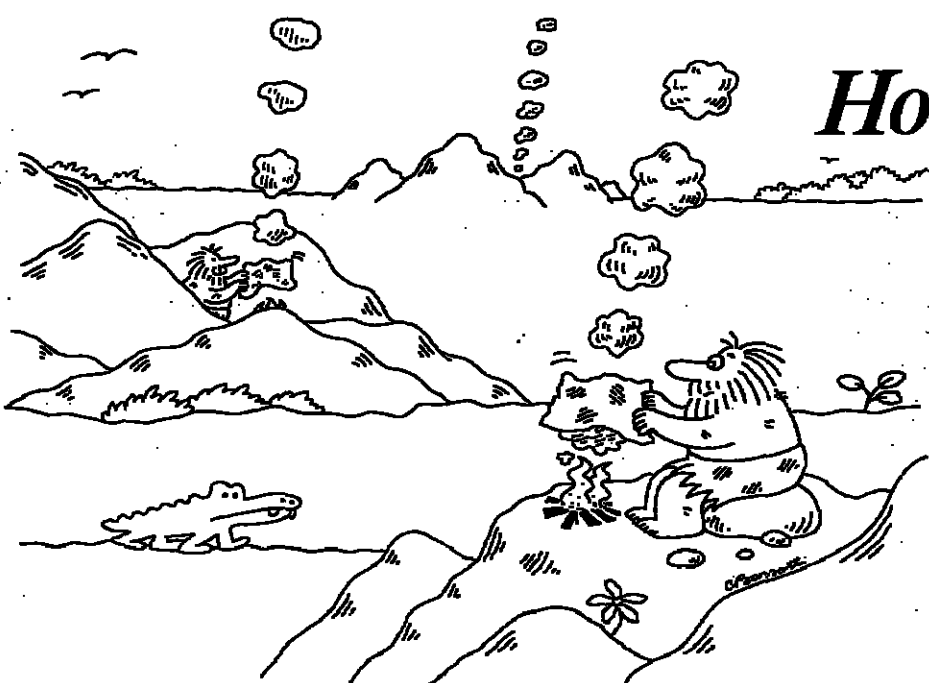
THE WORLD

ATLANTIC CHART, NOON TODAY

Low A will slowly fill as it drifts north-east. High T will very slowly relax south-eastwards.
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THE WORLD YESTERDAY

Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68
Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68
Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68
Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68
Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68
Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68
Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68
Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68
Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68
Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68	Algeria	20.68



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صحنه من الامم

They are called The Circle. But do these 17 people really run Britain?



TONY BLAIR
At the top of the pyramid. The Prime Minister's hair may be a little thinner than a year ago, his smile more strained, but he retains authority in one of the most disciplined governments of the post-war years.



GORDON BROWN
The second most influential man in the land, snapping at his master's heels. The Chancellor denies rumours of a rift with Blair but he has built a rival power base of aides and sees himself as the heir apparent.



PETER MANDELSON
The combative minister without portfolio is much misunderstood, say friends. His personal charms notwithstanding, Mandelson - the arch political fixer - remains a pivotal figure in government.



ALASTAIR CAMPBELL
Mr Nasty to Blair's Mr Nice. The PM's press secretary is ruthless in pursuit of a favourable gloss for Labour on day's events. Recently survived a grilling about his role by a parliamentary select committee.



ANJI HUNTER
A friend of Blair's since schooldays, she worked for him in opposition and is now a key member of his kitchen cabinet, the "gate-keeper to his office". An ebullient woman with a reputation for earthy language, she was recently rumoured to be a frontrunner for the new post of communications director at Buckingham Palace.

Hunter's influence prompts parallels with Marcia Williams (Lady Falkender), Harold Wilson's formidable secretary.



JONATHAN POWELL
In a neat piece of political irony, Blair's chief of staff is the brother of Sir Charles Powell, Lady Thatcher's former adviser. While Jonathan favours an orthodox rendition of their name, Sir Charles says "Pole".



PHILIP GOULD
Labour's opinion pollster, he played a part in the recent replacement of the editor of the *Express* with a more Blair-friendly version. Achievements include persuading Neil Kinnock to give up smoking.



JACK STRAW
When the son of a Home Secretary with a strict law-and-order agenda was arrested for selling cannabis, Straw handled the affair with tact, and was promoted to the unofficial cabinet "big-hitter".



SALLY MORGAN
Blair's political secretary, she levered favoured candidates into safe seats just before the election. Rumour has it Blair moved out of an office next to hers because she continually popped in to ask questions.



ED BALLS
Young - just 31 - and formidably clever. Gordon Brown's chief strategist and a close personal friend. Once wrote a speech for Brown with impenetrable reference to "neo-classical endogenous growth theory".



DAVID MILIBAND
Director of the No 10 Policy Unit, the powerhouse of New Labour ideas. Brainy, ambitious and good-looking - known as Donny Osmond at Oxford - he has "a mental age of 46 and an IQ of 4,000", according to one Labour old-timer.



CHARLIE WHELAN
Gordon Brown's press secretary has an image to rival Campbell's. Once briefed newspaper editors about Brown's stance on monetary union via mobile telephone from the Red Lion pub in Whitehall.



JOHN PRESCOTT
Despite his Old Labour ideology, uncertain grasp of syntax and propensity for public gaffes, the Deputy Prime Minister is a powerful figure who chairs and sits on more Cabinet committees than any other minister.



LORD IRVINE OF LAIRG
The Lord Chancellor, he of the £60,000 wallpaper. Has been keeping his head down of late. Blair's mentor will never be able to shake off his prodigious image, after row about the refurbishment of his official residence.



GEOFFREY NORRIS
A senior No 10 policy adviser. Once lambasted by John Prescott. "Who's Mr Norris? Mr Norris is an official in the department," Prescott told the BBC. So shadowy a figure that no pictures of him are known to exist.



ALASTAIR DARLING
The Chief Secretary is described as "chillingly numerate" by one commentator. Asked once about his attitude to money, Darling said: "Like everyone else's - I'd like to have lots of it."



ROGER LIDDLE
Another of "Tony's cronies". In charge of European affairs in No 10 policy unit. After a time with Lib Dems, now back in Labour fold. With Mandelson, wrote *The Blair Revolution*.

PROFILES BY KATHY MARKS

IS BRITAIN ruled by a 17-strong and mostly unelected cabal? Yesterday the New Labour establishment choked over its coffee cups at the deeply embarrassing claims made by one of the new generation of commercial lobbyists about the government influence, access and information he could secure for his commercial clients.

Derek Draper, who was Peter Mandelson's researcher from 1992-6 and is now a self-styled "commentator fixer" who works at GPC Market Access, memorably summed up his potential usefulness to Sunday newspaper investigators posing as representatives of US energy firms. "There are 17 people who count," the newspaper reports him as saying.

He goes on to brag about his closeness to "The Circle" by adding "To say I am intimate with every one of them is the understatement of the century." So doesn't anybody else now "count"? The 17 listed certainly include several of the most obviously powerful people in Britain, including Tony Blair. But the selection of many of them probably owes as much to their presence in Draper's no doubt bulging address book as to any scientific analysis of where power in Britain lies.

The Cabinet list is rather arbitrary. Robin Cook might be surprised - as well as relieved,

BY DONALD MACINTYRE

given the context - to learn that Alastair Darling is part of the inner 17 but that as Foreign Secretary he isn't. So might David Blunkett and George Robertson. Given the huge transfer of power under way to Scotland, Donald Dewar, who has the best chance of becoming First Minister, might get a look-in. And a lobbyist trying to cash in on any possible economic boom in Northern Ireland - distant a prospect as that seems today - would be ill advised not to try and secure access to Mo Mowlam, even though he might get short shrift.

Maybe Margaret Beckett, too, is "useless", as Draper is quoted as saying, and her department weak. But then again it might be that he is not on visiting terms with the Board of Trade President. Nor, given the Paymaster General's close access to the Chancellor and his understanding of the business world, is Geoffrey Robinson, exactly without influence.

Gordon Brown and his economic adviser Ed Balls are, of course, rightly on the list. But there are other inconsistencies - some members of the No 10 Policy Unit are in and others not. Don't Pat Macfadden, who covers constitutional matters, or Geoff Mulgan, Mr Social Exclusion, or Liz Lloyd, whose

brief ranges from law and order to environment (and whom Draper boasts as a pal) count?

Nor is there any mention of civil servants like Sir Richard Wilson, the Cabinet Secretary, and Head of the Home Civil Service, Andrew Turnbull, the new Treasury Permanent Secretary, Michael Scholar and Sir John Kerr, his intellectually equally formidable counterparts at the DTI and the Foreign Office, or officials like William Ricketts or Brian Bender in the Cabinet Office.

Or of John Holmes and Jeremy Heywood, who as senior officials in the Prime Minister's private office enjoy continuous access to the Prime Minister. Or of Richard Hatfield, the brainy MOD civil servant who has been pivotal in the Strategic Defence Review.

This is not remotely to suggest that they would be susceptible to pressure from lobbyists, only that they are at least as important in running the country as - say - Sally Morgan, Tony Blair's political secretary.

This list of additions is itself pretty dubious. But it helps to demonstrate that it isn't quite as simple to locate the distribution of power as Draper has been grandiosely claiming to his clients and as some on that list of 17 no doubt think it is. What the list does reflect how-

ever is something real - a widespread perception that this government is trying to be one of the most centralised in history. It's perfectly true, paradoxically, that it has also devolved more power than any other, to the Bank of England, the Scottish Parliament, and the London Mayor - whom Mr Draper's friends in the lobbying industry will surely be making a bee-line to as soon as he's elected.

But the authority that Blair, and therefore Blair's acolytes, seem to wield over the Cabinet itself seems pretty unprecedented. Is it? Having watched John Major buffeted by his powerful colleagues - Major lost at least two votes in Cabinet - Blair thought long and hard in Opposition about how to keep a grip on his government.

A strongly pro-active handle on the media is part of that. (Campbell, Mandelson) So is an interventionist Policy Unit (Miliband, Liddle, Norris) with the power and brains to appraise and influence policies flowing from the departments. So is a good understanding of public opinion (Gould). So, to quote the blueprint Mandelson and Liddle drew up in 1996, is a "lower profile, non-ministerial manager inside No 10 (Powell)".

So is a "senior colleague

who can help smooth over frictions and disagreements in Cabinet" (possibly but by no means definitely Mandelson after the Cabinet reshuffle).

All these, coupled with a majority Blair didn't even dream about in Opposition, has helped to strengthen No 10's sway over the rest of government. So there is something in what Draper says. Nothing, however, is quite that easy. First, No 10 has a constant struggle to impose its will on departments. Ferdinand Mount, who worked for the last strong prime minister, Margaret Thatcher, was eloquent in his book on the British constitution on how powerfully Cabinet min-

isters could resist the will of Downing Street if they were brave enough - citing Peter Walker's obstinate refusal to break up privatised British Gas as an example.

Secondly the more publicity for the idea that a small cabal runs the country, the more temptation there is for Cabinet ministers to assert themselves in exactly that way - the one service Draper may have unwittingly performed for the cause of those who aren't on his list. Finally, the stresses between some of the biggest players on the list - Brown, Blair and perhaps Mandelson, ensure that even the modernisers are not such an effi-

cient, all-powerful bloc as they could be.

But that may not, ironically, be Draper's only unwitting service. For if nothing else the disclosures have underlined the real dangers of an unhealthy pally relationship between those who work in lobbying firms and those they used to work alongside returning Labour to power. It was not so smart, for example, for the governing party to engage all those bright New Labour lobbyists at a meeting three months ago to persuade their clients to make donations.

The Commons speaker, among others, is not going to be happy to read that one lobbyist

Karl Milner of GJW showed off his insider knowledge by giving a putative client an advance copy of a Select Committee report.

Lobbyists often exaggerate their influence - though it's striking that another ex-Labour man Colin Byrne, working for the blue chip firm Shandwick when approached by the Observer studiously refrained from doing so - and Mr Draper appears to have gone way over the top. But this can't all be dismissed as braggadocio. If the government can't keep these people at arms' length then Lord Neill, and perhaps a new system of regulation, may have to.

Milburn tipped for promotion to Cabinet

FRESH SPECULATION about who would move where in this month's Cabinet reshuffle yesterday tipped Alan Milburn, the Health minister, as "the man most likely to".

Mr Milburn, 40, would be the youngest member of the Cabinet if he is promoted. It is believed he has been proposed for the job of Chief Secretary to the Treasury.

Some reports yesterday suggested that Downing Street was trying to impose Mr Milburn, the MP for Darlington, on the Treasury team after tension between Tony Blair and his Chancellor, Gordon Brown.

However, sources close to

BY FRAN ABRAMS
Political Correspondent

Mr Brown pointed out that the rising star was a shadow Treasury spokesman just before the election and suggested he would be a welcome addition to the Chancellor's team.

If he does move to the Treasury, Mr Milburn would replace Alastair Darling in the Chief Secretary's chair. Mr Darling has been tipped for a move to Social Security, where he would take over from Harriet Harman as Secretary of State.

Some commentators say Ms Harman might move to the Treasury, others that she might

become a Transport minister.

Peter Mandelson, the Minister Without Portfolio, has also been at the centre of reports that he may be about to get a Cabinet job in charge of a new strategic planning and policy unit based in his current department, the Cabinet Office.

Both the Transport minister, Gavin Strang, and the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, David Clark, have been tipped to lose their Cabinet jobs.

Growing irritation was detectable yesterday in both Mr Brown's and Mr Blair's offices about the level of speculation over both the forthcoming reshuffle and the reported ten-

sions between the occupants of No 10 and No 11.

A spokesman for Mr Brown dismissed reports that he was "at war" with Mr Blair over the future of the Paymaster General, Geoffrey Robinson, as "complete garbage".

One newspaper reported that the Brown camp had accused Mr Blair's supporters of mounting a campaign to destabilise Mr Robinson. There had been a dispute over the minister's future. Downing Street, it said, wanted him moved from the Treasury and No 11 was keen he should stay. The Prime Minister's official spokesman also dismissed the reports.

Royal train is put up for hire

ALL ABOARD. Well not quite all - because although the royal train is up for hire it is not for the hot polloi.

Before anyone starts planning the next office Christmas party in the Queen's quarters, they should note only those who work for "appropriate organisations" are allowed to use it.

Visions of the train careering across the countryside, bearing armies of champagne-

BY ESTHER LEACH

swigging yuppies, look unlikely to materialise. The train, which is said to cost at least £10,000 each time it leaves the sidings, will only be hired out to government departments and agencies.

Sandie Henney, a spokesperson for Buckingham Palace's travel office, said: "It's something we would like to encour-

age. For example, the G7 wives used it when they came over." The use of the royal train, described as one of the Queen's favourite luxuries, has come under close scrutiny because of its cost.

The cost of royal travel arrangements has been met by the Department of Transport, the Ministry of Defence and the Foreign and Commonwealth Office. But last year it was

agreed that these costs would be met from a single grant of £19.5m, of which £1.9m was set aside for the cost of running the royal train.

Yesterday Ms Henney said they would like to consider requests for hire of the train from departments such as the Foreign Office, but corporate entertainment was not an option as "the configuration of the train just does not allow for it".

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How to make the Internet mobile in ten minutes...

Being on-line is as important a part of day-to-day communications as having access to a telephone or fax machine. A mobile phone is now accepted as a standard tool for business, anyone who travels without one is seen as being in the Dark Ages. You take one and stay in touch. There is no reason why you should not be similarly enlightened with mobile data. Access to your e-mail, office network and fax wherever you can use your mobile phone.

What is mobile data?

Mobile data combines two distinct technologies, computing and cellular communications, providing the mobile work-force with a set of powerful tools enabling them to work away from their office. Digital mobile phones communicate in 1s and 0s just as computers do, therefore the mobile phone network can be used as an alternative to the fixed line networks to provide communications between computers.

Have you ever needed to be in two places at one time?

When you need to work together with a group of colleagues it is not always possible to get them together in the same place at the same time. With mobile data this doesn't matter. You can e-mail documents, including charts, diagrams and photographs, to as many of your colleagues as you like. They can pick up files from their offices, the back of a taxi, hotel or even a train and bounce ideas around the group – or to other colleagues for further discussion. As sales figures change and currencies fluctuate the raw data can easily be distributed and updated. People can add comments to each other's work and reach a collective decision in no time at all. Improving group communications means improving time management.

Have you ever wanted to know about your rival's latest product the instant it is announced?

Make sure you are ready to log onto the World Wide Web to pick up the details when your rivals announce their latest products. With mobile

data, you may have found it less straightforward than it should be. You need all the right connectors. To plug a computer into a standard telephone socket means that you need the right lead. Different countries have a bizarre and incompatible range of

Why is the SH888 the best phone for mobile data?

To transfer data, PCs require a modem. Before the Ericsson SH888, a portable PC modem was contained in a PC card, which slotted inside

red when you transfer data, the drain on the battery is nominal too. And because it supports the IrDA protocol it is compatible with the widest range of PCs, laptops and PDAs (operating Windows CE 2.0). It's even compatible with the Psion 5 and the Palm III.

So how do I use the SH888 to connect to the Internet?

Connecting to the Internet with the SH888 is extremely simple, but it must be noted that you cannot just buy the hardware, switch it on and expect to browse the web. Firstly you have to subscribe to an Internet service provider, either privately or through your company and then each time follow these simple steps. Activate your PC or PDA's infra-red port, select "Activate IR port" on the SH888's menu. Place the phone next to the computer, ensuring the infra-red ports are facing each other. Then either log into your office network or dial into your Internet service provider. Click onto your Internet icon and enter your desired address. For faster downloading you can opt to turn the images off.

And how do I use the SH888 for e-mail?

Sending and receiving e-mail is as simple as connecting to the Internet and follows much the same pattern – so again, you must

have an e-mail account with a service provider either privately or through your office. Switch on your PC and phone, line up the infra-red ports and to send or receive e-mail, dial into your office or service provider. Then click on the e-mail or the in-box icons. You need only be on-line to transmit and receive e-mails, so you can read and write them at your leisure without tying up your phone line, keeping your costs down as well as your line free for other business.

The SH888. The best phone from the best manufacturer.

Introducing the SH888 – Ericsson's most technologically advanced phone. As well as an in-built PC card and infra-red communications port, the SH888 boasts the kind of features that you would expect from the Manufacturer of the Year, as voted by the telecoms trade.

The slim battery gives you up to 120 hours standby and 400 minutes talktime on the GSM 900 network, so you may as well leave your charger at home with the cables. And because the SH888 is one of the first dual band phones available, it is the ideal companion on overseas trips. The ability to use both GSM 900 and 1800 MHz networks gives you the widest possible range of roaming partners, making it easier to get a line in remote or congested areas. The SH888's already superior sound design supports EFR (Enhanced Full Rate speech coding) providing speech and reception quality you'd expect from a land line phone. Sleek, black and futuristic with a three line display, it looks as good as it sounds. On its own it's impressive. With a computer it's amazing. The Ericsson SH888.



The new SH888.

data you can do this wherever you are. The mobile phone freed you from having to stay in the office for an important call, mobile data will free you from being tied to your office PC. You can make sure that you are as well informed as your customers and suppliers by logging on from anywhere in the world and reading the information. Ericsson's new SH888 makes accessing the Internet on the move a practical proposition.

Have you ever tried to use a computer and modem in a hotel room and given up?

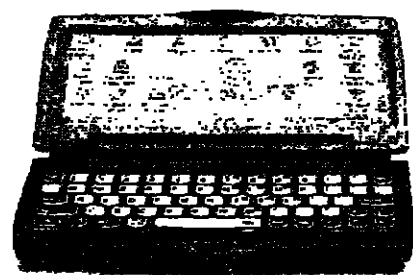
If you are a frequent traveller accessing

sockets. With the SH888 you don't need to worry about sockets and cables because it has an in-built PC card and communicates with your computer directly by infra-red using the same technology as a TV remote control. For international calls a mobile phone can also be substantially cheaper than paying hotel rates.

your computer. The in-built PC card and infra-red technology in the SH888 has a number of benefits, besides removing the need to carry the extra kit and the fact that it's cheaper to buy the SH888 than a mobile phone with separate cable and card.

Traditionally PC cards rapidly drain a computer's battery, especially PDAs (Personal Digital Assistant) which use normal Alkaline batteries. Because the modem is built into the phone, the power isn't drawn from the PC. As the phone need only be used on infra-

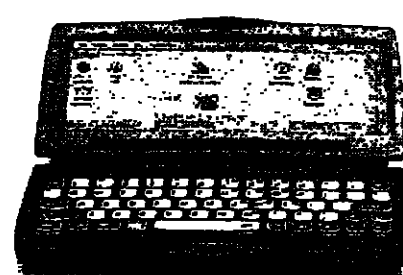
...or 10 seconds.



All you need to do to use the SH888 for Mobile Data. Configure your PC or PDA to use its infra-red port.



Select "Activate IR port" on the SH888 menu.



Put the phone next to the computer with the infra-red ports facing each other and log on using your standard PC software.

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Councils told to sell prize assets

LOCAL AUTHORITIES are being told by the Treasury to sell swimming pools, recreation centres, and offices in the High Street to deliver asset sales of £2.75bn a year to meet the Chancellor's spending targets.

Gordon Brown has left the local authorities to contribute the lion's share of the money from the asset sales he announced last month totalling £4bn a year over the next three years. Of that, only £1bn a year is due from the privatisation of Government assets, such as the national air traffic control system (Nats).

A Treasury source said: "They have plenty of assets in development land, the High Street and recreation centres they could raise money on. We are telling them to go ahead with the sell-offs."

Selling cherished assets could lead to protests, but local authorities believe they can hit the Chancellor's targets without such drastic measures. They already expect to raise £2.5bn in England over 1998-9 largely from transfers of housing to housing associations. They have no intention of trying to reverse the Government's ban on the sale of playing fields to meet targets.

The Labour-controlled Association of Local Government will tell the Chancellor today they can meet his demands, but they want the Treasury spending rules over the town halls to be scrapped, allowing them to keep 100 per cent of the cash they raise from privatisation.

In their own white paper today, the local authorities will tell the Treasury to end the system under which non-hous-

BY COLIN BROWN
Chief Political Correspondent

ing assets are split 50-50 with the Government, and 75 per cent of money from council house sales repays debt.

The councils are flexing their muscles in advance of a government White Paper, due before the end of the month, which will propose revamping local government. It is being drawn up by the local government minister, Hilary Armstrong, who has held extensive consultations on her plans.

Reviving local authority finances is more tricky. John Prescott, Ms Armstrong's boss at the Department of Environment, Transport and the Regions, has been trying to persuade the Chancellor to allow local councils to borrow for new building on the revenue from their council house rents, like housing associations. The Treasury is resisting the idea, in spite of allowing council-owned airports at Manchester, Norwich and Newcastle to borrow on their assets for expansion.

The Treasury is worried that giving carte blanche to local authorities to borrow could lead to some going bankrupt, and increase public borrowing unless it is excluded for the first time from the public sector borrowing requirement.

Relaxing all the spending limits will raise fears in the Treasury that the economy could over-heat, but the local authorities will argue today that they will be prudent, and the economy needs the boost they could bring, particularly in construction jobs, to avoid recession.

Life comes full circle for first NHS baby



June Catterall meeting new arrival Jack Atkinson yesterday. Above right: As she was 50 years ago - the first NHS baby Martin Rickett



BY MARK OLIVER

THE FIRST baby to be born on the National Health Service joined its 50th birthday celebrations yesterday and made a new friend.

June Catterall returned to the ward at North Manchester General Hospital where she was born at two minutes past midnight on 5 July 1948.

There, she met Jack Atkinson, the first baby to be delivered at the hospital since the NHS chalked-up its half-century, and to mark the occasion she presented a silver spoon and flowers to him and his mother Vicky, 25, of Middleton, near Manchester.

Mrs Catterall told how doctors at the fledgling NHS had cared for her after she was born a month premature, ill with jaundice. "If I'd been just a few minutes earlier my parents would have to have paid."

She went on: "The NHS is so special, what it does is unbelievable and we don't realise it until we need it. Hopefully it will be with us in another 50 years."

Child refugees 'illegally held' in UK

DOZENS OF child refugees are being put behind bars by the immigration service because they arrive in Britain on false passports in the names of adults.

The Refugee Council revealed yesterday that 51 children, as young as 13-years-old, had been locked up since the beginning of last year. Immigration staff are often reluctant to release the children, who arrive unaccompanied by parents, even when paediatric reports show them to be under 18.

Officials argue that because the refugee children have at-

BY IAN BURRELL
Home Affairs Correspondent

tempted to enter the country on a false name they cannot be trusted not to abscond and so must be kept in detention.

But Nick Hardwick, chief executive of the Refugee Council, said: "You have children who have been through the most desperate circumstances. They may have seen their parents killed, they have been taken away from the people they love and had a traumatic journey to get here and then they get

thrown behind bars." He has written to Mike O'Brien, the Immigration minister, calling for the system to be changed to ensure no more children are incarcerated.

Simon Russell, refugee officer at Amnesty International, said: "Detention of refugee children is illegal under international law. It's scandalous that the UK treats some of the most helpless people in the world in such an uncivilised manner."

He said Britain had the worst record in Europe for detention of refugees. Among the

cases identified by the Refugee Council are:

- A Nigerian girl who was released from Campfield in Oxfordshire, after medical reports concluded she was a minor, but not before she had become pregnant inside the centre;
- A Ghanaian girl released from Campfield after paediatricians concluded that she was only 15. She has since been given exceptional leave to enter Britain, and
- A Tunisian girl who fled to Britain after suffering severe sexual abuse in Tunisia. She

was only released from Campfield after medical reports showed she was 17. Also given leave to enter.

Minors have also been held in Haslar detention centre, Hampshire; Tinsley House, Surrey, and Rochester jail in Kent.

Two 17-year-old youths were among the so-called Campfield Nine asylum seekers who were accused of orchestrating a riot at the immigration centre last year. The case collapsed in court but the two youths, who were treated by the criminal justice system as juveniles,

were held in detention by the immigration service. One is in a secure psychiatric hospital after attempting suicide, the other was released from Rochester jail on bail last week after two years in detention.

Dr Patricia Wallis, honorary consultant paediatrician at Guy's and Lewisham hospitals in London, has examined 25 refugees who were suspected of being minors. In 80 per cent of cases the refugees had proved to be under-18, with the youngest being a girl of 14.

The usual problem with safe sets

FIRST NIGHT PARTY IN THE PARK, HYDE PARK, LONDON



Natalie Imbruglia, live all the way

Emma Boom

TWO YEARS ago Alanis Morissette, Bob Dylan, The Who and Eric Clapton packed Hyde Park for the Prince's Trust Charity. Post Diana, pre-millennium, the organisation has moved from rock's past to pop's present. Going for a younger demographic is fine in theory, but the reality is that much like the orators at Speaker's Corner pop now speaks in so many languages, it is hard to reflect its variety in a single event.

Capital Radio's Party in the Park attempted to square the pop circle and played safe. And only succeeded fitfully. The idea of 22 acts appearing one after the other harks back to the package tours of the Sixties. Since many people know only three or four songs by most artists, giving listeners what they already know has ensured Capital Radio's dominance of the London airwaves. Reproducing a tightly formatted playlist on stages in

front of 100,000 spectators proved a taller order. Given the restrictions of time and space and the reliance on belly-button acts who exist mostly on television screens and in the pages of teen magazines, the enterprise was fraught with pitfalls.

The question for artists was not what to perform but how to perform: mime, sing live vocals on top of DAT tapes, or really play live?

On the tiny satellite stage soulstress Lutricia McNeal and the pathetic Julian Lennon suffered with some problems early on while Del Amitri soldiered on admirably. On the main

stage, Gary Barlow was the opening attraction. He brought on his former Take That colleague Howard Donald but the frenetic nature of today's pop meant half the teenage crowd struggled to recognise him.

Later on, Boyzone similarly proved their sell-by date is fast approaching. Wearing stupidly long black overcoats in the heat and too many backing vocalists, they were about as relevant as a faded postcard from last year's summer romance.

But really it was an afternoon for Girl Power. Canadian country star Shania Twain, legs astride an invisi-

ble horse, barn-stormed through "Still the One" and "When". Natalie Imbruglia pouted and thrashed her way through her mega-hit "Torn". At least she and her band played live live live.

By Royal Appointment All Saints lived up to their billing with a set to make Prince William and Prince Harry blush, and on this showing could last another year.

Knacker-wetting pop being the order of the day, Tom Jones, the original British singing Romeo, spanned the generation gap in a show-stealing performance which warranted a longer time slot.

PIERRE PERRONE

Three car giants 'fix British prices'

THREE CAR manufacturers could be fined up to 10 per cent of their turnover by the European Commission for fixing car prices in Britain.

BBC's Panorama will claim tonight that Volkswagen, Mercedes-Benz and Volvo have "secret understandings" with their UK dealer networks to push up prices. Research sug-

BY JANINE GIBSON
Media Correspondent

gests that British car prices are on average around £1,000 higher than elsewhere in Europe.

The European Commission competition commissioner, Karel Van Miert, is investigating car pricing in Europe and has declared that he will not

hesitate to fine manufacturers if he concludes they are fixing prices. The commissioner has the power to demand up to 10 per cent of European turnover.

Panorama commissioned the accountants KPMG to analyse car prices over the past 10 years. The firm found that British consumers paid 6.6 per cent more than the

average European across the whole range of models. The mark-up was described by KPMG as "pure profit".

The manufacturers deny breaking the law and say dealers are free to set whatever price they want.

The Consumer Affairs minister, Nigel Griffiths, will refer the new evidence to Brussels.

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It's worth a double take.



Cinema goes in the Scottish Highlands experience the mobile big screen, above, which opens out from a 40ft-long trailer, top right



Moving pictures take to the glens

BY STEPHEN GOODWIN
Scotland Correspondent

But from this summer highlanders should be able to watch films in the equivalent of a city centre multiplex, with wrap-around sound and reclining seats, in their own towns and villages.

Two thirds of the money for the £860,000 project has come from the lottery through the Scottish Arts Council and additional support has been given by Highlands and Islands Enterprise (HIE), Scottish Screen and the Post Office.

The Screen Machine resembles a large, articulated delivery lorry. The 40ft trailer telescopes outwards to form a luxurious 110-seater auditorium, while the tractor unit generates electricity. Not everywhere will be accessible. But the operators are determined to reach as many communities as possible and plan to use ferries to island-hop down the Western Isles.

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Robinson ally linked to Maxwell theft

THE MAN supporting Geoffrey Robinson's claim that he did not receive a £200,000 "loyalty payment" from a Robert Maxwell company is an accountant struck off for helping Maxwell steal £50m.

Michael Stoney, who authorised the disputed payment, allowed Maxwell to steal the millions and then hid the theft from fellow accountants, according to the disciplinary tribunal that dismissed him.

News of the disgrace of Mr Robinson's colleague - both were former directors of Hollis Industries Plc under Maxwell's ownership - is likely to cause further embarrassment to the beleaguered Paymaster General.

By STEVE BOGGAN

Industries Plc under Maxwell's ownership - is likely to cause further embarrassment to the beleaguered Paymaster General.

He will learn tomorrow whether the Commons Standards and Privileges Committee accepts his claim not to have received the money. It was not recorded in the Members' Register of Interests, in spite of Hollis Industries company accounts showing he received £200,000 in 1990.

Mr Stoney, 50, was deputy

managing director (finance) of Mirror Group Newspapers at the time of Maxwell's death in November 1991. He has backed Mr Robinson's claim not to have received the money at the centre of the parliamentary inquiry. Mr Robinson had been involved in an unsuccessful management buyout of Hollis Industries from Maxwell, who bought the company back in 1990.

Mr Stoney told *The Independent*: "At that time, Geoffrey Robinson was made non-executive chairman of the company by Robert Maxwell, who asked

him to keep a watching brief over the engineering business.

"I wrote to our accountants asking them to provide for a £200,000 fee [for Mr Robinson]. The provision was made in the November 1990 accounts for a director's emolument to be paid to Mr Robinson."

However, he said no money was paid but he forgot to inform the accountants. "The subsequent accounts [recording the £200,000] were incorrect and I must take the blame," he said. He added that he did not know why the fee was not paid.

Mr Stoney said he was contacted by Mr Robinson "recently" and told to comment freely about his recollections.

He was not so free, however, with his comments about three charges of conspiracy to defraud Bankers Trust Plc of £50m and of concealing the fraud from Mirror Group Newspapers shareholders. Verdicts of "not guilty" were entered into criminal proceedings when it was decided not to try him after Kevin and Ian Maxwell were acquitted.

The evidence against him

did get an airing, however, last year by the Joint Disciplinary Tribunal of the Institute of Chartered Accountants of England and Wales and the Scottish ICA.

It found he had helped Maxwell secure a £50m loan from Bankers Trust that was to have been for the sole use of MGN, which had been floated and was 49 per cent owned by outside investors. Maxwell held 51 per cent of the shares.

But the money was transferred to Maxwell Newspapers Inc in New York, a subsidiary of the privately-owned Robert

Maxwell Group. The money subsequently disappeared and Mr Stoney made interest payments on the loan out of MGN's bank accounts, even though it was a Maxwell private company that had taken the money.

"On November 4 1991 [the day before Maxwell died], interest became due on the loan and [Mr Stoney] told Mr Kevin Maxwell that it was unfair for MGN to pay it because he had no idea where the money was," the tribunal wrote.

"Notwithstanding, [Mr Stoney] signed a bank mandate

on a MGN account in respect of (£43,904.11) and did not, between 21 October 1991 and 30 November 1991, inform any member of MGN's accounts staff, or anyone else for that matter, of the existence of the loan in spite of several meetings of the board of MGN."

The tribunal excluded him from membership of the ICA and censured him, saying he had displayed "gross contempt for the principles of honesty and integrity". He declined to discuss the charges, saying he had been found not guilty by the court.

A weird relationship with the crooked press baron

ERNEST BURRINGTON, former chairman of Mirror Group Newspapers, was puzzled. Why was a man who had made his millions in publishing and newspapers suddenly so interested in buying engineering companies?

"Maxwell wasn't into engineering at all but all of a sudden he was getting involved in deals which we just couldn't understand," Mr Burrington recalled. "But, being the kind of man he was, he was always doing things his own way. It was all very weird."

The deals the former MGN chairman was talking about are now the subject of a parliamentary inquiry into the affairs of Geoffrey Robinson, the Paymaster General, and they have become no less weird with the passage of time.

Mr Robinson, estimated to be worth about £40m, has been an embarrassment to Labour since details emerged of his strange relationship with a Belgian businesswoman, Joska Bourgeois, who left him £12.75m in a trust fund when she died.

There was further embarrassment when it was discov-

By STEVE BOGGAN
AND ANDREW MULLINS

ered that the Labour MP for Coventry North West had off-shore tax arrangements clearly designed to legally reduce his liability at a time when he had been put in charge of a crack-down on tax evasion.

And some Labour MPs find it difficult to accept the social credentials of a man who has two mansions in Britain, an estate in Tuscany, and a luxury apartment in Cannes left to him by Madame Bourgeois.

But it is his relationship with Maxwell, the man who stole £400m from pension funds, that threatens to be his undoing.

Mr Robinson has always denied being involved with Maxwell to any significant extent but as details of their business relationship emerge, that relationship is beginning to appear more substantial than the Treasury minister has admitted.

The men clearly had much in common - they were rich and held political views to the left of centre, they considered themselves self-made and they were both particularly adept at negotiating hard deals. They may

have met in Labour circles - Maxwell, too, had been an MP - but their first solid business relationship can be traced back to 1987, when Mr Robinson joined the board of Central & Sheerwood, an industrial and property conglomerate chaired by Maxwell.

During the 1970s, Mr Robinson had run British Leyland's Italian arm, Innocenti, and by 1974, at the age of 34, he had moved on and risen to the rank of managing director at Jaguar. It was then that he met Madame Bourgeois, who had a franchise to sell the marquis in Belgium. Their friendship flourished when he advised her on the sale of her company for £15m in 1979.

By 1981, however, he had gone into manufacturing with his own company, Transfer Technology, with the help of £100,000 security provided by Madame Bourgeois. The company specialised in transforming academic ideas into real technology and, by 1985, it had become profitable.

That was when an impressed Robert Maxwell began to take notice of the younger Mr Robinson. Maxwell invited him on to

the board of Central & Sheerwood in 1987, from which point their involvement with each other appears to have grown.

The following year, Mr Robinson joined Maxwell on the board of Hollis, a former furniture and timber company that had diversified into engineering, and in 1988 Mr Robinson became part of a £115m management buyout of the engineering arm of the company, emerging with the title of non-executive chairman of newly-named Hollis Industries.

Maxwell had retained a stake in the company and when a combination of bad luck and high interest rates - which saw factories closed and hundreds made redundant - brought it to its knees, the tycoon bought it back for a nominal sum, and Mr Robinson joined him on the board of Pergamon AGB.

It was at this point, in 1990, according to company accounts, that Mr Robinson was paid a £200,000 loyalty fee by the Maxwell private empire, a sum Mr Robinson said he did not receive.

His version of events is supported by Michael Stoney, one of Maxwell's closest advisers

THE LINKS BETWEEN A DISGRACED TYCOON AND THE PAYMASTER GENERAL



Robert Maxwell

1987 - Geoffrey Robinson joins board of property and industrial firm Central & Sheerwood. Its chairman is Robert Maxwell.

April, 1988 - Robinson joins board of Hollis group, an engineering and furniture company chaired by Maxwell. Not declared in Commons Register of Members' Interests.

May - After £115m management buyout of Hollis, Robinson becomes chairman of Hollis Industries. Not declared in register. Robinson goes on board of Pergamon, another Maxwell company. Not declared in register.

1989 - Hollis Industries, suffering in the recession, is bailed out by Maxwell, who pumps in £40m.

January, 1990 - Maxwell buys back Hollis for nominal £1. Company records show £200,000 payment to Robinson.

March - Robinson quits Pergamon board.

1991 - In a reverse takeover, Central & Sheerwood pay £5.5m to Robinson's own company, Transfer Technology - a high price that surprises many observers. Later, Robinson takes new company, Transtec, to stock market. Today his stake is worth £30m.

November - Maxwell falls overboard from Lady Gishlain, off Canaries.



Geoffrey Robinson

ers and a fellow Hollis director. "The accounts are wrong," he told *The Independent*. "I wrote to our accountants asking them to provide for a £200,000 fee [for Mr Robinson]. The provision was made in the November 1990 accounts for a director's emolument to be paid to Mr Robinson."

He said no money was paid but he forgot to inform the accountants. "The subsequent accounts [recording the

£200,000] were incorrect and I must take the blame."

When the Maxwell empire collapsed after his death in 1991, Mr Stoney was charged, with Kevin Maxwell, of conspiring to defraud the Bankers Trust Company of £50m. Three charges accused him of arranging a loan for MGN but then using it for Maxwell's private companies without detailing the debt in MGN's records. The court recorded not

guilty verdicts after the collapse of the trial of Kevin and Ian Maxwell when the prosecution offered no evidence against him.

Perhaps the most puzzling deal of all involving Robert Maxwell and Mr Robinson involved the "reverse takeover" of Transfer Technology - by now renamed as TransTec - in 1990. Maxwell effectively absorbed the company into Central & Sheerwood for £5.5m.

This was the deal that turned Mr Robinson into a millionaire but many observers said the price paid by Maxwell was way too high - as much, some have argued, as six times more than the company was worth.

Mr Robinson became chairman of the enlarged group and its principal shareholder with 28.1 per cent of the shares, a holding now valued at about £30m.

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Biotech firms lobby for genetic crop site secrecy

BIOTECHNOLOGY companies are stepping up their efforts to persuade the Government to keep secret the locations of experiments with genetically modified (GM) crops to prevent attacks by protesters.

Ministers now face intense lobbying from the 15 multinational companies running GM crop trials in the UK. The companies say that because the Government publishes the precise map location of the sites - often on privately-owned farms - they cannot guarantee their security.

Data about the sites' location is held publicly, and the Department of the Environment,

By CHARLES ARTHUR
Technology Editor

Transport and the Regions is obliged to supply details of trials' locations to members of the public who ask for it. Officials are understood to be discussing how much detail needs to be made public in future.

The move follows a weekend in which plants at a number of sites in south-east England were torn up by genetic campaigners, who claim that such plants represent a "biohazard". So far this year more than 20 of the 300-odd sites in the UK where GM plants are being grown have been attacked.

"This isn't like the anti-roads campaign, which alienated a lot of people," said Martin Shaw of Genetix Snowball, which is co-ordinating the protests.

The protesters' fears centre on the possibility that genes added to the crops could spread by pollination to other wild plants and create "superweeds" that would be impossible to eliminate. Genetix Snowball is calling for a five-year moratorium on the planting of GM crops.

However, the biotechnology companies are hopeful that the Government will start siding with them.

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Liberty in turmoil: Regent Street store makes new bid to turn the tide as family firm is left lagging by rivals

Soap opera decline of a legendary retail name

IT MAY have 125 years of retail history behind it but Liberty, the Regent Street retailer, has never seen tougher times.

Last week, the company reported an £11.5m loss caused by the cost of redevelopment work and a small trading deficit. The news pushed Liberty's shares down to an 11-year low and in stock market terms the company is now so small that City analysts no longer bother covering it.

Just before Christmas, the founding Stewart-Liberty company ousted the entire executive board after a bitter row about management's plans to spend £43m on refurbishing the Regent Street site.

Riven by management disputes, struggling with an ageing building, overtaken by rivals, Liberty is a business with a famous past but an uncertain future. It is a sad decline for one of the UK's great retail names.

How did this happen? How did a prestigious name, which was a byword for style and elegance, fall on such hard times? How does a store sited on one of Britain's busiest shopping thoroughfares, lose money?

"It is total family interference and total under-investment," says one City analyst. "The shop is more sprawling than Hampton Court maze. It is very hard to find your way around. And it faces increasingly improved competition. Harvey Nichols has been reborn, Dickins & Jones has had a fortune spent on it and Selfridges is being upgraded. The world has moved on while Liberty has stood still."

The Stewart-Liberty family has certainly played a central part in the soap opera that the company's affairs have become. The various branches of the family still hold a near 30 per cent interest. The family's financial representative

BY NIGEL COPE
Associate City Editor

sits on the board and Elizabeth Stewart-Liberty, the matriarch, takes a keen interest in the group's performance.

But in recent times the family has found itself involved in vicious spats with their chosen managers. In 1995, the family recruited an outsider to run the business. Denis Cassidy, formerly of the Boddington leisure group, joined wanting to modernise the business. Pushed along by critical shareholders, Liberty appointed non-executive directors and revised its old-fashioned shareholding structure. But Mr Cassidy went further. He eased two family members off the board, closed the provincial stores which had proved a failure, and hatched plans to spend £43m on updating the flagship store.

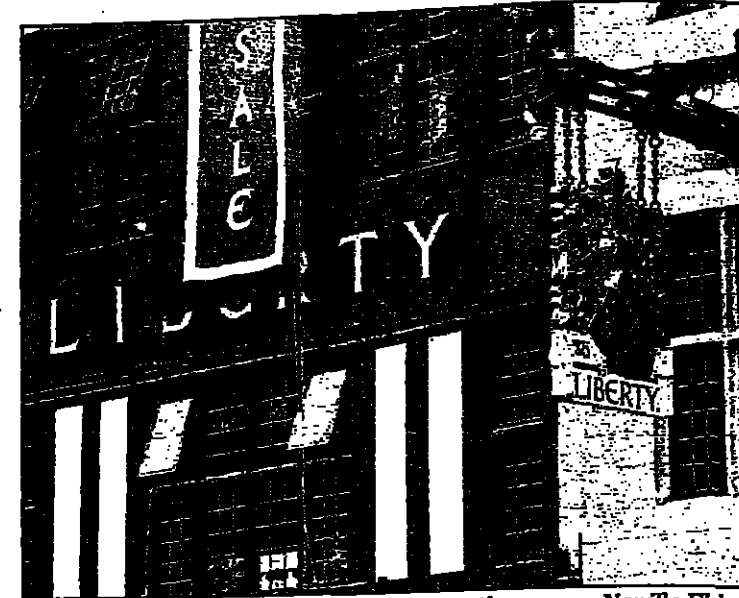
It proved the origin of a war. Keen to reassert its authority the family teamed up with another dissident shareholder to oust Mr Cassidy and throw out his refurbishment plans which they said were too expensive.

The issue came to a head at a dramatic meeting just before Christmas. Mr Cassidy lost and stepped down. The rest of the executive board followed suit. Then all the company's bankers and stockbrokers, financial advisers and lawyers resigned in protest. Liberty was left rudderless as the shop's performance deteriorated.

What next? Liberty has new management, appointed with the backing of the family and is working on plans to refinance the business and reduce costs. They will redevelop the store but with a far lower budget than £43m. Some see this as the company's last chance to succeed without surrendering its independence and the family losing control.



A wedding dress by Vivienne Westwood for Liberty, a store with a 125-year history Herbie Knott



Liberty: More than just a tourist attraction

Neville Elder

Rickety landmark fails to capitalise on unique appeal

LIBERTY'S POSITION on the British high street is unique. For visitors and tourists to London, it is as much of a landmark as the Tower of London. While Harrods fanfares its royal crests and flies its regal green flags, and Harvey Nichols plays up to its Sloane Ranger absolutely fabulousness, Liberty quietly reigns over Regent Street from its Tudor stately home. It is the soul of discretion.

Liberty is a strange mix of new and old. No other shop is quite as rickety. Liberty's wooden floors and old oak panelling creak as shoppers walk from floor to floor. It looks as though it should have a preservation order slapped on it from English National Heritage. But that is just what the Japanese, Italian and American tourists, who push on the central revolving door and enter the store in search of Liberty print scarves and souvenirs, find so charming. It is like finding an unspoilt, traditional old English pub in the middle of the countryside.

It is however, more than just a tourist attraction. Beyond the Paisley and peacock feather prints, Liberty has moved with the times. The buying policy across the departments, from jewellery to fashion, kitchenware to fabrics, is bold and contemporary. No other department store stocks quite so many young British designers - Clements Ribeiro,

BY TAM SIN BLANCHARD
Fashion Editor

Alexander McQueen, Hussein Chalayan, Shelley Fox and Seraph - to name but a few to whom Liberty has given a golden opportunity.

The buyers are not afraid to take a chance if they believe in a collection. There are also the avant-garde Japanese and Belgian designers whose clothes look strangely at home hanging on the rails there. Liberty caters to independent spirits and bohemians as well as tourists - the sort of people who like the fact that the floors creak and that there is not an inch of shiny chrome or minimal steel in sight.

Shoppers are guaranteed that they will find something new, something personal, something that is not necessarily mass-produced.

On a high street that is increasingly bland and sterile, the store's eclectic mix is rare - a unique selling point that has been central to the Liberty ethic for over a hundred years, but is not exploited to its full potential.

For this summer's advertising images, Liberty chose the fashion editor and champion of new talent, Isabella Blow, to model. They chose Blow because she epitomises the modern face of Liberty - a free spirit and a grand old English eccentric.

Mersey brothers build a fortune out of shoe shop

TWO MERSEYSIDE brothers, and their "secret weapon", are set to turn over a staggering £250 million annually by 2003, just 16 years after one of them opened a small shoe shop in Liverpool.

But, in 1988, Robert Wade Smith jacked in his small business selling trainers, and opened a new store in Liverpool's town centre with two floors of sportswear, branded menswear and a smattering of womenswear. He had started his own sports shoe business in 1982 with the help of a £10,000 overdraft. It was a runaway success, and he expanded to ten shops across the north-west.

Wade Smith was an altogether more ambitious project. Situated on Mathew Street, it was one of the first shops to sell designer diffusion lines on Merseyside. Five years later, the shop had expanded to a designer emporium, selling John Rocha, Moschino Cheap & Chic, Versus and Gaultier Junior.

Annual turnover passed £5m thanks to local teenagers with money to burn on Versace jeans and Patrick Cox shoes.

Ten years on, and Wade Smith has become one of the major retailing success stories of the Nineties. It boasts five floors of men's and women's fashion: an outdoor athletic store, Active Woman, selling women's sportswear; and Wade Smith JNR, selling designer children's wear.

Last week the business was sold to Arcadia, the retail group

that owns Burton, Top Shop, and Dorothy Perkins, for £17.3 million. According to Robert Wade Smith, who remains managing director, the company aims to be turning over £250 million in the next five years.

For John Hoerner, chief executive of Arcadia, the jewel in the Wade Smith crown is the JNR concept. He plans to expand Wade Smith JNR to about 30 stores nationwide by 2003.

Children, it seems, have a voracious appetite for brand names and designer labels, from Paul Smith and Calvin Klein to Adidas. And, so far, designer childrenswear is a market untapped by the mighty mass market Arcadia group.

Wade Smith and his brother, David who works with him as retail operations director, have

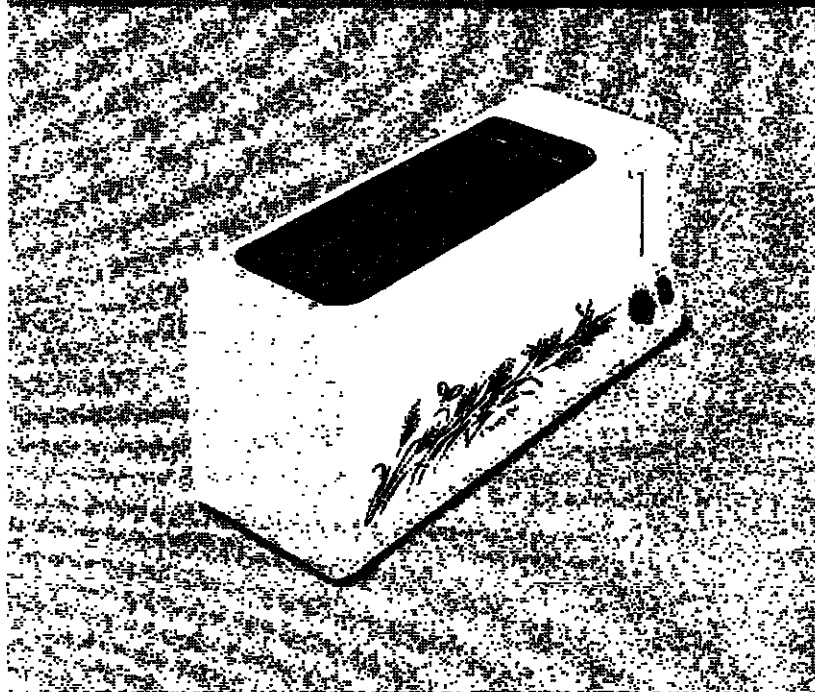
the Midas touch. Ironically, David's previous experience involved ten years working for the Burton Group.

The brothers have a knack: they know what people want and give it to them with perfect timing. Their "secret weapon" is buying and merchandising director Chris Lee's eye for clothes with both a certain cachet and serious commercial appeal.

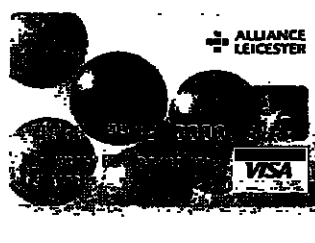
Wade Smith has widespread appeal - from business men and women, to local football heroes and teenagers who spend all their money on designer clothes for a Saturday night out. The retailer has transformed - and outgrown - the Mersey fashion scene with its policy of continual improvement.

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Johnny Speight, creator of Alf Garnett, dies aged 78

BY JANINE GIBSON
Media Correspondent

ONE OF the most admired comedy writers in television history, Johnny Speight, died yesterday at the age of 78 after a short illness.

Mr Speight, the creator of Alf Garnett, had been suffering from cancer of the pancreas. The life-long socialist was with his family at his home in Chorleywood, Hertfordshire, when he died early yesterday morning.

Speight was best known for his BBC sitcom, *Till Death Us Do Part*, featuring Garnett. The series, which first appeared on our screens in 1964, and its sequel, *In Sickness and in Health*, have become comedy classics.

Silcom's most controversial character, Garnett was brought to life by Warren Mitchell who has always maintained he wanted to play him as soon as he read *Till Death Us Do Part*'s opening line. "That bloody Big Ben, fast again," Mr Mitchell said. "It was perfect, it sums up Alf's pig-headed approach to life: 'the world is wrong, I am right'."



Johnny Speight: 'A bit of Alf Garnett in me'

Alf caused a storm when the show was first aired in 1966 with many viewers unaware that it was intended to be satirical. He was revived in the 80s for *In Sickness and in Health*, but once more killed off, apparently by the forces of political correctness, in 1993.

More recently, he was to undergo a conversion to Labour as the grandfather of a new prime minister - a storyline inspired by the coincidence that Tony Blair's father-in-law, actor Tony Booth, starred in the original *Till Death Us Do Part*.

Tributes were led by BBC controller of entertainment, Paul Jackson, who said: "There are very few writers who can claim to have created a character who embodied a spirit of a generation. Johnny Speight did this with Alf Garnett."

Speight once admitted in an interview that there was some-

thing of himself in Alf Garnett. He said he had a sneaking admiration for Stalin, was suspicious of the EU, and confessed: "I don't like anywhere where English isn't spoken. It's Babylon out there."

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Arafat funds his forgotten refugees

FIVE YEARS after he abandoned them to the misery and squalor of their refugee camps in Lebanon, Yasser Arafat has begun pouring money back into Palestinian organisations in Beirut, Sidon, Tripoli and Tyre.

More than £150,000 a month is estimated to be arriving in Lebanon from Mr Arafat's bank accounts to support women's groups and trade unions in the camps - and already some of his mutinous "Fatah" comrades have fallen back into line.

When Mr Arafat signed the Oslo agreement with Israel in 1993, the 400,000 Palestinians in Lebanon realised they had been betrayed by the man they had fought for during 16 years of civil war in the country.

Having been promised a "return" to their homes in Palestine - all within the frontiers of present-day Israel - the Oslo agreement consigned them to a paragraph on "final status" talks in 1999. Regarding Mr Arafat as a traitor, Palestinians

BY ROBERT FISK
in Beirut

in Lebanon sided with Syria's anti-Arafat policies - and found that Mr Arafat's bankrolling of Palestine Liberation Organisation groups here ceased.

"He forgot about us when he signed the Oslo agreement, but now that Oslo is dead he needs us again," a prominent Palestinian official in the Sabra and Chatila camp in Beirut said yesterday. "We know what is happening. We were abandoned by Arafat, but now he needs to play the refugee card. And already we can see his money coming back into Lebanon."

Asad Abdul-Rahman, the head of the Palestinian Authority's "refugee department" visited Lebanon just three months ago; the cheques began to arrive soon afterwards.

In the Rashidiyah Palestinian camp, south of Tyre, PLO men are trying to resurrect moribund Palestinian trade unions loyal to



Yasser Arafat: Showing remarkable generosity

Mr Arafat. PLO "women's congresses" are being re-started. In Beirut, the PLO's refugee department, run by Samira Salah, has begun to pay salaries again. When a Palestinian team from Rafah in the Gaza strip arrived to play football in Beirut in the Arab games, pro-Arafat

demonstrators gathered to greet them at the international airport.

Mr Arafat's picture, long ago thrown away by the slum-dwellers of Bourj al-Barajneh, Ein el-Helwe, Baas, Nahr el-Bared and Badawi refugee camps, have been reprinted and can again be found on the walls of huts and shacks.

So how did Oslo's demise provoke such remarkable generosity from Mr Arafat? According to the coldest of Palestinian calculations - by one of his former acolytes in Beirut - Mr Arafat needs to play the "refugee card" now that his power is waning in negotiations with Israel and the United States. "Arafat lost the loyalty of his people here and in Syria and Jordan," he said.

"He thought he was powerful enough in the West Bank and Gaza. Now he has failed, he wants the power of the diaspora behind him again."

"Israel still wants to make a

peace deal with Lebanon. But if the almost half a million Palestinians in Lebanon do what Arafat says, then he will have to become part of any Israeli-Lebanese negotiations. The same applies in other Arab countries. The Israelis might refuse to talk to him any more about the West Bank and Gaza. But if they want to deal with Lebanon, they will have to talk to Arafat again, whether they like it or not - and he, of course, will have demands on the West Bank and Gaza."

Palestinians, both pro- and anti-Arafat factions, remain armed in the big refugee camps of Ein el-Helwe in Sidon and Bourj el-Shehali in Tyre, and the two camps north of Tripoli as well as Rashidiyah.

While still under strong Syrian control, Palestinian officials, now calling themselves PLO rather than "Fatah", can find common cause between themselves and Damascus now that Mr Arafat has realised

there are no further negotiations to be conducted with the Israelis. Mr Arafat's dollars help to oil the machinery of reconciliation.

Few Palestinians in Lebanon can be under many illusions about the sort of loyalty Mr Arafat is going to show to them. Almost all of them fled Palestine, or are the children or grandchildren of those who fled Palestine, in 1947 and 1948. Their villages, towns and cities are all in what became Israel.

They had clung on to the United Nations General Assembly's non-binding resolution 194, which gives them "the right of return" to their homes and lands, until the Oslo agreement, which effectively recognises the Israeli state and allows Israel to renegotiate withdrawal from those Arab lands it occupied in 1967.

Palestinians in Lebanon may dream of returning to Haifa, or Acre, or northern Galilee whence their families

were driven into Lebanon 50 years ago, but Oslo effectively ensures their dreams will never be realised. Israel is not going to allow the 1948 diaspora to go home, even though the Palestinian families who left half a century ago still live - in their camps - in streets named after their original home villages.

So why should they now support Mr Arafat again, the man who once told them that if they fought to the death against Israel's Christian allies in Lebanon, they would achieve their "return" to Palestine?

Compensation, in some form, is the most they were due to receive under the now dead Oslo agreement. Perhaps they accept Mr Arafat again because there is no other choice. Perhaps because the other Palestinian groups - the left-wing Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine (DFLP), for example - are still telling them Palestinian unity (that tiredst of Arab words, *ittihad*) will correct the mistakes of Oslo.

The DFLP's "central committee" has just held a conference announcing a new initiative: complete Israeli withdrawal to 1967 frontiers, abolition of Israel's annexation of Arab east Jerusalem, dismantlement and evacuation of all Jewish settlers from the West Bank and Gaza, independence of the West Bank and Gaza and the "right of return" to 1948 refugees to be honoured.

Such is the disillusion Palestinians feel towards the now buried "peace process" that the DFLP initiative - unacceptable even to an Israeli Labour government, let alone to the present gentlemen from Likud - seems to contain its own logic. It is, in fact, little more than what was demanded by Mr Arafat before the PLO signed up to Oslo in 1993. In those days, of course, the Palestinians of Lebanon were still being jeered from Mr Arafat's coffers. Now they are again. Plus ça change.

Anger of playboy prince at business 'smears'

THE SULTAN of Brunei's younger brother was embroiled in a storm yesterday over reports that his business empire in Brunei had collapsed with losses worth billions of pounds, leaving dozens of British contractors unpaid.

A report in the *Sunday Telegraph* claimed that Prince Jefri Bolkiah's Amedeo construction company had gone down with losses of up to £10bn.

The newspaper added that the Sultan had drafted in financial experts, including the accountants Price Waterhouse, to find out the full extent of the "playboy" prince's losses.

But the 44-year-old prince is furious about what he believes is a campaign to discredit him, and which he believes has been engineered by powerful religious conservatives at the Brunei court, who have gained the ear of his 51-year-old brother.

A source close to the Brunei royal family, who is sympathetic to the prince, told *The Independent* that the extent of the prince's losses reported in the British newspapers had been greatly exaggerated, and had been misleadingly linked to

BY MARCUS TANNER

his admittedly lavish lifestyle. The source said the reason the prince's British suppliers had not been paid was not a result of his luxurious lifestyle or foolish investment in prestige projects, but because the Brunei government had progressively seized control of the prince's Brunei-based assets.

Last week, the Brunei government announced it was taking over some of Amedeo's key projects, including a luxury hotel and power stations which it was building with the German industrial group Siemens.

Amedeo's travails are linked to the recession that has hit the whole of South-East Asia, and which has not spared Brunei, one of the world's richest nations.

Falling oil prices have struck at the source of the Sultan's wealth, as nearly all the country's income comes from its oil fields.

"The prince's empire has not collapsed," the source said. "What is true is that his businesses in Brunei face difficulties because the government has seized most of them: that



The Sultan of Brunei, left, and Prince Jefri at a polo match in England. The prince is a regular partner of Prince Charles Camera Press

is why he cannot pay people. He still has a big business interests outside Brunei which are unaffected, in Europe and in the United States."

Friends of the prince say the Sultan has been alienated from his younger brother because he has been "got at" by headline Muslims among his family and ministerial advisers.

"The religious conservatives have always hated him [the prince]," the source said. "They are using his business difficulties in Brunei to discredit him completely."

The prince's opponents at the Brunei court are said to be led by one of his own brothers, Mohamed. This brother is said to be in league with the Minister of Education, Pehin Aziz.

"They have orchestrated the anti-Jefri campaign and have set him up," the source said. "They are bombarding the Sultan with complaints about him and are pulling the strings behind the throne."

The prince's circle links the recent dismissal of the country's solicitor general, Pehin Abbas, to the struggle for supremacy

between the factions at court and Mr Abbas's refusal to join the anti-prince campaign.

The extent of the conflict in the ruling family has led some observers to talk darkly of coups and turmoil along the lines of events in Indonesia, where President Suharto was toppled after more than 30 years in power. That scenario may be unlikely.

But the furore over the prince and reports of splits in the Brunei royal family threaten to cast a pall over the visit to Brunei of the Queen and

Prince Philip, due to take place in September.

The prince, as well as the Sultan, has close ties to Britain. He was educated in Britain, at the self-consciously progressive St Alfred's school in north London. A penchant for polo has made Prince Jefri a regular sports partner with the Prince of Wales. He has five homes in London alone.

It would scarcely be surprising if Prince Jefri's lifestyle had attracted the hostile notice of religious conservatives in his home country. Since leaving his

north London school, he has lived a jet-set life. He once hired Rod Stewart to play at one of his children's parties and owns a yacht called *Tits*.

Earlier this year he was the object of unwelcome publicity when two former business associates sued him for £250m, alleging they had procured gifts for him worth £500m over 14 years, including a single rug costing £5m. In court they alleged he had entertained prostitutes in his Park Lane flat.

The case was later settled out of court.

Grozny hero's mystery murder

BY PHIL REEVES
in Moscow

INTRIGUE OVER the murder of Lev Rokhlin, the prominent Russian general and opponent of Boris Yeltsin, is fast snowballing after members of his family and his political organisation claimed the police's prime suspect - his wife - is innocent.

The shooting of the 51-year-old general, found dead in bed at his country dacha last week, has caused shock and controversy in Moscow.

Regional police investigators have claimed the general's wife, Tamara, 48, confessed to shooting him through the head as he lay sleeping after celebrating their son's 13th birthday.

The Federal Security Service immediately declared it was "utterly confident" that his murder was "in no way connected with his political activity". Media reports have suggested the general's wife had a drinking problem and suffered from depression.

But this weekend that version was publicly challenged by General Rokhlin's daughter, Elena, and his son-in-law, Sergei, who said the general's wife had called them after his body was discovered, complaining that she was under pressure to take responsibility. "She said: 'I will take it all on myself, otherwise your daughter will die, you will die and Igor [General Rokhlin's son] will die,'" Sergei told NTV commercial television.

The police's position was also challenged by Alexander Morozov, deputy of the general's organisation, the Movement in Support of the Armed Forces. "The movement leadership is convinced that there are no reasons to suspect the general's wife," he said.

The claims are certain to be seized on by Russia's multitude of conspiracy theorists. The Russian nationalist leader, Vladimir Zhirinovskiy, said the general died "because he knew too much about Chechnya". General Rokhlin led Moscow's capture of the Chechen capital, Grozny, in 1995.

The general quit the pro-government party Our Home is Russia in disgust over the Kremlin's attempts at military reform. He then set up his movement which concentrated on currying support within the ranks and was intended to pressure Boris Yeltsin to resign.

Hong Kong switches airports with night flight

OPERATION Nightmove, one of the biggest ever peace-time logistical operations, roared into life last night as Hong Kong closed its city centre airport and opened the shiny new £600m international gateway at Chek Lap Kok.

From early evening, a convoy of more than 1,100 trucks, 14 barges and 30 aircraft began the massive task of moving essential equipment from the old airport to the new site.

Months of planning have been devoted to the task of opening the new airport within seven hours of the old one closing.

The lights at the old Kai

BY STEPHEN VINES
in Hong Kong

Tak airport were switched off during a small ceremony held at one o'clock this morning by Richard Siegel, Hong Kong's director of civil administration, one of the few remaining Britons to retain a senior position in the government. Two Cathay Pacific Airways jets were the last to depart Kai Tak, leaving for London and Paris at around midnight.

Kai Tak was the world's fourth largest airport and the last major international airport to be located in the heart of a city.

Before closing, it was virtually under siege from both local people and foreign plane-spotting enthusiasts who wanted to catch a last glimpse of the airport where pilots had to be specially trained before being allowed to make the final, tricky approach to the runway, taking their aircraft just above rooftops packed with clothes lines.

The large crowds at Kai Tak yesterday were testimony to the extraordinary affection which most Hong Kong people feel for this cramped, utilitarian and, at times, extraordinarily frustrating airport.

However it was unbeatable for sheer convenience and excitement for spectators viewing massive jumbo jets dipping over the adjacent Kowloon City.

The new airport, which was officially opened by Chinese President Jiang Zemin on 2 July, will be able to provide a 24-hour service because it is well away from the central urban area.

It has ambitions eventually to handle 87 million passengers per year, although is unlikely to service even half that number in its first year of operation.

Unfortunately, the new airport is opening alongside a slew of other new and extended airports throughout the region which will diminish its

attraction as a regional hub.

Kuala Lumpur opened its new airport last week, raising the question whether Asia was adding needless capacity to a sagging travel market.

The opening also coincides with a sharp downturn in Asia-Pacific air travel and a large decline in Hong Kong's own tourist business. Thus Chek Lap Kok will find it difficult to make money in its early years of operation.

Revenue projections from the extensive shopping malls at the new airport are highly unlikely to be fulfilled as shops are pulling out of the airport or insisting on rent reductions.



Sightseers watching one of the dramatic last take-offs amid the tower blocks from Kai Tak Larry Chan

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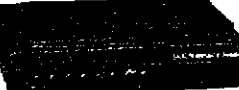


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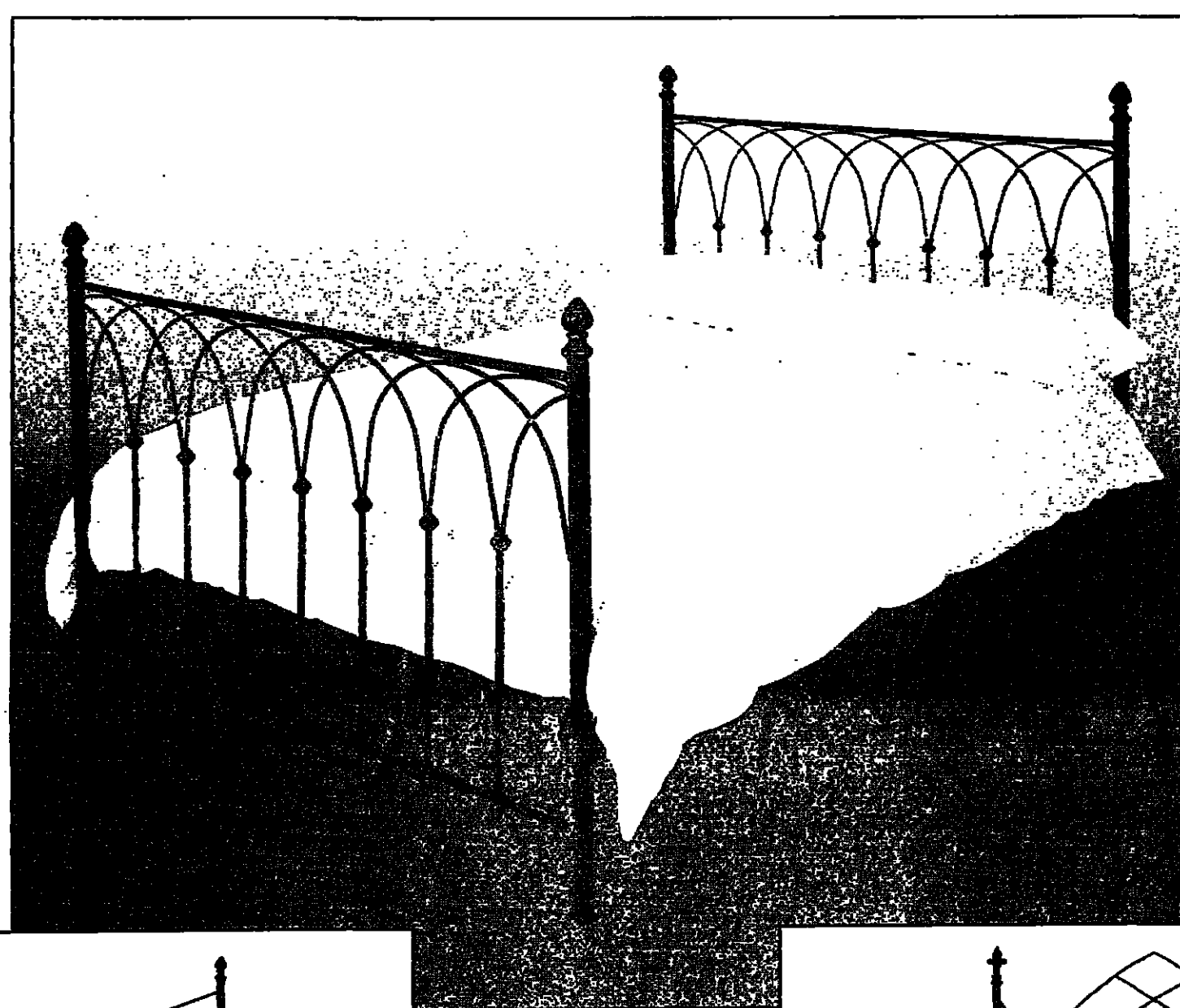
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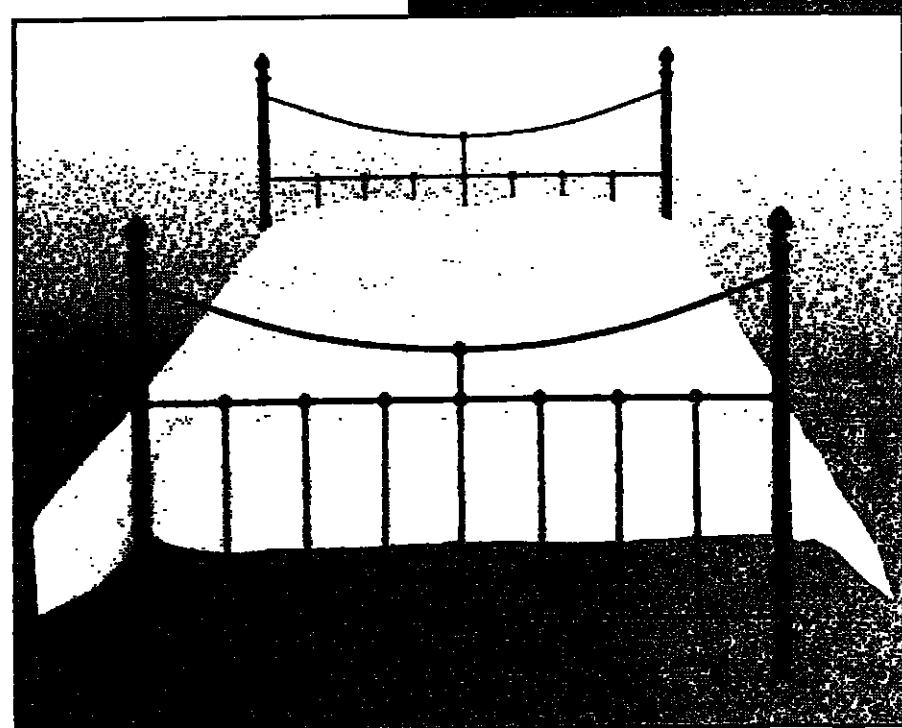
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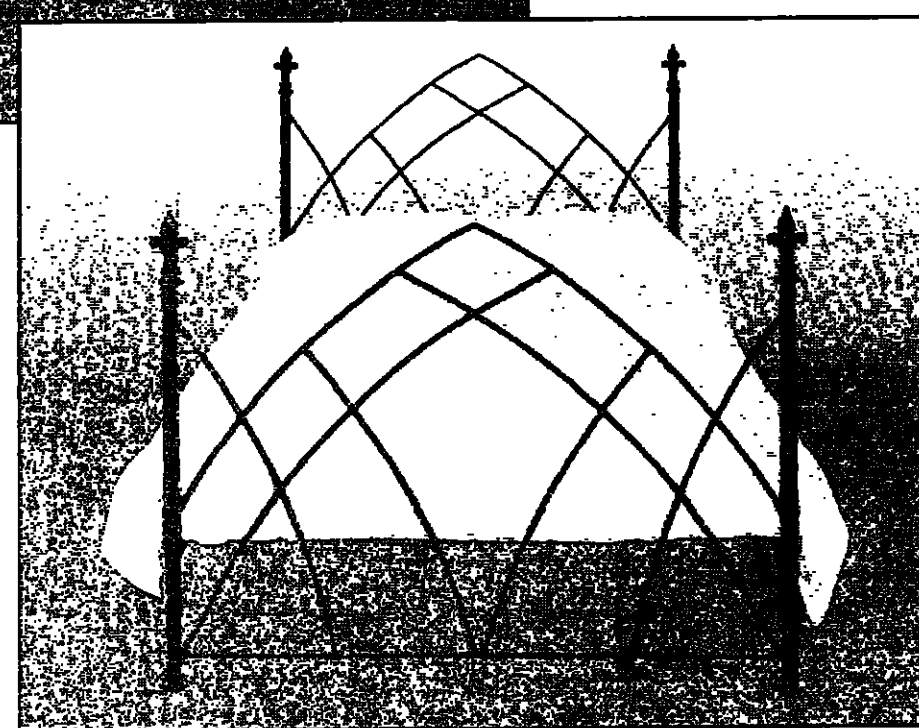
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At last – Mrs Chui learns to serve with a smile

WHAT'S GOT into Mrs Chui? Frankly, she is a transformed person. I've known her – well, been vaguely acquainted with her – for some time. We tend to meet once a week on either side of a supermarket checkout counter in Sai Kung.

For years Mrs Chui has performed her duties without a smile, yet with a certain degree of brusque efficiency which helped the goods pass smoothly down the shiny counter. But recently Mrs Chui has taken to smiling and enquiring about the state of my health. There was even a recent suggestion that I might like to have a nice day.

That is fairly astonishing, but there is more. She meticulously sorts my goods into various categories and neatly stuffs them into plastic bags. Previously I was always left to perform this task myself after having been thrown a handful of carriers.

So, what's going on? Is this transformation a special Mrs Chui sort of thing or are there many Mrs Chuis all over Hong Kong? A straw poll reveals that the miracle of Mrs Chui has indeed been replicated on a territory-wide basis.

The supermarket bosses have told their staff that times are hard

and if they want to keep their jobs they had better start being a lot nicer to that formerly despised group of people known as customers.

On investigation I discovered this edict was not restricted to the bosses of the two main supermarket chains which have a virtual duopoly of this business. (Both trade under false pretenses. One chain is called Park N' Shop, though none of its outlets have parking facilities. The other is called Wellcome (sic), which was a poor joke given the kind of welcome most customers received.)

With the economy sliding into recession, unemployment mushrooming and money being generally as tight as a barrel, shop owners, restaurateurs, even Hong Kong's notoriously arrogant hotel bosses are having to square up to the need for real customer service.

When Hong Kong's economy was still booming, just a year ago but it seems longer, the so-called service industry was not famous for putting much effort into service.

STREET LIFE

HONG KONG

Now the customer is king and the people of this former colony are alternatively mystified and delighted by the new levels of care and attention they are receiving.

For reasons best known to themselves, tourists used to flock to Hong Kong to go shopping. Although prices here are much higher than in neighbouring countries, Hong Kong offered a better choice of goods and a seemingly endless supply of shops. The problem was getting anyone to provide what might be described as decent service. It seemed the words "thank you", in any language, had been expunged from staff training manuals.

Still worse was the experience of tourists buying electronic goods in the main tourist areas where the cheap goods in the window turned out never to be available inside the shops. Alarmed visitors were subject to torrents of abuse if they had the temerity to try and buy something that had been displayed, allegedly for sale.

When Hong Kong people really

make an effort to do something, they tend to do it pretty well. This must be what is meant by Tung Chee-hwa, Hong Kong's Chief Executive, who keeps going around telling everyone this place is going to emerge much stronger from the economic downturn.

ONE OF the great ritual humiliations which Hong Kong people love to inflict on foreign visitors is the great chopsticks test. As many a first time visitor to a Chinese or Japanese restaurant has discovered, success is far from guaranteed.

It was therefore with considerable interest that the chopstick skills of the president of the most powerful nation on earth were followed by the Hong Kong public. Bill Clinton, who was here last week, after eight days of intensive training in China, passed with flying colours.

Naturally sniffer dogs preceded the Clintons visit to the restaurant, but the American President, unlike a former Australian foreign minister, was wise enough not to crack any jokes about the Chinese taste for man's best friend.

STEPHEN VINES



In Hong Kong, the customer has never been right – until now

James Barr

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Oil deal angers Timorese

INDONESIA AND Australia start oil production in waters off East Timor later this month – a move virtually certain to trigger pro-independence demonstrations in the former Portuguese colony occupied by Indonesia in defiance of the United Nations since 1975. The Australian mining and oil company BNP is to start production within weeks of about 30,000 barrels of oil a day from an off-shore field sited between the eastern tip of Timor and the Australian coast.

After payments to BNP the profits will be split between the Australian and the Indonesian governments under a bilateral deal signed in 1991. The deal has infuriated the Timorese who will be receiving nothing. The oil will be loaded into tankers at sea and sent away without ever being landed here. At today's price the oil would bring in £750,000 a day.

"It will be very difficult for Australians here from now on," said a leader of the Timorese independence movement, which staged huge demonstrations during the visit to Dili last week of the British, Dutch and Austrian ambassadors on behalf of the European Union. Evacuation plans for Westerners are in place.

The demonstrations were generally tolerated by the Indonesian military, who are thought to number around 19,000 in East Timor, though three Timorese were killed last week in isolated incidents.

The Timor Gap treaty caused Portugal, still regarded in law and by the UN as the power responsible for East Timor, to take the two governments to the International Court of Justice. But in 1995 the court declined to give a clear judgment because the Indone-

By HUGH O'SHAUGHNESSY in Dili, East Timore

sians refused to accept its competence.

The departure of General Suharto and the succession as leader of the unpredictable BJ Habibie, the apparent hesitation of the Indonesian army command and rumours that Jakarta is planning a phased withdrawal from East Timor have combined to give new heart to Timorese seeking an end to the Indonesian presence.

Last month, President Habibie offered to release all Timorese political prisoners and a special "statute of autonomy" for the territory if the inhabitants would agree to East Timor remaining part of Indonesia.

Xanana Gusmao, the leader of Fretilin, the armed Timorese resistance group, was captured in 1992 and taken to Indonesia where he is imprisoned near Jakarta. Both Xanana, widely regarded as East Timor's national leader, and Jose Ramos Horta, the Nobel Peace Prize winner who is the territory's main representative abroad, have rejected the president's autonomy proposal.

Bishop Carlos Filipe Belo of Dili, joint Nobel Prize winner, has said Jakarta's proposal would merely be "a first step" on the road to East Timor's self-determination.

In Dili, Jakarta and in Europe, there is speculation that President Habibie could be preparing the ground for a face-saving withdrawal.

Meanwhile, opponents of Indonesian rule are becoming truculent. "A year ago we were clandestine," says Antero, a student leader. "Now we don't care whether the Indonesians know about us or not."

IN BRIEF

Algeria imposes Arabic tongue

ALGERIA BEGAN enforcing a new law yesterday making Arabic compulsory for all official business, despite protests from the country's Berber minority. Hundreds of Berber activists took to the streets of Algiers to denounce the Arabisation policy, announced on the 36th anniversary of Algeria's independence from France.

Rebels battle for African capital

PRO-GOVERNMENT and rebel forces exchanged fire, and a column of smoke hung over the Guinea-Bissau capital in some of the fiercest fighting since a military revolt broke out four weeks ago, Portuguese media said.

And Berat begat 15 Ronaldos

AT LEAST 15 boys born during the last two weeks in the southern Albanian town of Berat have been named after Brazilian football star Ronaldo. The name has gripped the ancient town of 20,000, with youths wearing Ronaldo shirts and shaving their heads to imitate their idol.

HUNTER DAVIES

'We didn't have a roast, being too poor, but mince and tatties were a bit thicker on Sunday. Carving was the only problem'

— THE MONDAY REVIEW, PAGE 4

صبرنا من الامل

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BUSINESS

'Mini-recession' warning as service exports slump

By LEA PATERSON

BRITAIN is on course for a "mini-recession" next year, according to an authoritative new report published today. It coincides with two independent surveys pointing to a marked slump in business confidence. A separate report from the London Chambers of Commerce reveals that service sector exports have fallen to their lowest level since 1991.

Anecdotal evidence from corporate recovery specialists points to a rise in the number of companies calling for "intensive care" in an attempt to stave off insolvency, and is yet another signal that the UK economy is slowing far more sharply than commentators were predicting just a few months ago.

This latest batch of economic evidence will heighten the policy dilemma facing members of the Bank of England's Monetary Policy Committee (MPC) when they meet later this week to set UK interest rates.

Although there is growing evidence of a slowdown in economic activity, wages and prices are still rising. Because of this, many in the City fear that the MPC, in its attempt to bring the underlying rate of UK inflation back to the 2.5 per cent target, will raise rates again, despite the damage this would do to economic prospects.

Many economists believe the UK economy is on the brink of a painful period of "stagflation" - a combination of weak economic growth with rising inflation. Several believe the economy could even tip into recession next year.

Douglas McWilliams, chief executive of the Centre for Economics and Business Research (CEBR), is among those who fear that the economy is on course for recession.

The CEBR's report warns that the UK economy is "uncomfortably close to stagnation". In its latest quarterly economic forecasts, the research institute says: "Rising wage pressure, combined with an excessively strong exchange rate and wilting manufacturing output, has heightened the risk of a mini-recession in 1999."

The CEBR's central forecast is that economic growth will slow from 3.1 per cent last year to 1.6 per cent this year.

Growth in 1999 will average 1.8 per cent, it says, while unemployment will rise from 1.36 million this year to more

than 1.5 million in the year 2000. The institute also predicts the underlying inflation rate will stay above 3 per cent for the rest of the year, and that interest rates will be above 8 per cent by the year end as the MPC struggles to push inflation back below target.

Base rates stand at 7.5 per cent, and were last raised at the beginning of June, when the MPC surprised the City and voted for a 0.25 per cent increase.

Surveys out today by the Institute of Directors (IOD) and Lloyds TSB clearly show the impact of uncertainty over interest rates, the high exchange rate and the Asian crisis on business.

According to Lloyds TSB, business confidence has dipped to its lowest level since the recession, retail

sales are down and order book growth has slowed in all sectors of the economy.

The IOD quarterly survey shows falling export orders, lower-than-expected jobs growth and a 30 point slump in business confidence.

Tim Melville-Ross, IOD director-general, said businessmen were "increasingly depressed".

A bleak outlook for the manufacturing sector is likely to be painted by this morning's official statistics on industrial production, as well as by Wednesday's Engineering Employers' Federation (EEF) numbers.

Advance copies of the EEF figures are believed to have been sent to members of the MPC, who begin their two-day meeting on Wednesday.

News analysis, page 18

BRIEFING

Nomura eyes Japanese property

NOMURA INTERNATIONAL, the Japanese investment bank which has pulled off a string of securitisation deals in the last three years, is interested in investing in Japanese properties. Guy Hands, head of Nomura's principal finance group, told a Japanese newspaper that selling properties would help the government raise money to boost the economy and repay debt. Nomura paid £980m for Thorn, the struggling Radio Rentals group, last week. Mr Hands has said that as opportunities become scarcer in Britain Nomura will look to other markets such as Germany and Japan.

Rand set for further battering

SPECULATORS ARE expected to use the appointment of South Africa's first black central bank governor as another excuse to batter the rand, but economists believe the decision is a bold move that will bear dividends in the long run. Tito Mboweni, labour minister (left), was named on Saturday as the successor to Chris Slats, who is to retire in August next year. Rumours last week that the ambitious young minister was in the running for the job were blamed for additional selling against the rand. The currency slumped to a low of 6.43 against the US dollar on Friday, down from 5.08 in late May.

More firms in intensive care

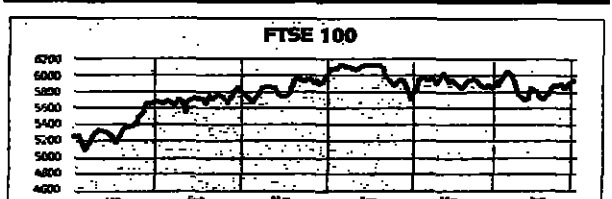
THERE HAS been a "significant rise" in the number of companies being referred to the intensive care departments of the leading banks in the last few months fuelling fears that the economy may be drifting towards recession. Leading corporate recovery specialists say their intensive care units, which banks use to monitor over-stretched companies, are busier than the first quarter of the year.

News analysis, page 18

Chiroscience sued over options

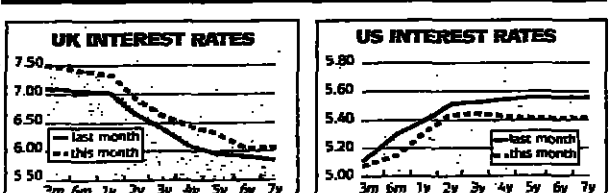
A COURT CASE is due to start in the High Court today between Chiroscience, the biotechnology company and Newell Stebbing, its former chief executive. Mr Stebbing, who left the company in August 1995, is suing Cambridge-based Chiroscience for the wrongful removal of share options worth between £3.5m and £5.5m. At the time of his departure he was deputy chairman.

STOCK MARKETS



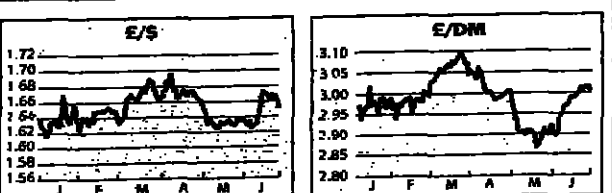
Index	Close	High	Low	52 wk high	52 wk low	% chg
FTSE 100	5988.40	6111.00	5899.00	6150.5	4382.8	3.82%
FTSE 250	5585.70	5630.00	5470.00	5700.0	4384.2	3.47%
FTSE 350	2881.00	2930.00	2790.00	2940.1	2141.8	3.75%
FTSE All Share	2806.57	2857.00	2710.00	2872.04	2106.39	3.72%
FTSE SmallCap	2604.50	2630.00	2520.00	2700.0	2182.1	3.18%
FTSE Flesching	1429.00	1470.00	1370.00	1517.1	1225.2	3.18%
FTSE AIM	1097.00	1120.00	1070.00	1146.9	965.9	1.15%
FTSE EBLK 100	1073.64					
Dow Jones	9023.26	9072.00	8900.00	9261.91	6971.32	1.58%
Nikkei	16511.24	16610.00	16300.00	16698.67	14488.21	0.92%
Hang Seng	9639.31	9740.00	9500.00	9820.31	7351.68	4.73%
Dax	5953.16	6074.00	5800.00	5980.3	3487.24	2.69%

INTEREST RATES



Index	3 months	6 months	1 year	2 year	5 year	10 year	15 year	30 year
UK	7.88	8.01	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00
US	5.50	5.50	5.50	5.50	5.50	5.50	5.50	5.50
Japan	0.61	0.61	0.61	0.61	0.61	0.61	0.61	0.61
Germany	3.56	3.56	3.56	3.56	3.56	3.56	3.56	3.56

CURRENCIES



Index	Close	High	Low	52 wk high	52 wk low	% chg
Dollar	1.6477	1.6510	1.6440	1.6535	1.6300	0.04%
D-Mark	2.9956	3.0000	2.9900	3.0000	2.9800	0.02%
Yen	229.66	230.00	229.00	230.00	228.00	0.01%
E index	106.40	106.50	106.30	106.50	106.20	0.01%

OTHER INDICATORS

Index	Close	High	Low	52 wk high	52 wk low	% chg
Brent Oil (\$)	11.82	11.90	11.70	11.90	11.60	0.00%
Gold (\$)	294.75	295.00	294.50	295.00	294.00	0.00%
Silver (\$)	5.94	5.95	5.93	5.95	5.90	0.00%

TOURIST RATES

Country	Rate
Australia (\$)	2.5965
Austria (schillings)	20.56
Belgium (francs)	60.44
Canada (\$)	2.3689
Cyprus (pounds)	0.8527
Denmark (krone)	11.22
Finland (markka)	8.9450
France (francs)	9.8176
Germany (marks)	2.9381
Greece (drachmas)	490.32
Hong Kong (\$)	12.46
Ireland (pounds)	1.1603
India (rupees)	64.78
Israel (shekels)	5.6221
Italy (lira)	2897
Japan (yen)	226.55
Malaysia (ringgits)	6.5556
Malta (lira)	0.6341
Mexican (nuevo peso)	13.54
Netherlands (guilders)	3.2977
New Zealand (\$)	3.0745
Norway (krone)	12.58
Portugal (escudos)	298.28
Saudi Arabia (rials)	6.0393
Singapore (\$)	2.6711
Spain (pesetas)	247.91
South Africa (rand)	9.9870
Sweden (krone)	13.09
Switzerland (francs)	2.4788
Thailand (bahts)	61.74
Turkey (liras)	428240
USA (\$)	1.6204

Boots close to £100m Do It All sell-off

By NIGEL COPE
Associate City Editor

BOOTS IS understood to be close to selling Do It All, its struggling DIY subsidiary, in a £100m deal.

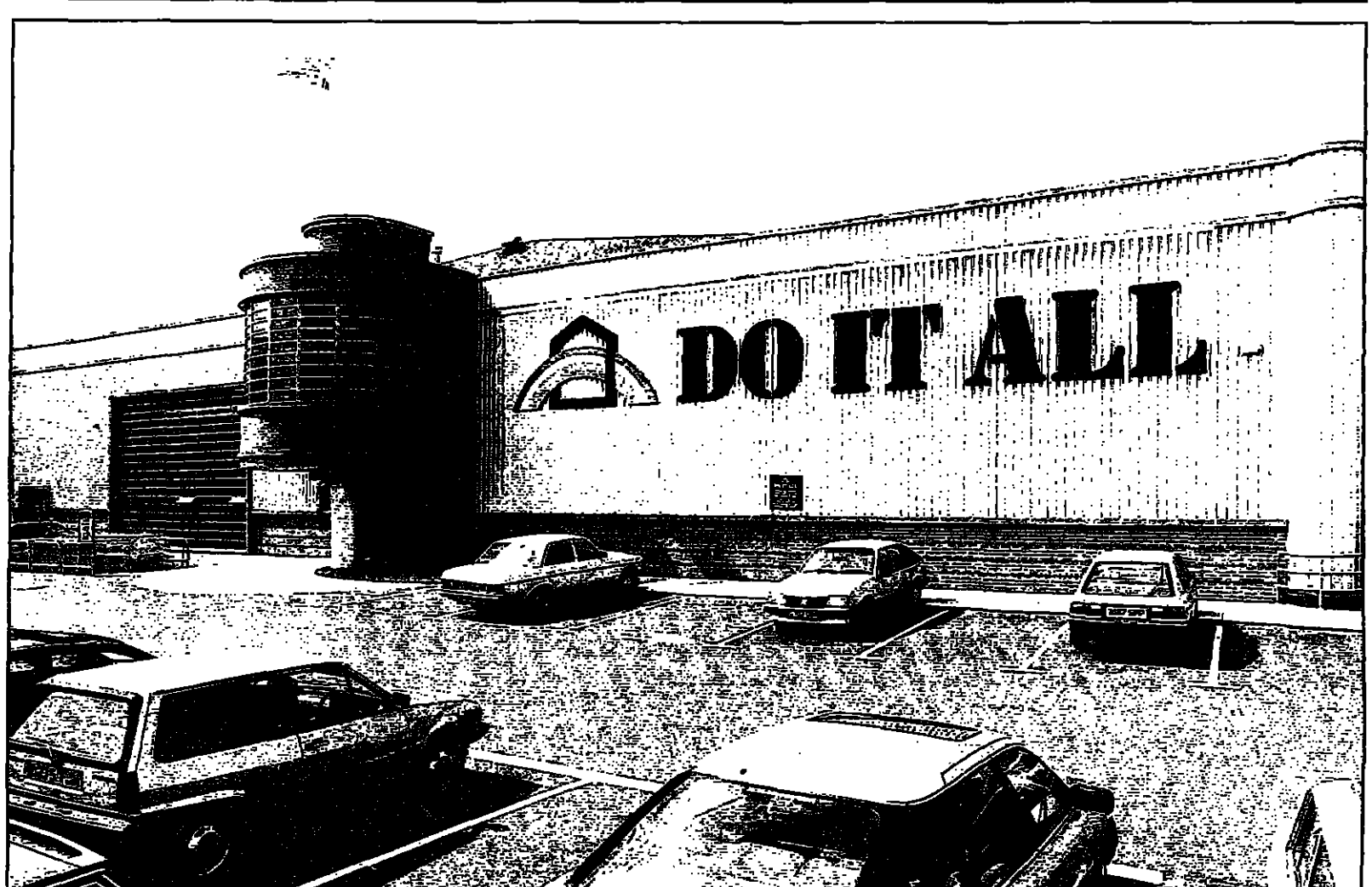
Boots is believed to be in exclusive negotiations with a potential buyer, with the most likely industry candidate expected to be RMC, owner of the Great Mills DIY chain.

Other interest could come from Sainsbury's, which controls Homebase, a financial buyer or a German DIY specialist.

RMC has held recent talks with Boots about buying Do It All. It is thought to have made an offer of around £100m before negotiations broke down. Sainsbury's is thought to be an outside bet as it has not yet completed the integration of the Texas Homebase chain.

Boots refused to comment on the likelihood of an impending sale but said: "If the right kind of offer came along, we would have to look at it."

A deal would represent a further step in the consolidation of Britain's DIY industry. Sainsbury's bought Texas Home-



Boots is believed to be close to selling its ailing DIY chain Do it All to RMC, owner of the Great Mills DIY chain

care from Ladbrooke in 1995. Boots has sold its AG Stanley business, which include Pads and Homestyles, to Alchemy, the venture capitalist group. Robert Dyas, the family-run ironmonger, is also up for sale. Sainsbury's considered Robert Dyas but decided not to take its interest further.

Do It All would make a good fit with RMC's Great Mills chain, which has been one of the industry's steady performers. Great Mills has its stronghold in the west country and the south east. Do It All is a nationwide chain with a strong position in town and city centres.

A deal would make Great Mills Britain's third largest DIY retailer behind B&Q and Homebase. Wickes would rank fourth followed by AG Stanley. The disposal of Do It All would mark the end of an unhappy experience for Boots. Do It All was originally developed by WH Smith before being

merged with Boots' Payless chain in 1990. The joint venture was a disaster, hemorrhaging money and market share as B&Q and other rivals increased their dominance of the sector. WH Smith sold its half share in the business to Boots for a nominal pound two years ago. Since then Boots has concentrated on closing the worst performing stores and tidying up the business for sale.

In June Boots reported that Do It All had recorded operating profits of £2.5m against a £6.2m loss in the previous year. It sold 28 stores during the year and plans to sell or close a further 11.

Power station sell-off sparks union anger

By BARRIE CLEMENT
Labour Editor

A SENIOR union leader has accused the electricity regulator Professor Stephen Littlechild of conducting a "vendetta" against National Power and PowerGen.

In a letter to Professor Littlechild, Ken Jackson, leader of the Amalgamated Engineering and Electrical Union (AEEU), expressed his bitter opposition to the regulator's proposals "to force" the two power companies to sell off coal-fired power stations. He said the industry watchdog has "pursued a war of attrition" against the two power giants.

The AEEU leader, considered to be one of the Government's most loyal supporters in the union movement, also wrote to Margaret Beckett, President of the Board of

Trade, registering his strong disapproval of the plans, which have enjoyed ministerial backing.

Mr Jackson believes that the sell-off could mean that "cowboys" will take over the plants, run them for a few years and then make thousands of workers redundant. He argued that the plan failed to guarantee a future for British coal.

While the regulator has emphasised his keenness to increase competition in the industry, Mr Jackson points out that the number of generators competing in the market has already grown from three to 30.

"By forcing generators to di-

vest, the door will be opened to buyers with no long-term interest in the power-generating industry. As you will know the long-term maintenance of a coal-fired plant requires investment, both in the plant itself and in the skill requirements of the people employed at the plant.

"The AEEU believes that plans may be sold cheaply to buyers with interest only in securing short-term profit. This would result in closures and redundancies. There is also a serious concern that plants run for short-term profit would threaten standards of health and safety."

Mr Jackson did not accept that divestment would automatically lead to lower electricity prices for consumers.

"There is no proof that previous divestment led to lower prices. Prices have fallen because the prices of both gas and coal have fallen, irrespective of divestment," he said.

A spokesman for the regulator said Professor Littlechild's duty was to promote competition. It was obvious that the big companies were adopting a strategy of "profitable withdrawal", he said.

The spokesman pointed to an Offer report early last week showing that generating prices for electricity were 30 per cent higher last winter than the previous year. The report argued that the prices were high because the two generators had used "unacceptable" market power to keep prices high, while reducing coal burn.

Texaco and Shell weigh £1bn link-up

By LEA PATERSON

SHELL, the Anglo-Dutch oil group, is considering linking up with Texaco, the US oil company, in a deal that could be worth £1bn.

The two oil giants are believed to be in talks that could lead to a merger of their downstream operations, including petrol retailing interests.

The move follows a similar deal completed two years ago when BP and Mobil merged their downstream operations in a £3.3bn link-up that pushed Shell, then the number two player in the market, down to third position. Since then there has been widespread speculation about further consolidation in the sector.

Neither Shell nor Texaco would comment directly yesterday on weekend press reports of merger talks. But a source close to Shell said: "It is a competitive market in Europe, and Shell will be looking at opportunities to maintain its competitive position. As such, we would not rule out the possibility of joint ventures."

A Shell/Texaco link-up would jeopardise thousands of UK jobs. Approximately 3,000 jobs were lost after BP and Mobil joined forces.

Any deal between the two would probably take the form of a joint venture rather than an outright acquisition. Neither Shell nor Texaco are thought

likely to sever their downstream links completely. An asset-pooling joint venture with Texaco holding a minority stake is one form of the deal that has been mooted. BP and Mobil formed a similar venture when they decided they had to join forces if they were to continue to compete effectively.

If Shell and Texaco were to combine their downstream operations, they would have a combined market share of about 21 per cent. Esso, the market leader, has a market share of around 20 per cent. Taken together, Shell and Texaco would also have the critical mass to take on the super-markets, which have used aggressive pricing tactics to win sizeable chunks of market share from the traditional petrol retailers.

As well as dealing with vigorous competition in the petrol retailing market, Texaco and Shell are having to cope with the pressure on margins resulting from the over-capacity in European oil refining.

It was this over-capacity in refining that prompted BP and Mobil to merge their European downstream operations in March 1996. More recently, pressure on margins led Shell to announce plans to close its Shellhaven refinery in Essex.

Nationwide lobby battles conversion

A MILLION borrowers with Nationwide building society are being urged to turn their backs on a windfall and vote against changing its status to a bank.

The pressure group Save Our Building Societies (SOBS) is warning borrowers that they might only receive a "small" windfall, and face increased mortgage costs.

Bob Goodall, co-ordinator of

SOBS, said: "Once a building society converts to a bank, the main pressure is to give a good return to shareholders."

"That means mortgages will rise. On a typical £60,000 mortgage, a mortgagee may pay at least £35 extra per year for the entire life of their mortgage."

The vote to decide whether Nationwide will lose its mutual status will be held on 21 July. Many of the larger building

societies, including Halifax, Abbey National, Woolwich and Cheltenham & Gloucester, have already converted to banks.

Nationwide is the last large building society to resist, and it is feared that if it follows suit, the 70 remaining smaller building societies in the UK will come under pressure to merge.

Mr Goodall said: "The key to

this is the ability to buy homes. Building societies, by and large, help people to do this, and so do banks, but at a considerable cost.

"All the smaller mutuals will be looking at this decision and that will determine their future. There is a real fear they could be forced to merge."

"We could be seeing the end of the small mutual building society."

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Japan

Moving closer to the heart of Europe



DAVID
MACKIE

Two big issues remain before the UK can participate in Emu: business cycle convergence and public approval

ALTHOUGH THE United Kingdom will not participate in the launch of Europe's most ambitious project thus far, in many other respects it has been moving steadily closer to the heart of the European Union. Of course, economic integration has been increasing apace for many decades, and long ago Europe displaced the United States and the Commonwealth as the UK's most important trading partner. But the tempo has picked up significantly over the past year, as the election of a Labour government marked a sea change in both rhetoric and behaviour. UK institutional structures and political attitudes have changed, narrowing the remaining gap between the UK and the rest of the EU dramatically.

Two glaring divergences remain: the UK business cycle is significantly out of sync with the rest of the region, and UK public opinion does not look ready to take the next step of integration. Both of these are to a large extent in the Government's own hands. Once resolved, the UK will be well positioned to participate in European Monetary Union, and thus fulfil its potential as a fully fledged member of Europe.

The past year has seen extensive institutional change in the UK, covering the labour market, monetary policy and fiscal policy - which has moved the UK decisively in a European direction. In the labour market, the new Government adopted the EU social chapter, which the previous administration had opted out of. In addition, the recent announcement of a minimum wage puts the UK in line with the rest of the region. Prior to this announcement, the UK was the only country in the EU which did not have some kind of floor on wages.

Within days of last year's election, the new Government gave the Bank of England operational independence. This ended 50 years of political control of monetary policy, and moved the UK much closer to the continental European model. While some striking differences remain between the Bank of England Act and the constitution of the European Central Bank, notably concerning openness and accountability, the main policy objective of sustained low inflation is now the same across the entire region.

The UK has adopted a rules-based fiscal framework, similar to the EU's Growth and Stability Pact. Although the precise medium-term objectives are different - the UK Code for Fiscal Stability

allows the Government to run a small budget deficit depending on the amount of capital spending, while the Growth and Stability Pact requires a balanced budget - both aim to consolidate the fiscal improvement seen in recent years.

Political developments have also moved the UK and the rest of the EU closer together. The EU's structure - involving institutions with supra-national authority and treaty-based arrangements for inter-governmental co-operation - has always created tension between those with federalist ambitions and those who support national sovereignty.

The Maastricht Treaty probably marked the high point of federalism in the EU, with the creation of the European Central Bank, the most powerful supra-national institution in the region. Following that, the past couple of years have seen the gap between federalists and nationalists narrow. Other EU countries have backed off some of their federalist ambitions: both the Amsterdam Treaty and the recent Cardiff Summit suggest that a certain amount of integration fatigue has affected EU leaders. This, along with a more positive stance from the UK government, has brought the UK and the rest of the EU much closer together in political terms.

Significant steps have already been taken to move the UK towards the heart of Europe. But two big issues remain before the UK can participate in Emu: business

cycle convergence and public approval. Given the UK's unpleasant experience as a member of the ERM, a greater degree of business cycle convergence is a prerequisite for UK participation in EMU. Business cycle convergence means much more than simply the same rate of economic growth. It means the alignment of inflation pressures. Only then can the UK and the rest of the region enjoy the same level of interest rates.

At the moment the inflation pressures are wide apart. Unemployment in the UK is at a 20-year low, while in Europe it is close to a 50-year high. And if it hadn't been for sterling's sharp appreciation over the past two years, actual inflation in the UK would be even further above the European average than it is now. Although the Bank of England is not explicitly aiming for business cycle convergence with the rest of Europe, the pursuit of the inflation target will achieve this objective. The Bank of Eng-

land and the European Central Bank will both be aiming for a similar inflation rate, and over a three-to-four year horizon this should align inflation pressures.

But meeting the inflation target in the UK is likely to require a much sharper economic slowdown than most commentators, including the Bank of England, expect. The economy looks as overheated now as it has been at any point in the past 50 years. The inflationary consequences of this have been evident for a while. Demand-sensitive price inflation has picked up from 2.1 per cent to 4.8 per cent in the past two years, and private sector wage growth has picked up from 3.2 per cent to 6.1 per cent during the same period.

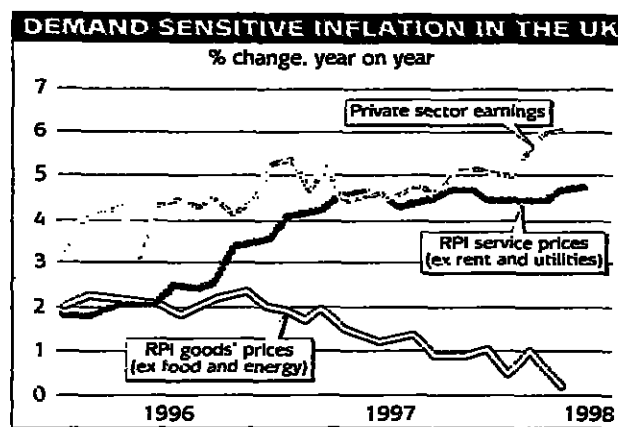
To unwind these domestic inflation pressures, the Bank of England needs to create some slack, which will involve a rise in the unemployment rate, an easing of plant and machinery. The next few months will be difficult ones for the central bank, because inflation will continue to rise even as growth slows. This is not stagflation, which is a sustained period of weak growth and high inflation. Rather it is the normal behaviour of any economy as it comes off a period of unsustainably strong growth. Typically, the peak in inflation occurs around two years after the peak in growth. Since growth peaked in the second half of last year, inflation is likely to continue climbing well into next year. Unfortunately, the Bank of

England is not expecting these late cycle inflation pressures. Indeed, in the early May Inflation Report, it argued that, apart from a tax-related blip in the second quarter of this year, growth and inflation both peaked together in the third quarter of last year.

The central bank's disappointment with the inflation profile should ensure that base rates move higher. This will add to the restraint that is already in the pipeline, and ensure that the economy continues to weaken into next year. Most likely, the economy will flirt with recession, with virtually stagnant output for two or three quarters. Although this is worse than most commentators, including the Bank of England, are expecting, it is probably necessary to ensure that the inflation target is hit. The Bank of England's success in meeting its mandate, along with the gradual maturing of the continental European business cycle, should ensure that inflation pressures align soon after the turn of the decade.

Business cycle convergence will occur, thanks to actions the government has already taken - an independent central bank with an explicit inflation target. Achieving a popular mandate probably requires some further effort from the government. But its powers of persuasion should not be underestimated, and a "yes" vote in a referendum is surely achievable if the government puts its mind to it. If this paves the way for Emu entry early next decade, then the UK will truly be at the heart of Europe.

David Mackie is an economist at JP Morgan



Contract workers' rights warning

THE GOVERNMENT'S proposals on employment rights could have a "devastating" impact on businesses, especially those using contract workers, according to a leading law firm. An unnoticed footnote in the recent "Fairness at Work" White Paper means that companies could find they were fully responsible for workers employed by outside firms, according to law firm Osborne Clarke.

Under present law, for example, a construction company that asks for an incompetent contract catering worker to be removed from its premises would not be liable for any unfair dismissal claim if the contractor went on to sack him. Under the White Paper the construction company could be liable, according to Nick Moore, head of the employment law department at Osborne Clarke.

Mr Moore points out that a footnote in the first section of the paper, "The Way Ahead", extends the definition of "employee" to include "all those who work for someone else, regardless of whether or not they are strictly employed under a contract of employment". Mr Moore said: "The implications of the footnote are concerning. It could radically transform the whole basis of UK employment protective legislation. At present rights and liabilities are generally linked to the formal employment relationship. That certainly will be removed."

"If companies don't adequately prepare they will find themselves in serious trouble. The proposals are of crucial significance to employers across the board in every sector of business and whatever their size. Once they are in force a single botched dismissal could easily bring a company to its knees."

BY BARRIE CLEMENT
Labour Editor

He pointed out that another proposal in the White Paper was that the £12,000 limit to compensation for unfair dismissal would be lifted.

Mr Moore believed that companies in future would be less likely to out-source functions if they thought they would become responsible for contractors' employees, without having full control over them.

Osborne Clarke intends to make the points in its submission to government as part of a consultation period on the White Paper, although Mr Moore pointed out that ministers had not asked for comments on that part of the document.

The law firm believes the White Paper marks a "major shift" in the balance of power at work towards unions and employees. While most of the publicity had concentrated on the union recognition issue, there were other issues which were "just as momentous", said Mr Moore.

The White Paper proposed the right of employees to be represented by a union official at disciplinary hearings at all workplaces, whether or not a union was recognised. There were also proposals to extend maternity and paternity rights and to give time off for "urgent family reasons".

Union leaders generally welcomed the Government's policy statement, but registered their strong disagreement with the rules governing ballots on union recognition. Ministers are insisting that 40 per cent of employees in a bargaining unit would have to endorse recognition for it to win the backing of the law. Unions argue that it should be a simple majority of those voting in a ballot.



A rally drivers' training centre run by a former winner of the Monte Carlo rally has announced plans for a listing on the Ofex market, raising a minimum of £270,000. Rally Corp, based in the Welsh National Forest, runs a

training, testing and driving centre for rallying enthusiasts. The business is chaired by Terry Harryman, who won the Monte Carlo rally with Faddy Hopkirk. Rally Corp's revenue is expected to come mainly from tuition

fees, corporate hospitality and corporate training. The company's projected pre-tax profit for the 15 months to October 1999 is £110,000 rising to £520,000 in 2001. The company is issuing 4 million shares at 25p each

Treasury chides IFAs over pensions

THE TREASURY will tomorrow summon 40 of the country's biggest independent financial advisers to face a stiff reprimand over their slowness in carrying out the £15bn pension mis-selling review.

Helen Liddell, the Economic Secretary to the Treasury, will demand the IFAs explain face-to-face why they have been significantly slower than life insurers in compensating a total of half a million urgent cases, which should have been reviewed by the end of 1996.

Urgent cases include tens of thousands of people who have retired, died, or transferred to another pension scheme since being sold a personal pension in the late 1980s and early 1990s.

BY ANDREW VERITY

Mrs Liddell will grill big networks of IFAs which have been fined over serious failings connected to the review. These include DBS, whose chairman, Ken Davy, resigned from the board of the Personal Investment Authority when his firm was fined £425,000 last year.

IFAs claim it is proving very difficult to get the actuarial support needed to carry out complex calculations for the exact level of compensation needed in each individual case. Many actuaries are already tied up working on the pensions review for life insurers.

In recent testimony to the Treasury Select Committee,

the IFA Association, a trade body for IFAs, said it feared many members would go out of business because of the second phase of the review, involving 1.5 million non-urgent cases and £7bn in compensation.

IFAs must pay the full cost of compensating mis-selling victims from shareholders' funds. This contrasts with life offices, such as the Prudential, which recently said it would charge £1.1bn for pension compensation to a fund partly owned by policyholders.

Garry Heath, head of the IFA Association, said: "This [Tuesday's meeting] is just going to be more showboating. We've had enough of it. People aren't getting on with sorting it out."

Brussels verdict on BA deal due

THE EUROPEAN Commission is set to give its long-awaited verdict on two key transatlantic air pacts on Wednesday, sparking certain criticism from alliance partners and rivals alike.

The conclusions will be a major turning point in a two-year regulatory review of a deal between British Airways and American Airlines, and of a rival but less controversial pact between United Airlines, Lufthansa and Scandinavian Airlines System (SAS).

The European Union's competition watchdog will, however, only make draft recommendations and all parties will be keeping their options open.

"There is bound to be a lot of criticism," one industry expert said. "BA and American

have no interest whatsoever in agreeing to the Commission's demands at this stage and a lot of [competing] airlines will say that it's not fair - that the Commission has not been tough enough."

The alliance between BA and American has been the target of both regulators and rival airlines because of its sheer scale. Together, the two partners would control about 60 per cent of passenger traffic between Britain and the United States.

The Commission is expected to recommend that the two airlines code 260-270 landing and take-off slots a week, mainly at Heathrow Airport, and reduce flights on routes where the alliance would create or strengthen a dominant position, making room for competitors.

IN BRIEF

Merrill seeks 200 consultants

MERRILL LYNCH, the US investment bank, is believed to be looking to recruit 200 financial consultants over the next 18 months in a major assault on the British retail market. Merrill plans to open offices in Newcastle and Birmingham this year, followed by Bristol, Leeds and Manchester next year. The bank currently has a team of 50 sales consultants offering financial advice from offices in London and Edinburgh.

Backing for euro

AN ELEVEN-STRONG panel of leading economists have given the euro the thumbs-up. Ten of the eleven - who were drawn from the City, industry and academia - predicted the single currency would be a success.

Professor Patrick Minford of the Cardiff Business School was the one dissenting voice. Three of the economists surveyed by the European Movement said the UK should join as soon as possible. Stephen Woodard, director of the European Movement, said: "This survey demonstrates once again the growing belief that the single currency will be a success, and will deliver economic benefits to the euro-zone."

Racal link

RACAL TELECOM and Colt Telecom are reported to be on the verge of unveiling a far-reaching telecoms alliance. Newspaper reports said the deal would link Racal's national fibre-optic network with Colt's operations in the City of London. It would also allow Racal to provide fast communications between buildings in London and New York.

The deal would also provide a springboard into Europe for Racal Telecom, expected to be floated off from parent Racal Electronics late next year. The deal could fuel speculation of a merger with Colt, which has networks in several big European cities and has seen rapid growth in its value since a flotation in 1996.

Nursing sale

ASHBOURNE Nursing Homes has struck a £87.3m sale and leaseback deal on 29 homes with Reit Asset Management. The portfolio consists of 1995 beds and the homes will be leased back to Ashbourne on a 20-year lease agreement yielding £5.5m a year in rent.

Satellite float

SHARES in Luxembourg's Societe Europeenne des Satellites have been priced at 6,000 Luxembourg francs (£160) each in an initial public offering. SES, the operator of the Astra satellite broadcasting system, is valued at 223.4bn Luxembourg francs at the offer price.

Japan's vagueness leaves Asian markets nervous

BY LEA PATERSON

ASIAN MARKETS are poised for another nervous week after Yutaro Hashimoto, the Japanese Prime Minister, played down rumours of permanent tax cuts.

At the end of last week, the markets were cheered by comments from Mr Hashimoto which appeared to signal that the government would introduce permanent tax cuts, seen by some economists as crucial

if the Japanese economy is to drag itself out of recession.

At a news conference in southern Japan on Friday, the Prime Minister was reported as saying: "I hope to have a permanent tax reform and that is the direction I think it will go."

However, in a television interview at the weekend, Mr Hashimoto said his comments

about tax reform had been misinterpreted. He told Television Asahi: "I never said permanent tax cuts. I just said we would review the tax system to make permanent reforms. Of course, I don't think as a result of the reforms, we would end up with a tax rise, but I can't guarantee a tax cut - it's possible it might also be neutral."

Mr Hashimoto denied that his comments last week were

made to try and drum up support for his Liberal Democratic Party in next week's elections.

On Friday, the Nikkei 225, Tokyo's blue-chip share index, closed up 40 points at 16,511.24.

Rumours of tax cuts helped to buoy up fragile investor sentiment, which had been dealt a blow on Thursday evening when the government's long-awaited plans for financial re-

form failed to live up to their advance billing.

On Thursday, the government announced plans to clear 77 trillion yen (£330bn) of problem loans through "bridge banks" that would take over failed institutions.

In Tokyo, analysts were predicting that Mr Hashimoto's attempts to play down permanent tax cuts could hit both the stock market and the exchange rate.

Garry Evans, a strategist at HSBC Securities, said the Nikkei index would fall back if there was no concrete news on tax cuts and bank mergers.

Masatoshi Kikuchi, senior market analyst at Daiwa Institute of Research, said: "The market's reaction to government announcements has been excessively positive. After a round of buying, people will start looking at the effectiveness of the government's policies."

Meanwhile, the South Korean government said it would tolerate a sharp rise in this year's budget deficit in order to cut consumption taxes in an attempt to support its weak economy. The Korean finance ministry said it planned to raise this year's target for the overall government budget deficit to 4 per cent of gross domestic product from 1.7 per cent.

Somerfield basks in stock market approval

SOMERFIELD, the supermarket chain which struggled to get a cut price flotation two years ago, now basks in stock market approval. The group's merchant banker had to lower the sale price from 190p to 160p and then to 145p. Institutions were inclined to give the issue the old heave-ho but private investors were rather more charitable.

Today the early backers who have retained their shares are showing a handsome gain - from an adjusted low of 147.5p the price hit 403.5p in May, and ended last week at 388.5p.

Year's figures, due this week, are likely to underline the merits of such a high-flying performance. Mike Dennis, the SG Securities analyst who has a 530p target, is shooting for profits of £120m and expects a steady progression to £296m in 2002.

The take-over of the ailing Kwik Save discount chain will provide much of the impetus although Mr Dennis has factored only a 25m contribution into this week's estimate.

He suggests the "parsimonious character" of Somerfield's chief executive David Simons "can rectify the unfavourable relative movement between costs and sales that led to the demise of Kwik Save".

It was Somerfield's inglorious history that made it such a dog's dinner of a new issue. At the time it was in the eyes of many still the old Gateway chain, acquired by Iscoles in an ill-fated £2.1bn leveraged buy-out which should never be far from the thoughts of the accountants putting together

STOCK MARKET WEEK



DEREK PAIN

some of today's decidedly adventurous financial packages.

At one time Gateway appeared to teeter on the brink of disaster as Iscoles seemed about to collapse under the weight of its debt burden. A refinancing and the arrival of Mr Simons from Storehouse saved the day.

The smallest of the quoted supermarket chains, Budgens, is also on this week's heavily retail influenced reporting schedule. As with Somerfield it should illustrate the four giants were not having things all their own way and should produce year's profits of £10.6m against £9.1m.

Excubance will be in short supply when Dixons, the electrical retailer, plugs in its profits. The stock market was shocked by the tone of its January trading statement, and since worries first surfaced in the Christmas run-up the shares have come down from 720p. They now bump along at 505p.

Last year Dixons, enjoying the conversion windfalls, scored a 40 per cent profit advance. Nathan Cockrell at BT

Alex Brown expects a 10.3 per cent increase this time to £215m.

Harveys Furnishings, a retailer which has grown rapidly and now embraces more than 300 shops, should check in with nearly doubled profits of £16m.

Time is, more or less, called on the long-running beerage profits season when the biggest brewer in the land, Scottish & Newcastle, rolls out its performance.

Because of its Scottish origins the group has tended to concentrate on production rather than retailing. But pubs are now playing a more influential role in its strategy. In recent years it acquired the Chief & Brewer chain and earlier this year picked up more than 300 outlets.

The fashion for branded pubs has captivated its imagination and such banners as Rat & Parrot and John Barras have been introduced. By April 2001 it expects to have 66 per cent of its managed outlets carrying one of its brand names.

The Fosters and John Smith's group is unlikely to have reaped much joy from its

holiday operations. Center Parcs and Pontins. Indeed, the industry believes that if a bidder with a suitable offer appeared Scottish would grab the opportunity to off-load the holiday centres.

At the interim stage leisure profits were down 23 per cent and as Graeme Eadie at BT Alex Brown says: "Investors will be looking to the management for some reassurance that the problems are being resolved and that it has a long-term plan for the business."

Nigel Popham at Teather & Greenwood anticipates group profits of £430p against £374m.

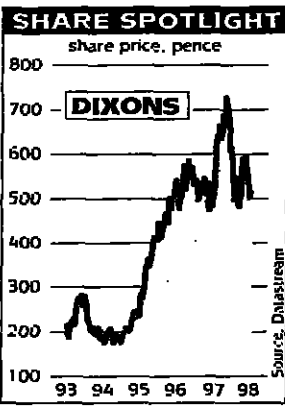
There will be little, if any, cheer from Matthew Clark, the cider group that also produces British wines and has an extensive drink distribution business.

Pannure Gordon's Philip Shaw is looking for £32m; Greig Middleton's Martin Hawkins is on £31m. Last year's figure was £40.2m.

The group has yet to recover from a profits warning two years ago when its shares collapsed from more than 800p to around 350p.

Until then Matthew Clark had not put a foot wrong under chief executive Peter Aikens. It was highly regarded and had no difficulty raising City cash for a string of ambitious takeovers.

The brief popularity of alcopops hit it to the core; under-investment in cider promotion was another factor. Since then it has had to contend with the downturn in the cider market which, as revealed last week, has badly hit its rival HP Bulmer.



Crippled firms fuel fears of recession

News analysis: The number of companies in banks' intensive care departments is increasing. Recovery specialists hope they have the answer

BY JOHN WILLCOCK

THERE has been a "significant rise" in the number of companies being referred to the intensive care departments of the leading banks in the last few months, fueling fears that the economy may be drifting towards recession.

Leading corporate recovery specialists say their intensive care units, which banks use to monitor over-stretched companies, are busier than the first quarter of the year and more corporate recovery specialists are being sent in to monitor problem clients.

Roger Oldfield, senior corporate recovery partner at KPMG, says: "The number of investigations we are doing for banks has increased in the past few months. We haven't seen any upturn in insolvencies, but you get the investigations work way before things fall over."

Chris Hughes, a senior partner in the corporate recovery department of PricewaterhouseCoopers, has noticed a similar trend: "There has been a bit of a pick-up in the number of early warnings to bankers recently. But this doesn't always feed into a significant rise in insolvencies," he adds. "The banks should keep their nerve."

Corporate rescue specialists will be awaiting the decision on interest rates by the Bank of England this week even more keenly than most. After several lean years with company failures falling to the low figures last seen in the mid-1980s, the

country's receivers and liquidators have often had to look overseas for work. This year insolvency specialists have been arriving by the plane load in the Far East to help deal with the Asian financial melt-down. But if the Monetary Policy Committee decides to raise rates again, those insolvency teams could be heading home.

Slow-down, hard landing, mini-recession: whatever the MPC decision this week, it appears that the British economy is heading for a bumpy ride than most people thought. Asia, rising interest rates, the high pound, falling exports, exorbitant pay settlements have all helped to damage sentiment.

But does this mean the liquidators can look forward to more work?

Simon Freakley, a senior partner with Buchler Phillips, a corporate recovery practice, says there is a lot more work about, but most of this has been in business appraisal and in investigations of problem companies, rather than company collapses. This rise in business has prompted Buchler Phillips to increase staffing levels. "We have 20 per cent more people than we did 18 months ago," Mr Freakley says.

The economy is more difficult than it was six months ago. There are more companies on the banks' early warning systems.



Chris Hughes: 'confidence is the most important factor'

Mr Hughes is a senior partner with PricewaterhouseCoopers, the newly merged accountancy firm. He says confidence is the most important factor at the moment. "The economy is a bit shaky in its confidence at the moment. It could talk itself into a harder landing than would have been the case."

The crisis in the Far East has hit exports, particularly textiles. He says there has been a loss of confidence in the textile industry, and what he calls "flaky asset companies" such as software and high-tech start-ups with big development costs and low sales.

Mr Freakley thinks that retailing is looking particularly vulnerable: "Last year a lot of people received windfall payments from building societies and spent them on the high street. That hasn't happened this year, and people are not using credit like they did in the 1980s."

Another badly hit sector is manufacturing, he says. "There is a lot of heavily discounted product around, which is making it tough for manufacturers."

"The key is to get recovery specialists to nip these problems in the bud. In this respect the banks have learnt from the last recession and so have we."

The people who have their collective finger on the trigger are the banks. They decide when to support a company through a sticky patch, and when to pull the plug by sending in the receivers. Mr Oldfield agreed that the banks are starting their investigations earlier.

Mr Oldfield is concerned that few people in the West understand the scale of the crisis in the Far Eastern economies and the potential impact on Britain.

"They [the Far East] can't buy from us, they can't export, and yet they trade with all the mature economies. There could be a pack of cards effect, and we could get dragged in."

Having said that, few recovery specialists believe there is any chance that we are about to suffer a recession as severe as that of the early 1990s or early 1980s.

Mr Oldfield says: "There's a lot of fat left on corporates and individuals. UK hotels are doing well, overseas travel is booming, there are plenty of cranes about."

The key word is confidence. And as far as Britain's receivers are concerned, events in the Far East will be far more important in that respect than any decision made by the MPC this week.

THE WEEK'S DIARY

Monday: Finals: Matthew Clark, Tomkins. AGMs: Seton Healthcare. EGMs: Benchmark Group. Economic indicators: industrial production (May), manufacturing (May).

Tuesday: Finals: Berkeley Group, Bepak, Budgens, Harveys Furnishing, John Menzies, RPC. Interims: Low & Bonar.

Wednesday: Finals: Dixons Group, Scottish & Newcastle. Events: MPC interest rate meeting begins. Thursday: Finals: Somerfield, AGMs: BAA, Christian Salvesen, Cox Insurance. EGMs: First

Choice Holiday. Economic indicators: new construction orders (May). Events: MPC interest rate decision. Friday: AGMs: J Sainsbury, Storehouse.

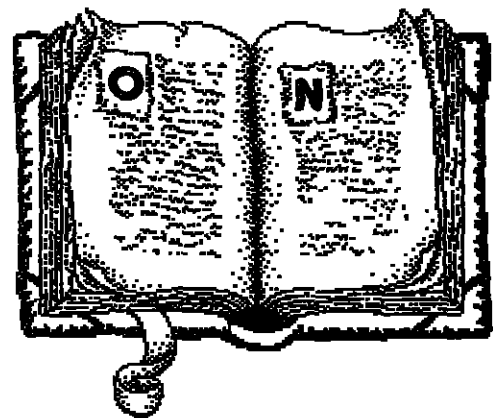
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SPORT

From kilts in Paris to frogs' legs in Monte Carlo - an odd sort of odyssey

ONE MAN'S WORLD CUP



Phil Shaw returned home yesterday after 28 days reporting on France 98. This is his tale from the front line and the sidelines

SUNDAY 7 JUNE
Staffordshire

AFTER ALL the anticipation, the interminable special supplements and weeks of "Top of the World" and "Don't Come Home Too Soon", I am on a London-bound train at the start of my World Cup odyssey.

My nine-year-old son waves from the platform, tears in his eyes and a Brazil shirt on his back. When I bought it the shop assistant muttered sarcastically: "I never knew there was so many Brazilians around here." There will be a lot more where I am heading.

MONDAY 8 JUNE
London/Paris

ARRIVING in the French capital by Eurostar train I find that my hotel is covered in graffiti declaring "Vive Le Pen" in support of the French fascist leader. The first word has a line through it, with "Jamais" (Never) scrawled in its place. It is an early reminder that France is a real place with on-going problems, not simply a giant football theme park.

WEDNESDAY 10 JUNE
St Denis

THOUSANDS of ticket-less fans cram into bars and parks to watch the Brazil v Scotland match on giant screens. Others mill around outside the Stade de France, plastered in face-paint or simply plastered, desperate to be close to the action. The Scots are keen not to be seen as British, which to them is synonymous with English, so kilts are de rigueur. The only angry words I hear are directed at "Lard", Mancunian sidekick to the Radio One DJ, Mark Radcliffe, who is hosting his show from the site. His crime is to wear a Scotland jersey.

The opening ceremony is a surreal collision of *The Wizard of Oz* and the *Teletubbies*. There are too few supporters of the participating teams to create the desired atmosphere, although Craig Brown's squad enhanced the occasion by going walkabout in kilts.

Scotland mar a promising start against the world champions with the sort of self-inflicted wound (an own goal) for which they are famous. When I head for my Metro train back into town, hours after the game, remnants of the Tartan Army are still wandering around in a thunderstorm. Like the mascara, France 98 is up and running.

THURSDAY 11 JUNE
Paris/Avignon

THE TREK south to Provence, where Scotland are based, becomes more arduous when the train breaks down. I would normally be delighted to visit Macon Loche and sample the wares of its vineyards, yet being stuck in the middle of nowhere does not endear its name to me.

A group of South Africa fans kill the time with an impromptu game on a tiny strip of grass. When the replacement train finally turns up, I am sitting with them. White, black and Asian, they are united by a love of football and fuelled by huge amounts of alcohol, which they are carrying around France in crates.

FRIDAY 12 JUNE
Marseille

IN THE city from where many of the Crusades embarked, an uncommonly spiteful variant of the Mistral wind chills the T-shirted crowd as France set off in search of their own Holy Grail. A 3-0 win over South Africa cannot mask their lack of a



Clockwise from top left: Michael Owen scores against Argentina; Scottish fans frolic in St Etienne prior to the game against Morocco; Craig Burley is sent off by referee Ali Mohamed Buisaim in the same game; Patrick Kluyvert and Dennis Bergkamp celebrate their goals against Argentina; Scottish fans after the loss to Morocco; Michael Owen; the Dutch coach Guus Hiddink (with ball); Paolo Maldini

top-class finisher. The Bafana Bafana boys at least have their booze to keep them warm.

SATURDAY 13 JUNE
Montpellier

MY RAILWAY hoodoo persists. Setting off to visit the Tunisians' training camp ahead of their tussle with England, I am 75 minutes late reaching their host town. Dozens of cars festooned with flowers delay me further by circling the station like Apaches besieging a wagon train. It turns out to be a North African wedding celebration but a taxi eventually beats the blockade and spirits me to a tiny suburban 'stadium'.

Luckily we are just in time. The press conference is held in a cold, stone dressing-room without electricity and still honking of Deep Heat. It provides a good story, too. Henryk Kasperczak, Tunisia's coach, announces his defection to Bastia.

TUESDAY 16 JUNE
Bordeaux

TAKING THE five-and-a-half hour train ride west for Scotland's meeting with Norway, I end up travelling with Craig Brown's thirtysomething sons, who prove as urbane and affable as the old man. The Scottish fans on board profess disgust at their

English counterparts' antics in Marseille.

When Pat Nevill, the *Independent's* columnist, gets on the bus from station to stadium he is surrounded by fellow Scots wanting to pose for photos with him. Then the chorus of "There's only one Pat Nevill" strikes up from the back seat. Despite his bluster he joins a group of Norwegian Chelsea fans for a beer.

One of the Scotland players told me they were seething over a newspaper preview which warned: "Don't come home at all unless you win". After falling behind, they draw, but in such stirring style that the local bars are drunk dry. Convivial chaos beats premeditated malice any day.

WEDNESDAY 17 JUNE
Montpellier

REACHING THE town of Libourne in the small hours, the only food outlet open is run by Tunisians. Noticing a man buying something in pitta bread, I ask in French for "the same thing, please". The proprietor is not fooled, asking: "You are English?" With the embarrassments of recent days in mind, I lie. "Non, Ecossais." He shakes my hand.

That evening, back in the steamy south, I am there to see Italy overcome Cameroon. Later, the sound of a stray band of England supporters

belting out "No surrender to the IRA" at 3am in Avignon is a rude awakening in more ways than one.

FRIDAY 19 JUNE
Avignon

AS I wait outside a restaurant for two colleagues, Johan Cruyff pulls up in a spotless black BMW and enters. It is the perfect opportunity to ask the great man to come over during our meal and pretend he knows me. As in the old joke, I would reply: "Get lost, Johan". Then I remember his reputation for prickliness and think better of it.

SATURDAY 20 JUNE
Marseille

A COLOURFUL city, blessed with a cocktail of cultures, the so-called Naples of France has never seen anything like this: 25,000 Dutch supporters all wearing orange, like a massive convention of extras from a Tango ad. The Dutch pass masterfully to swamp South Korea 5-0.

TUESDAY 23 JUNE
St Etienne

ON THE train north to the crucial game with Morocco, Scotland fans pack the buffet car. There is much mirth over England's defeat the

previous evening. One wag keeps doing a mock Eurovision Song Contest routine. "Ere are ze scores," he bellows. "Roumanie deux points, Angelterre un."

The hotels have been full for months so I am booked into a bed-and-breakfast place out of town. Arriving late because of yet another faulty train, the tourist bureau insists I visit my host to pick up a key. I make it to the ground just in time to see the Scots sunk 3-0.

Craig Burley, having gone blonde overnight, is sent off. One scribe compares him (somewhat unfairly) with an attention-seeking golf novice sporting flash white shoes. The fans bow out with deafening defiance and dignity. Until they spot Ally McCoist, whose kilt provokes the mercifully unrequited appeal: "Ally, Ally, show us yer arse!"

WEDNESDAY 24 JUNE
St Etienne/Avignon

REACHING MY B&B in a pitch-black country lane, I spend 15 minutes groping the gate until I find the tiny keyhole.

That evening Spain batter Bulgaria 6-1. By unfortunate coincidence, I later see one of MTV's pre-recorded interviews with footballers in which Hristo Stoichkov explains modestly his belief that there

are two Christs: "The one up there, and me down here".

THURSDAY 25 JUNE
Montpellier

GERMANY V IRAN and the area around the station is heaving with gendarmes and armed security men, grim-faced after German neo-Nazis left one of their colleagues in a coma at Lens. Berti Vogts' team secure a scrappy win.

FRIDAY 26 JUNE
Lyons

THIS IS the gastronomic capital of Western civilisation, boasting a galaxy of Michelin stars, though the only fare my schedule allows for is the cheerless variety in the stadium press centre. The match between Jamaica and Japan proves unexpectedly palatable despite a freakish phenomenon I have not seen since St Denis: rain.

SATURDAY 27 JUNE
Marseille

THE HOTTEST day of all. An English flag amid a sea of Italian and Norwegian banners bears the message: "France - We are sorry." Norway are so numbingly negative that they ought to apologise too.

The voice of football on the Midlands radio station, BRMB, Tom Ross, manages to collar Paolo Maldini afterwards. Emerging from the interview, he announces that his beloved Birmingham City are to sign the *Azzurri* heart-throb on Monday.

SUNDAY 28 JUNE
Avignon

ONE OF the few remaining members of the Scottish press corps, a good Catholic boy, is in deep contemplation at evening mass. The calm is shattered by an almighty roar from nearby bars and houses. France's "golden goal" has just left Paraguay without a prayer.

MONDAY 29 JUNE
Montpellier

ON ANOTHER afternoon of barbecued flesh and frazzled nerves, I watch Germany labour to beat Mexico. The police use their water cannon, but on spray-power only to cool down those, like myself, happy to come out resembling entrants in a wet T-shirt competition.

TUESDAY 30 JUNE
St Etienne

WITH A mixture of dread and eagerness I make for my first England game, against Argentina. In the city centre a bandstand is adorned by a massive Union flag bearing the legend "Stockport County", as if planted by an invading army. I bump into a colleague from *Loaded* magazine, who was getting on famously with the English lads on his train until one asked whether he had a ticket. "Oh, I'm in the press stand," he blurted out, provoking a tirade of abuse.

The match is a cracker. Michael Owen scores the most exciting goal I've seen in years, only for 10-man England to go out on penalties. As I leave the press centre, for once feeling proud to be English, sirens wail and someone is warning: "It's all going off in the town." An exaggeration, it transpires, but my bed is in Lyons, far removed from those who would turn a football match into a re-run of the Falklands war.

THURSDAY 2 JULY
Monte Carlo

AT USA 94 I spent my birthday in Dallas awaiting a Brazil v Netherlands match. Fate and French railways have brought me to an even more exotic location, doorstepping the Dutch before another quarter-final, against Argentina.

As on my arrival in Texas, the first English face I see at their cliff-top hotel is that of the BBC's Garth Crooks. As we gaze out over the glistening Mediterranean, his North Staffordshire accent and desire to debate the respective merits of the Potteries clubs reminds me that I am on the homeward track.

Later I realise who Guus Hiddink, the Dutch coach, reminds me of - one of Harry Enfield's Scousers ("Calm down"). Four years ago to the day I ate alligator in a Cajun bar. I am tempted to start a tradition by ordering "frogs' legs in citronella and spicy red pepper" with my evening meal before undergoing a sudden attack of vegetarianism.

SATURDAY 4 JULY
Marseille

AU REVOIR, Avignon. A cacophony of car horns, chanting teenagers and a busking bagpiper - showing greater opportunism than any Scottish striker by playing the French anthem - shook the city walls to their ancient foundations during the night following France's shoot-out KO of Italy.

At my quarter-final an Argentinian banner gloats: "Don't cry for us, England". I am demob-happy to comply with the request after Dennis Bergkamp, ice in his veins in the Stade de Saura, puts the Dutch through at the death.

SUNDAY 5 JULY
Marseille/Paris/Birmingham

IN TWO French airport lounges, at an unearthly hour, bleary-eyed travellers peruse silent images of Pele and Banks, Beckenbauer and Charlton in Mexico 1970 on large screens. The host nation is waking up to warnings that beating Croatia will be no formality.

After four weeks as chequered as Igor Stimac's strip, I am exhilarated to find Air France more punctual than their rivals on the rails. The wee man (as sustained exposure to the Scots has taught me to call anyone smaller than my own 6ft 4in) is waiting to greet me in his Brazil shirt.

Bell sounds way to peace

AFTER WATCHING the Godolphin runners finish first, second and third in the Eclipse on Saturday, you could only wonder whether an all-red strip might be more appropriate than their now famous royal blue, in honour of the Liverpool side of the Seventies and Eighties which dominated its rivals in similar fashion. Last season was, by Godolphin's impossible standards, a disappointment, but they have regrouped to such effect that, with four months of campaigning still to come, a second trainers' title for Saeed bin Suroor is all but secured.

Saturday's clean sweep shovelled another £200,000 into the current account, and Godolphin has now accumulated almost 50 per cent more prize money than Luca Cumaní, their closest pursuer, and almost twice as much as Henry Cecil, who is in third place. Daylami, the Eclipse winner, will now attempt to follow up in the King George at Ascot, where Cumaní's High-Rise should figure among his opponents. With Swain, last year's winner, also earmarked for the King George, the boys in blue will again be the team to beat.

What with the World Cup and Wimbledon, Godolphin's unique achievement at Sandown did not attract the attention it deserved, though few within racing would regard it with anything but awe. The only exceptions to that rule might be among the ranks of small-scale racehorse owners, who have long since given up trying to compete with Team Makloum, but then as we were reminded just a few days ago, this is a group for whom com-

COMMENTARY



GREG WOOD

plaining is as natural as breakfast.

The difference this week, though, was that they could do it face to face with the man who is, for some of them at least, a cross between Professor Moriarty and Ming the Merciless. The Annual General Meeting of the Racehorse Owners' Association is always a forum for bellyaching, but it rarely has a

focus. This year, though, sitting beside Peter Savill on the platform, was none other than Chris Bell, chief executive of Ladbrokes and by general consent, the most significant figure in the bookmaking industry.

It was too good an opportunity for some of them to miss, and many of the questions directed at Bell were more accusative than inquisitive. Relations between owners and bookmakers, which are rarely

cordial, are particularly frosty at present. It is only a fortnight or so since a report commissioned by the big bookies poured buckets of iced water over their beloved Financial Plan For Racing, of which Savill was the principal author.

None the less, it is a positive sign when such a prominent figure in the bookmaking industry prefers to engage his opponents in person rather than rubbish them from a distance. It is encouraging for punters too, for while the bookies will never be ideal guardians of the betting person's interests, they will certainly offer robust resistance if the owners attempt to pick the punters' pockets to boost their return from racing.

For Bell, the meeting was an instructive experience. "After the meeting, four or five people came up to me to apologise for the behaviour of the more zealous individuals," he said yesterday. "There will always be a vocal minority who are rude, and you will never reach an agreement with them because they are bigoted, but fortunately the vast majority can see what it's all about, and that gives you hope."

What it is all about is the hope that two separate but interdependent industries can find a way forward which is to the long-term benefit of both. As Bell admits, however, many in racing still harbour deep suspicions about the bookmakers' long-term objectives. "People have this impression that we will try and get rid of horse racing, but it's absolutely wrong," he says. "Horse racing is 70 per cent of our business, and in the last year that has hardened. The new



Daylami and Frankie Dettori lead home the Godolphin team in Saturday's Eclipse Stakes at Sandown

Julian Herbert/Allsport

areas of our business, betting on sports and numbers, amount to no more than 10 per cent, and have only moved by a few per cent over the last 10 years."

It is also encouraging that in the face of threats from the racing industry to tinker with the

fixture list, to favour the demands of racecourses over those of the betting shops, the bookies have not replied with counter-threats of their own. "The last time the fixture list became more turnstile-friendly, betting turnover started to show

a very sharp decline," Bell said. "If you undermine the horse racing business from any direction, that's when suddenly the two ends of the rope don't meet."

The crucial test, however, will come when the two sides get together to agree a new

Levy scheme, since this is the point when those who propelled Savill to power at the BEB will expect him to deliver. Any hint of weakness on his part will not be quickly forgiven, and the heightened expectations of racehorse owners will give him

little room for manoeuvre. For anyone who has studied the history of the Great War, it should be somewhat disturbing to hear Bell's belief that, with sufficient goodwill on both sides, the negotiations could all be over by Christmas.

BATH		HYPERION	
2.00 Make Way	3.30 Quintino (nb)	4.00 Shohra Wa Jaah	4.30 SHIAFI (nap)
2.30 Mayfair Ballerina			
3.00 Diminutive			

GOING: Good. **STALLS:** Straight course for 160 yards, round course inside. **DRAW ADVANTAGE:** Low best 50-51 1/2. **Left-hand galloping course:** Four furlongs run-in, bends to left and is uphill. **Course:** 2m NW of city near A431 Station 2m. **ADMISSION:** Club £35; Terraces £15. **Silver Ring:** 10-11. **CLUB RACING:** Centre £5, remainder free. **LEADING TRAINERS:** 1. Belling 19-56 (22.9%), R Charlton 18-57 (26.9%), P Cole 15-72 (20.2%), M Channon 14-22 (15.5%), J Barry 12-50 (24%), B Hulse 10-40 (16.7%). **LEADING JOCKEYS:** 1. M J Patten 10-19 (16.5%), L Dettori 17-57 (25.4%), T Quinn 15-23 (22.5%), Paul Eddy 12-73 (16.4%), T Sprake 12-19 (23%). **FAVOURITES:** 19-56 (22.9%), 19-56 (22.9%). **BLINKERED FIRST TIME:** Quintino (3.30), Antonia's Choice (4.30).

2.00 EVERSHOTT MAIDEN STAKES (CLASS D) £4,600 added 2YO 5f 161yds Penalty Value £3,420	
1. CHARGE (9) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	5. J. Stack 13
2. DIGIT (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	6. T. Quinn 13
3. RIAL DIVIDED (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	7. S. Sanders 1
4. FLUTE OF LIFE (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	8. J. Field 6
5. MAKE WAY (USA) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	9. D. Dettori 10
6. STANWING (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	10. M. J. Patten 10
7. CAYO (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	11. M. J. Patten 10
8. DORIS (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	12. M. J. Patten 10
9. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	13. M. J. Patten 10
10. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	14. M. J. Patten 10
11. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	15. M. J. Patten 10
12. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	16. M. J. Patten 10
13. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	17. M. J. Patten 10
14. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	18. M. J. Patten 10
15. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	19. M. J. Patten 10
16. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	20. M. J. Patten 10
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23. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	27. M. J. Patten 10
24. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	28. M. J. Patten 10
25. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	29. M. J. Patten 10
26. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	30. M. J. Patten 10
27. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	31. M. J. Patten 10
28. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	32. M. J. Patten 10
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35. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	39. M. J. Patten 10
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37. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	41. M. J. Patten 10
38. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	42. M. J. Patten 10
39. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	43. M. J. Patten 10
40. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	44. M. J. Patten 10
41. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	45. M. J. Patten 10
42. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	46. M. J. Patten 10
43. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	47. M. J. Patten 10
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45. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	49. M. J. Patten 10
46. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	50. M. J. Patten 10
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83. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	87. M. J. Patten 10
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94. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	98. M. J. Patten 10
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97. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	101. M. J. Patten 10
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109. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	113. M. J. Patten 10
110. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	114. M. J. Patten 10
111. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	115. M. J. Patten 10
112. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	116. M. J. Patten 10
113. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	117. M. J. Patten 10
114. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	118. M. J. Patten 10
115. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	119. M. J. Patten 10
116. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	120. M. J. Patten 10
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128. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	132. M. J. Patten 10
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131. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	135. M. J. Patten 10
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138. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	142. M. J. Patten 10
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140. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	144. M. J. Patten 10
141. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	145. M. J. Patten 10
142. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	146. M. J. Patten 10
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156. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	160. M. J. Patten 10
157. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	161. M. J. Patten 10
158. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	162. M. J. Patten 10
159. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	163. M. J. Patten 10
160. MISS PEARL (10) (D) Lacey N Biddis 8.5m 9.0	164. M. J. Patten

England see Perry shine in the mud

RUGBY UNION

BY CHRIS HEWETT
at Newlands, Cape Town

South Africa 18
England 0

THE FINAL tally of a five-week funeral thinly disguised as an England rugby tour is so profoundly humiliating - 328 points and 46 tries conceded in the course of seven straight defeats - that it seems fabulous to credit Clive Woodward with a stroke of coaching genius. But Woodward clearly knew something when, with the aid of his trusty credit card, he unilaterally upgraded his entire party to the colonial splendour of Cape Town's Mount Nelson hotel 24 hours before Saturday's bout of mud-wrestling at Newlands.

Who knows? Had he gone the whole hog and commandeered the Parliament buildings, he might even have inspired a 0-0 draw. The tourists were never in much danger of actually scoring against a Springbok outfit not unreasonably rated the best in the world, but so positively did England's one-star Test line-up respond to the palatial surroundings of their five-star billet that they fully justified Woodward's bold diplomatic brinkmanship.

Woodward will have to answer for his brass-necked cheek in changing accommodation

arrangements off his own impulsive bat, just as he will have to answer for the sheer volume of cock-ups and grotesqueries committed by his charges on various fields of play dotted around the southern hemisphere. But it is true to suggest that had this England, as opposed to the real England, been offered an 18-0 defeat before kick-off, they would happily have travelled from hotel to airport without bothering to stop off.

The winter rains left the Newlands surface, always prone to heaviness, in such a desperate state that any player entering a ruck without the aid of a snorkel was presumed to be harbouring a death wish. So unplayable were the conditions that even Wales might have kept the Bokke under 50.

An exaggeration? Okay, then. Let's say 60 and call it quits. Nick Mallett, the pragmatic Springbok coach, had been genuinely concerned by the wet-weather skills of the English forwards and was equally genuine in his public display of relief at the final whistle. "I suppose there is always the possibility of rain in Cape Town but we have very little expertise in such conditions and the fact that our strengths now lay with our wide players played the particular circumstances of this match more worrying than they might have been," he said.

"People who presumed a 50-point Bokke victory got it wrong. On a dry day with fast going, we might well have cut loose. As it is, we've shut out a well-organised northern hemisphere side and learned a good deal about how to handle British conditions in next year's World Cup."

TOUR RECORD

6 June - Australia (Brisbane) lost 76-0. Record humiliation, England's worst in 127 years of Test cricket.
13 June - New Zealand (Auckland) lost 18-10. Ran-lashed Rugby Park witnesses a vastly improved England performance.
16 June - New Zealand Academy (Invercargill) lost 50-32. England taught a lesson in commitment and fighting by New Zealand's next generation.
20 June - New Zealand (Dunedin) lost 52-22. Record defeat to NZ and misery worse when Danny Grewcock is sent off.
23 June - New Zealand Maori (Rotorua) lost 62-0. Home crowd literally laughed at England, who are torn apart.
27 June - New Zealand (Auckland) lost 74-0. England's best display on tour; just 14-10 down into final quarter.
4 July - South Africa (Cape Town) lost 18-0. Committed display in atrocious conditions.
Papers records: Played 7, Lost 7. Points for: 88. Points against: 328.

Confusingly enough, Woodward emerged from the sudden Newlands experience with similarly positive views. Bitterly frustrated both by his side's inability to mount a single meaningful attack and by the collapse of a meticulously planned kicking game after a bright opening quarter, he nevertheless gloried in the muscular commitment of Ben Clarke's pack. Matt Dawson's resourcefulness at scrum-half and Matt Perry's world-class defensive display at full-back.



Muddled, but unbowed, Tony Diprose (with ball) contributes to a muscular display by England's forwards against South Africa. Allsport

"Perry was fantastic, no other way for it. The guy is such a footballer not to drop a single ball on a God-awful afternoon like that was quite out of the ordinary in my view," Woodward said.

"Put a few pounds of beef on him, sharpen his pace just a little, and you have an English Cullen, an English Montgomery. Actually, he's right up there with those people already. I now regard him as a senior England player, rather than a newcomer, and he would have to be, way out of form not to be my full-back in our next international."

If Perry's performance was

all-encompassing, Josh Lewsey constituted the flip side of the record. His kicking, so fundamentally important on so filthy a day, went missing from the first minute, as did Lewsey himself. Few would have mistaken Springbok stand-off, for a Test-class playmaker on Saturday but, by comparison with England's body beautiful, he was Barry John incarnate.

It was Lewsey's inexplicable lack of urgency, as much as his lack of control, that cost England an opening try that effectively broke the Test. Joost van der Westhuizen is quick - inordinately rapid - but Hattie

Jacques could have charged down the Wasps youngster's clearance kick in the 21st minute and dawdled over the line to complete the touchdown formalities.

England's utter inability to swim into the South African half of the swamp meant that seven points were seven too many and by the time Stefan Terblanche, all danger and bristling hostility on the Springbok right wing, completed a flashing 37th-minute score that would have been difficult enough to manufacture on the hard-baked surface of the highveld, the contest was long finished. Two Percy Montgomery penalties

after the break were mere mud pies on the quagmire.

As a rehearsal for next year's probable World Cup quarter-final between the two countries, Saturday's game was spectacularly unconstructive. Suffice to say that both coaches left Cape Town with "clear ideas" on how the other could be beaten when it really mattered. But Woodward, as is his wont, went further than anyone could have imagined: "We won't play the Bokke because we'll beat the All Blacks to win our group," he predicted. And that after the most calamitous tour in English rugby history. Does nothing faze this man?

South Africa: Tries Van der Westhuizen, Terblanche; Conversion Montgomery; Penalties Montgomery 2.
South Africa: P. Muller (Natal), P. Bessouw (Western Province), H. Honiball (Natal), J. van der Westhuizen (Northern Transvaal), R. Kempenaer (Natal), J. Dabon (Gauteng), A. Garrety (Natal), R. Oze (Northern Transvaal), M. Andrews (Natal), J. Erasmus (Free State), G. Teichmann (Natal, capt), A. Venter (Free State), Replacement: O. le Roux (Natal) for Kempenaer, 70.
England: T. Diprose (Bath), S. Brown (Richmond), N. Beal (Northampton), J. Baumbast (Sale), P. Sampson (Worcester), J. Lewsey (Wasps), M. Dawson (Northampton, capt), S. Rowntree (Leicester), R. Cockfield (Leicester), P. Vickery (Gloucester), R. Pridler (Gloucester), B. Sims (Gloucester), B. Clarke (Richmond), A. Diprose (Saracens), P. Sanderson (Sale), Replacement: T. Sanderson (Leicester) for Sampson, 56.
Referee: C. Hawke (New Zealand)

WINDSOR

HYPERION

6.35 Tui 7.05 Lemon Bridge 7.35 Caudillo 8.05 Battle Lowland 8.35 Daynebee 9.05 Come Up Smiling

GOING: Good to Firm. STALLS: Inside. DRAW ADVANTAGE: High 50.5, 50.5, 50.5. Figure-eight course. Level, with sharp turns, and long straights, and a 200yd run-in.
Course is N of town on A303 near Junction 6 of M4. Stations Windsor Central (London, Paddington) and Windsor Riverside (London, Victoria) are 10.5 miles from the course. Admission: Club £14; Tatlers £10; Silver Ring £4. Call 01753 831111 for details.
LEADING TRAINERS: R. Hanson 55-245 (43%), C. Wall 10-61 (25%), P. Cole 10-57 (15%), H. Cecil 9-28 (22%).
LEADING JOCKEYS: L. Dwyer 34-167 (23%), J. Field 28-167 (24%), J. Tabor 18-153 (15%), Paul Eddery 11-125 (23%).
FAVOURITES: 156-473 (33%).
BLINDED FIRST TIME: Proteas Bay (33%).

6.35 CADOGAN ESTATES H'CAP SKY

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Haslam displays his star quality

Grandfather Bugner is a champion

BOXING

JOE BUGNER had as tough a job contending with the jeering shouts of disappointed fans as the one-round threat of James "Bonecrusher" Smith when he became the oldest man ever to win a world heavyweight boxing title.

A second-round technical knockout saw the American Smith, a preacher in North Carolina, withdrawing from the World Boxing Federation fight after dislocating his right shoulder. While that brought Bugner's success, it also triggered an angry reaction almost 23 years after he lost his first and only previous world title bid to Muhammad Ali on points.

Hungarian-born Australian Bugner, who moved from England several years ago, is now being touted for a possible defence against Mike Tyson after Saturday's win.

He had to celebrate his victory amid an angry, scuffling Gold Coast crowd after what amounted to embarrassment for the sport. But undaunted he insisted he is still Australia's first world heavyweight champion and the "proudest man here".

"To do something totally unique and to do something that's never happened before I think it's a great honour for me at the age of 48," he said. "I am the new heavyweight champion of the world." The previous oldest was George Foreman when 45 in 1994.

Bugner said he was hurt in the initial onslaught by Smith

but survived to come back later in the round and was confident he would have beaten the American with or without the injury.

The Australian, speaking after the promoters, International Sports Corporation, announced their preliminary talks with Tyson's agents to fight the new WBF champion, said: "If there's a possibility of a Mike Tyson fight, yes, I'd love to have a go at him."

"I don't want people to think that, just because I'm champion, I would try to avoid somebody like Mike Tyson," added Bugner, whose record now stands at 68 wins, 13 losses and one draw.

Smith, a former World Boxing Association champion, said a re-match was due because Bugner's win was "controversial".

His injury, he said, occurred when he hit Bugner with an overhand right at the start of the bout.

"The first punch that landed got Joe in trouble and it just so happens it got me in trouble - so those sorts of things happen," said Smith, whose ring record is now 43-16-1.

"The shoulder popped right out - anybody could see there was a lot of pain and there's still a lot of pain. It's never happened before."

Dr Ron Finlay, who examined Smith at ringside, said although Smith's shoulder was put back into place he could not have allowed the fight to go on. If the referee had not, he would have stepped in to stop it.



Life as a heavyweight world champion begins at 48 for Joe Bugner, who had to fight just one round before James Smith retired injured

Geoff McLauchlan/Reuters

Spoil Sport by Nicky Clarke.

The Rules. 1 Remove clothing. 2 Remove partner's clothing. 3 Grab a pack of Nicky Clarke Energy Boost Protein Shampoo from the new Sport range. 4 Massage into wet hair the rich, nourishing combination of Pro Vitamin B5, Almond protein and minerals. 5 Rinse. 6 Enjoy. (Don't let anything get in your way).



NICKY CLARKE
PERFORMANCE HAIR CARE

Warrington's rise continues

RUGBY LEAGUE

BY DAVE HADFIELD

Salford	14
Warrington	25

WARRINGTON, DESPITE their dreadful start to the season, may be the Wolves to emerge from the pack and put pressure on the existing top five for a place in the Super League playoffs.

They will face more difficult prey along the way than Salford, who were far too vulnerable in defence ever to give themselves a chance of winning this match and going above Warrington in the table.

The key to Warrington's success, and their revenge for the thrashing by Salford in April, was reuniting their first choice half-backs.

Adam Doyle scored two tries on his return after a groin

operation and it was the probing of Lee Briers at scrum-half that gave them the edge.

Warrington should have had the match won in the first half, missing a couple of clear-cut opportunities as well as recording well-made tries through Mark Forster and Chris Rudd.

But Salford's highly promising young hooker, Malcolm Alker, kept his side in touch with a soft try from dummy-half and Warrington needed Briers' drop goal to give them a seven point cushion at the break.

Salford's second half substitute, Craig Randall, took Mark Lee's pass to score with his first touch and that encouraged Warrington to go looking a little harder for the gaps in their opponents' defence.

Briers was the first to capitalise, running across field like a man intent on reaching the hot dog stand, only to straighten up and claim the crucial try.

Danny Nutley's charge and Brendon Tuuta's pass then allowed Doyle to grab his first, going through Lee and Scott Martin's tackles to touch down.

Alker, the one shining light for Salford, showed his eye for an opening again with the converted try that brought them back to within seven points.

Even then there was no real suggestion that they could escape and Doyle's try 11 minutes from time finished them off.

Salford must raise their game several notches if they are to compete with Leeds at Gateshead on Friday.

"There will be changes," Andy Gregory said. "I'm going to take 18 players who want to play for this club, because there are some here who don't."

Salford: Broadbent; McAree, Naylor, Martin, Rogers, Lee, White, Sam, Alker, Swell, Forster, Bradbury, Hume. Substitutes used: Randall, Eccles, E. Faimalo, Highton. Warrington: Penny, Rudd, Kane-Love, Eagar, Forster, Doyle, Briers, Hilton, Farrah, Nutley, McCune, Tuuta, Warrington. Substitutes used: Knott, Chambers, Morley. Referee: S. Presley (Castelford)

'Disgraceful' Huddersfield

GARRY SCHOFIELD has apologised to Huddersfield Giants supporters after his side was routed 48-6 by Halifax Blue Sox in a Super League match at their own McAlpine Stadium yesterday.

The former Leeds and Great Britain player said: "I am absolutely disgusted, in fact that is probably a great understatement. As a coach I deserve to see a better performance than that and I must apologise to the supporters who keep turning up and paying good money."

"That was an absolute disgrace. The players were supposed to have this week off but they can forget about that now. They will report for training and train hard. They need to do some serious soul searching and if they think that a display like that is good enough for Super League they have another think coming."

Daio Powell and Fereti Tuilagi scored two tries each for Halifax, whose four first-half tries put the visitors firmly in control.

London Broncos, another club having a poor season, welcomed back Shaun Edwards, and he inspired them to a 38-6 victory over Hull Sharks.

London, who had conceded 128 points in their previous three Super League games, were hoping the former Wigan and Great Britain scrum-half would revitalise the team and he produced the few flashes of from the Broncos.

His decision-making and tactical awareness proved too much for the Sharks as the London club ran in six tries, two of them from Edwards' former Wigan team-mate Rob Smyth. Victory lifted them three places in the table to eighth.

Wakefield maintained their two-point lead in the First Division after fighting back to beat fourth-placed Swinton 26-15. Trinity trailed 15-6 at the break but scored second-half tries through Francis Stephenson, Wayne McDonald and Roger Kenworthy to secure the victory.

Hull KR stay second after Stanley Gene's second successive hat-trick earned them a 34-6 win over the bottom club Rochdale, while Dewsbury kept in touch with the leaders with their third victory of the season over Widnes, this one 24-12.

Hunslet maintained their top-five hopes with an 18-6 victory over struggling Leigh.

RUGBY LEAGUE RESULTS

JJB SPORTS SUPER LEAGUE									
Huddersfield	(6)	G. Halifax	(24)	48					
Huddersfield	Tris: Wittenberg; Goal: Clark	Halifax	Tris: Powell, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48						
London	(18)	Hull	(6)	48					
London	Tris: 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48								
Salford	(4)	Warrington	(11)	25					
Salford	Tris: Alker, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48								
Wigan	12	11	0	1	400	10622			
Leeds	13	11	0	2	340	18922			
Halifax	13	10	0	3	346	22620			
Bradford	13	8	0	5	285	20816			
St Helens	12	7	0	5	315	22114			
Sheffield	13	5	1	7	276	27511			
Warrington	13	5	1	7	225	33611			
London	13	5	0	8	210	28510			
Salford	13	4	0	9	192	2618			
Hull	13	4	0	9	232	3228			
Castelford	13	4	0	9	204	3068			
Huddersfield	12	0	11	158	490	4			
FIRST DIVISION									
Hull KR	(18)	34	Rochdale	(0)	6				
Hull KR	Tris: 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48								
Warrington	(16)	8	Work	(3)	3				
Warrington	Tris: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48								
Bradley	(16)	8	Work	(3)	3				
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Novotna gets her Royal reward

By JOHN ROBERTS

THE BURNING issue - "What did the Duchess say?" - would not be denied, although reporters almost cancelled each other out in their anxiety to ask it while Jana Novotna was already in full flow answering mundane questions such as how she had won the title.

Finally, the notebooks and microphones were satisfied. "The Duchess said, 'What was the big thing?' I told you last year that, if you make it to the final for the third time, it will be third time lucky."

Novotna dedicated the championship to her Czech compatriot Hana Mandlikova, her coach and close friend. Mandlikova, a player of such skill and elegance that she could have played with the collected works of Shakespeare on her head, was once asked what the Duchess had said to her after losing to Chris Evert in the 1981 final. "She just told me to go out there and play my own game," Mandlikova replied. She was, in fact, referring to her coach, Betty Stove, who happened to be Dutch.

Stove, who shared a second Wimbledon disappointment with Mandlikova in 1986, the loss to Martina Navratilova, was herself defeated in the 1977 final of glorious memory by Britain's Virginia Wade. Happily, "The Dutch-ess" was not overlooked in all the embracing as Novotna and Mandlikova celebrated Saturday's 6-4, 7-6 triumph.

It is not a statistic Wade and Stove will cherish particularly, but until last weekend they were the last pair of finalists over 29 (their combined age was 63). Whatever Novotna, 29, and her vanquished French opponent Nathalie Tauziat, 30, proved to themselves during the campaign, it was encouraging for the watching fogies to know that teenagers do not always get their own way.

There were times when Novotna and Tauziat performed delicious examples of grass-court tennis at its finest, utilising the length and breadth of their work space and incorporating net-play as an integral part of the pageant rather than a panic-stricken last resort.

There were more occasions, however, when panic appeared to be the first resort. When nerves on both sides induced the sort of errors common to park players. Rather than a memorable contest it was a trophy waiting to be presented, with an hour and 34 minutes of nail-chewing to be endured before the Duchess of Kent

walked on to the Centre Court confident in the knowledge that her beige suit would avoid another visit to Skotchdoply.

With due respect to Tauziat, the collective will was for the Duchess to hand the Venus Rosewater Dish to her friend, the former Czech Choker. Not that it was ever going to be as simple and straight forward as that.

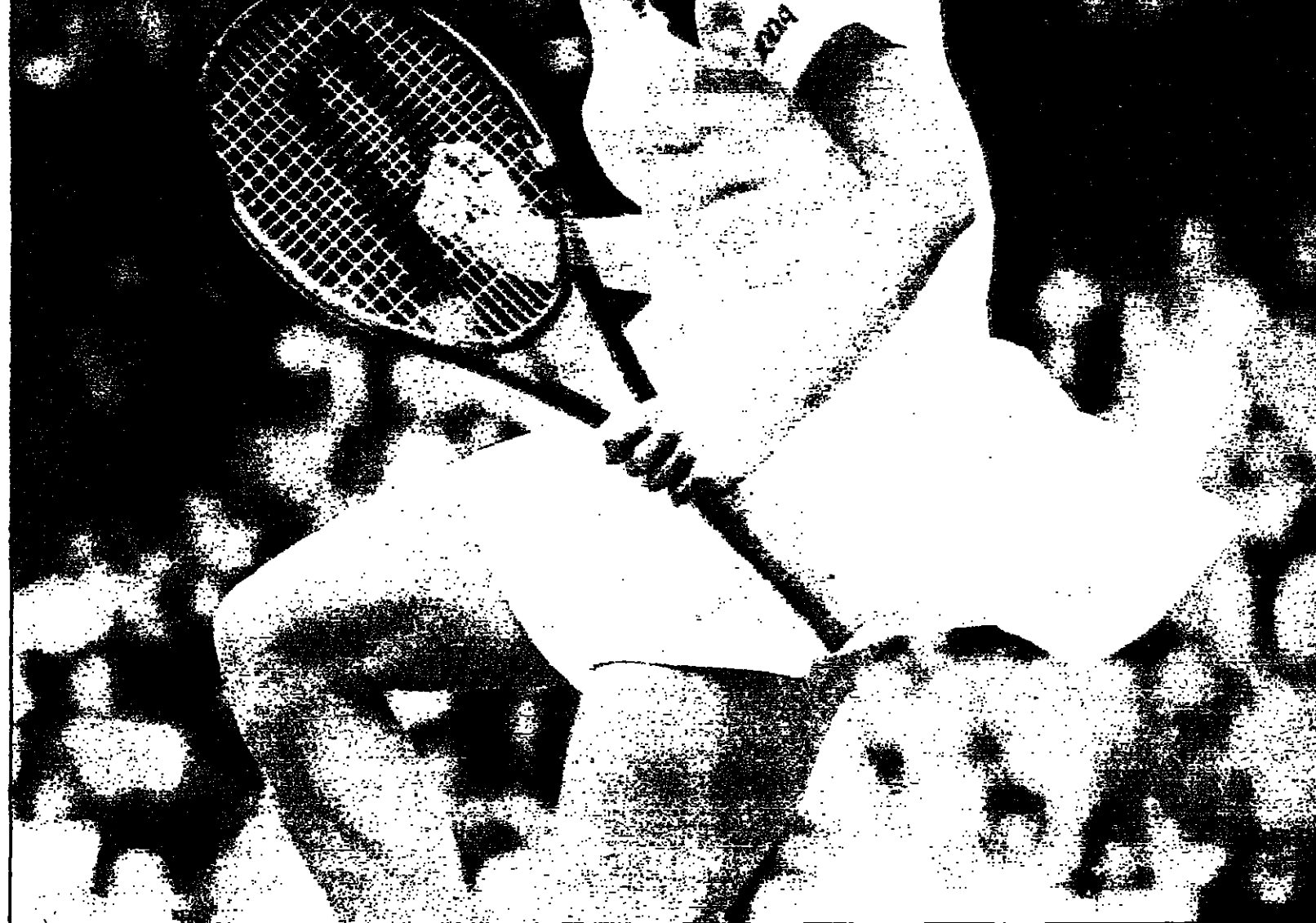
The first worry surfaced with evidence that Novotna was wearing a support (even the watching Eddie George could tell that it was not a money belt). It transpired that Novotna was carrying an abdominal strain, and the protector could be seen clearly when she was in the act of serving.

A distraction can be helpful to edgy observers when Novotna is serving, especially on crucial points, such as the one she blew with a double-fault when leading Steffi Graf 4-1 in the third set of the 1993 final. There are times when even her best friends would not feel secure if Novotna served dinner.

On Saturday Novotna's serve was elsewhere, at her home in Antwerp perhaps or left behind by her mother, Libuse, who came out from the Czech Republic on Friday to pay her first-ever visit to a Grand Slam tournament.

Novotna realised that her prospects were likely to be handicapped. "I said to myself 'How do you think you're going to win Wimbledon without a serve?' If you can do it, then you can do anything."

A player does not become No 2 in the world rankings, as Novotna will today, without knowing the whereabouts of her serve. "The simple reason for such a low percentage of first serves (50 per cent in the first set) is that I really felt so much pressure coming from Nathalie. She was taking the ball very early. If I served a hard serve, she didn't really mind. She can just block the serve and still give you a difficult volley."



Jana Novotna kisses her mother Libuse as Betty Stove (left) and her coach Hana Mandlikova join in the celebrations

Robert Hallam

Two double faults in the second game were hardly a calming influence. Novotna saving three break points before Tauziat converted a fourth. Novotna broke back immediately and then won the critical seventh game, during which her opponent fended off six break-points.

Having broken in the opening game of the second set, Novotna survived three

double-faults in the second game, only to double-fault for the sixth time to allow Tauziat into the set at 3-3. Novotna broke back immediately again, and served for the match at 5-4.

Ah, yes, serving for the match. Novotna's deliveries may have lacked conviction, but there were no faults except in open play, Tauziat's expertise conspiring with her opponent's errors. The Frenchwoman

pounced on her third break point with a powerful forehand.

When it came to the tie-break, Novotna appeared to relax (if the prospect of a third set was looming, why worry?). Consequently her serve ceased to be a problem, her overall performance was more effective, and her dream was fulfilled when she won the shoot-out 7-2.

Relief from the tension gave way to unbridled emotion, which reverberated around the arena. Novotna, escorted by a gallant member of the Army PT Corps, dashed to hug family and friends in the players' guest box (steps have replaced heads since Pat Cash scaled the crowd in 1987).

When Novotna returned to the court the Duchess greeted her by saying, "I am so proud of you", words which were easy to lip-read, and the joyful din rose to a crescendo. The Rt Hon Betty Boothroyd, far from tempted to shout "Order! Order!" from the Royal Box, was delighted to stand up and join in the ovation.



The determination shows as Novotna wins a vital point

Robert Hallam

WIMBLEDON 1998 ROLL OF HONOUR

Men's singles champion

Pete Sampras (US)
Runners-up
Goran Ivanisevic (Croat)

Women's singles champion

Jana Novotna (Czech Rep)
Runners-up
Nathalie Tauziat (Fr)

Men's doubles champions

J Eltingh and P Haarhuis (Neth)
Runners-up
T Woodbridge and M Woodforde (Aus)

Women's doubles champions

J Novotna (Czech Rep) and M Hingis (Switz)
Runners-up
L Davenport (US) and N Zvereva (Bela)

Mixed doubles champions

M Mirnyi (Bela) and S Williams (US)
Runners-up
M Bhupathi (Ind) and M Lucic (Croat)

Boys' champion

R Federer (Switz)
Girls' champion
K Srebotnik (Slovak)

RESULTS FROM WIMBLEDON

MEN'S SINGLES

Holder: P Sampras (US)
Final
P SAMPRAS (1) (US) bt G IVANISEVIC (14) (Croat) 6-7 7-6 6-4 3-6 6-2

WOMEN'S SINGLES

Holder: M Hingis (Switz)
Final
J NOVOTNA (3) (Czech Rep) bt N TAUZIAT (16) (Fr) 6-4 7-6

MEN'S DOUBLES

Holder: T Woodbridge and M Woodforde (Aus)
Final
J ELTINGH and P HAARHUIS (Neth) bt T WOODBRIDGE and M WOODFORDE (Aus) 2-6 6-4 7-6 5-7 10-8

WOMEN'S DOUBLES

Holder: S Fernandez (US) and N Zvereva (Bela)
Semi-finals
M HINGIS (Switz) and J NOVOTNA (Czech Rep) bt L DAVENPORT (US) and R STUBBS (Aus) 6-2 6-3

MEN'S OVER-35 DOUBLES

Holder: J Durie (GB) and A Smith (US)
Final
P STEWART (US) and P SMYTH (Aus) bt J Durie (GB) and A Smith (US) 3-6 6-4 6-3

WOMEN'S OVER-35 DOUBLES

Holder: J Durie (GB) and A Smith (US)
Final
P STEWART (US) and P SMYTH (Aus) bt J Durie (GB) and A Smith (US) 3-6 6-4 6-3

BOYS' SINGLES

Semi-finals
R Federer (Switz) bt L Zovko (Croat) 7-5 6-2
Labadze (Geo) bt K Ivanov-Smolenski (Rus) 3-6 7-6 6-3

BOYS' DOUBLES

Semi-finals
R Federer (Switz) and J Kostanic (Croat) bt P Rumpac (Slovak) and I Tulyaganova (Uzb) 6-2 7-6

GIRLS' SINGLES

Semi-finals
K Srebotnik (Slovak) bt T Hergold (Slov) 6-3 6-3
K Clijsters (Bel) bt J Dokic (Aus) 6-3 6-7 6-4

GIRLS' DOUBLES

Semi-finals
R Federer (Switz) and O Rochus (Bel) bt K Hippensteel and D Martin (US) 6-3 6-3
M Llodra (Fr) and A Ram (Isr) bt F Babic (Slov) and K Ivanov-Smolenski (Rus) 6-3 6-4

BOYS' DOUBLES

Semi-finals
R Federer (Switz) and O Rochus (Bel) bt M Llodra (Fr) and A Ram (Isr) 6-4 6-4

GIRLS' DOUBLES

Semi-finals
E Dyrberg (Den) and J Kostanic (Croat) bt T Hergold (Slov) and G Volekova (Slov) 6-3 6-1
P Rumpac (Slovak) and I Tulyaganova (Uzb) 6-4 7-6

BOYS' DOUBLES

Semi-finals
R Federer (Switz) and J Kostanic (Croat) bt P Rumpac (Slovak) and I Tulyaganova (Uzb) 6-2 7-6

GIRLS' DOUBLES

Semi-finals
R Federer (Switz) and J Kostanic (Croat) bt P Rumpac (Slovak) and I Tulyaganova (Uzb) 6-2 7-6

BOYS' DOUBLES

Semi-finals
R Federer (Switz) and J Kostanic (Croat) bt P Rumpac (Slovak) and I Tulyaganova (Uzb) 6-2 7-6

GIRLS' DOUBLES

Semi-finals
R Federer (Switz) and J Kostanic (Croat) bt P Rumpac (Slovak) and I Tulyaganova (Uzb) 6-2 7-6

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GIRLS' DOUBLES

Semi-finals
R Federer (Switz) and J Kostanic (Croat) bt P Rumpac (Slovak) and I Tulyaganova (Uzb) 6-2 7-6

Federer looks to the future

By GUY RODGSON

THE DIFFERENCE between making it and hoping to was about 50 yards yesterday. You needed to know a ticket tout to get a ticket for Wimbledon's Centre Court but the same man could have got you 200 together on Court Two where a convention of claustrophobes could easily have been held.

It was men against boys in terms of crowds and status, the would-be Sampras's battling it out in the final of the boys' championship in front of 200 people. Never mind that in a few years time people could be fighting over a chance to see Roger Federer and Irakli Labadze.

Bjorn Borg, Pat Cash and Stefan Edberg all prefaced their victories in the men's singles proper by being head boy so yesterday we could have been looking at the shape of tennis to come. Not that more than the few lost souls could be bothered to find out.

In the event, Federer won with something to spare, 6-4, 6-4 and, to the surprise of no one who watched Pete Sampras trade excoets with Goran Ivanisevic in the main feature, his serve was the impressive weapon in his armoury.

The 16-year-old Swiss had break point against him only once against Labadze, a Georgian whose backhand ground strokes varied from scorching to tepid, and surrendered only four other points on his serve throughout. Those statistics underlined the one-sided contest between the cannon and the pea-shooter.

Labadze felt it was unfair, too, and at one point he threw his racket to the ground in disgust, earning himself a code violation. The fact that he had done about a quarter of what the unpunished Martina Hingis had perpetrated during her women's singles semi-final illustrating the way the top

players are treated with kid gloves and the kids with fisted armour.

So is Federer a future Wimbledon champion? Probably not unless he learns to vary his tactics. He has been brought up on clay and it showed his trips to the net being about as frequent as a blue moon. Still if he only becomes the next Ivan Lendl (eight Grand Slams) he will be thanking his lucky stars.

The girls title went to Slovenia's Katarina Srebotnik, whose 7-6, 6-3 win might look as comprehensive as Federer's but disguises a first-half crisis when her opponent, Belgium's Kim Clijsters, was serving at 5-3. That chance was lost. Srebotnik won the tie-break 7-3 and the match became little more than a formality.

While Srebotnik sets off in pursuit of Hingis and co, Jacco Eltingh is heading for a Grand Slam in the men's doubles if that is not a contradiction in terms. He and fellow Dutchman Paul Haarhuis ended Todd Woodbridge and Mark Woodforde's Wimbledon monopoly with a 2-6, 6-4, 7-6, 5-7, 10-8 win in the final on Saturday night and if they can also prevail at the US Open in

September Eltingh will become the first player to take all four in a single season.

Why Eltingh and not Haarhuis? The latter was expecting the birth of his son in January and chose to miss the Australian Open so his partner successfully teamed up with Jonas Bjorkman.

Haarhuis could console himself with the knowledge that the two Dutchmen are the first in the Open era to win the four Grand Slam tournaments and that they ended the Woodies' run of five successive Wimbledon titles. "It's not by very much, but they've pipped us," Woodbridge said. "It's a motivation to get going again."

His partner, Woodforde added: "It's disappointing to lose, but when you look at not only five straight Wimbledon titles but to participate in a tennis is about. We created a niche and a name for ourselves with all the wins and this loss in the final."

Haarhuis's attempt to win the mixed doubles with Caroline Vis yesterday was halted when they lost 4-6, 6-4, 7-5 in the semi-finals to the unseeded Max Mirnyi and Serena Williams.

Ivanisevic finds no hiding place in defeat

AT THE end Goran Ivanisevic took off his bandana, sank into a chair and placed a towel over his head. He emerged only when called to collect his prize.

When the Croat showed himself again he looked like a man who had just woken up after his stag night. The silver salver he collected meant nothing to the runner-up, but at least he had not presented the championship on it to Pete Sampras. The American had to retrieve his crown from the viper's nest.

It is a peculiarity of Wimbledon that they make the runner-up watch his own funeral as the trophy is paraded around the auditorium. Not that Ivanisevic felt like a runner-up. He felt like a loser. He waved unconvincingly to a cheering crowd as he left at the end of his third losing final. They will love him even more after this.

Ivanisevic himself did not feel like contemplating future Wimbledon. It will be a surprise if he does not wake up this morning with a thumping hang-over. "It feels bad," he said. "It's the worst moment in my life. I've had some bad moments when I've been sick or somebody died but, for me, this is the worst thing ever. I don't know how I will get motivated to play tennis again. It's tough, this is."

Ivanisevic's despair was understandable if not entirely merited. From the moment the elderly bell-hop led in the protagonists, to the end when he took his tired body behind the canvas, the Croat fought. It was a solid counter to those who thought he would cave in like a sandcastle under assault from the waves.

Many of Sampras's opponents may consider the only game plan to beat him is to be the one making his bedtime cocoa the night before a match. Yesterday, however, the American was not quite the unstoppable machine he seemed in reaching his sixth final. For the first time in the championships came a mid-match realisation that he could lose.

Ivanisevic knew he had to stay on top of his opponent. He was wrestling with a gator and any loss of concentration could have meant a swift end. He provoked rare pieces of self-admonishment in his opponent and Sampras further displayed his nerves with frequent misplacements of his service toss.

But Goran Ivanisevic did not lose this match yesterday. He lost it on Friday when he allowed his semi-final against Richard Krajicek to go on for far too long. By 2-1 yesterday his shirt was glued to his chest with perspiration and the erosion that is Sampras's game had started to take a hold on him.

The audience at least had the good grace to turn up in numbers on this occasion. They met an atmosphere warm enough to have a few fans flicking away in the seats. Butterflies were in the air.

There were reminders of the past in the Royal Box. Boris Becker, the retired one, made anyone who had seen him first win here as a 17-year-old feel rather old. Near him, Julie Andrews was an appropriate guest. Ivanisevic would have to climb every mountain.

The Croat's serve was to be the key, the battering ram and the jenny to get into the house of Sampras. His ace count gradually diminished as the match wore on but, in that first set, he fired 13 of the 32 unforced deliveries that took him to 15% for the championships.

Getting to 6-6 is consistent foreplay for Ivanisevic generally and his matches with Sampras in particular. He won the first tie-break while the shape of the whole match was hammered out on the anvil of the second. Like bare-knuckle fighters, the two men were surrounded by their various seconds as great blows were thrown.

Ivanisevic had two chances to take a two-set lead, but it did not happen. "If I had gone 2-0 up today it would have been a different story," he said. "After the fourth set it was like somebody hit me. He went up and I went down. In the last game I was like a woman serving. They were not going anywhere, no pace, nothing."

Somebody tried to cheer the loser up by reminding him that his national football side would, on Wednesday, play France for a place in the World Cup Final. It was a nice try, but it didn't work. "I cannot cheer anybody now," Ivanisevic said. "I can only kill myself. I'm not good for anybody."

Draw date: 4/7/98. The winning numbers: 9, 15, 25, 29, 32, 49. Bonus number: 14.

Total Sales: £62,374,827. Prize Fund: £32,122,431 (45% of ticket sales plus £4,053,759 from Wednesday's rollover jackpot).

CATEGORY	NO. OF WINNERS	AMOUNT FOR EACH WINNER	TOTAL EACH TIER
Match 5 (Jackpot)	2	£9,549,349	£13,098,698
Match 5 plus bonus ball	14	£198,789	£2,783,046
Match 5	955	£1,821	£1,739,055
Match 4	55,259	£69	£3,815,631
Match 3	1,057,456	£10	£10,674,560
TOTALS	1,123,726		£32,122,431

Total Sales including Insurance and Wednesday Draw: £103,754,727. Backstage (prizes rounded down to nearest £1 inc. rollover amount): £11,441. © Camelot Group plc. Players must be 16 or over.

Total week's contribution to Good Causes: £28,000,000.

The English influence: Imports enhance spectacle in this country, but at what cost to national team?

Premier players still have a say

ENGLAND MAY be gone from this World Cup but the Premiership marches on. With Dennis Bergkamp, Slaven Bilic and Emmanuel Petit leading the way there is still a whole team of players left who earned their living on the other side of the Channel last season, plus at least another three who will be doing so when it all starts again next month.

This is the remnant of 90 Premiership players, including England's 22, who started the tournament last month. It is the highest individual contribution through Italy's Serie A and Spain's La Liga, both with nearly 70 players, follow close behind.

This is no surprise. These three leagues are football's new imperialists, taking the raw resources of the world to establish a hegemony on the game's riches. Between them they hold the three European club trophies (at Real Madrid, Chelsea and the International Cup and the three most expensive players (Denilson, Ronaldo and Shearer). The stars of this World Cup - Ronaldo and Roberto Carlos, Bergkamp and Davids, Zidane and Desailly, Boban and Suker - all play within this trio of leagues and talent scouts are here in force.

Interesting then, that none of the empire-builders' own national sides have survived. Italy, after a rapid tournament, went out in the quarter-finals, Spain disappeared in the group stages and England went in the second round. Of other rapacious leagues, Germany, whose Bundesliga is represented by 18 of its own squad and 35 for-



GLENN MOORE

designers, are out while Turkey, whose increasingly wealthy domestic league had 19 players here, and Portugal, whose league is overrun by Brazilians, did not even get to France.

The conclusion seems obvious, nor is it without foundation. After Italy's abysmal World Cup in 1974 (knocked out in the group stages) they banned the strongest until 1980, when only two per club were allowed in. The results were a fourth place in 1978 and victory in 1982. They have not won since.

Under European law such a ban is no longer possible; indeed, Chelsea may next season field an entire team of foreign internationals (De Goeij, Ferrer, Leboeuf, Desailly, Babayaro, Petrescu, Di Matteo, Zola, Laudrup, Casiraghi, Flo). This will make them a formidable team but will do little to help Glenn Hoddle who, ironically, started the Stamford Bridge revolution by bringing in Ruud Gullit.

Chelsea answer that the presence of the Zolas and De-

saillys will bring on the Jody Morris and Michael Duberry. To an extent it will: Michael Owen has learned from playing alongside Karl-Heinz Riedle and all the Manchester United youngsters benefited from Eric Cantona's influence. With wages now so high in England our players will only learn from the continentals if they come to the Premiership. It is the same in Spain, which also had 22 Spanish-based players, and Italy (20).

But the exchange is unequal and damaging. Home-based players struggle to flourish - Danny Granville, one of Chelsea's most promising players, is moving on - and foreign players learn more than they teach. The Premiership, Serie A and La Liga have become finishing schools for rivals. Brazil, the Netherlands, France and Croatia average less than four home-based men each in their starting XIs. For a country like Croatia, with a population of under five million, this is crucial to their development. Safet Susic, the former Yugoslav international, said of their success: "It hasn't surprised me. A large number of the players play with the big European clubs."

The benefits for France, with seven players in Serie A, are obvious from their defensive excellence. For Brazil the old chestnut about South American sides being unable to win in Europe is irrelevant, as 17 of their squad have European experience.

The Netherlands, Denmark, Argentina and, last time around, Bulgaria, have similarly

benefited. Like Croatia, Bulgaria had an aging side which improved as a result of state expenditure on the domestic game in their youth, followed by the freeing-up of the transfer system with the fall of the Iron Curtain. The question with all the former Soviet Bloc countries is whether the decline in quality of their own domestic leagues will now reduce the flow of talent to the west.

If it does, it will not alleviate the problem, for there are new areas of football immigration. Along with South America and Scandinavia there is now a growing influx of players from Africa, the Caribbean and Australia. For example, Nigeria's entire squad played abroad.

There seems little prospect of change unless clubs get so powerful that they can restrict international teams' access to their players to a debilitating degree. This is possible; the leagues are increasingly working together, but the success of competitions like the World Cup is likely to ensure such an outcome does not happen. The only solution is to change the emphasis from buying foreign players to coaching young domestic ones, but that requires a will which seems largely absent. Some clubs, notably Manchester United and Liverpool, may invest heavily in youth development, but very little of the Sky television money is diverted at source. For all the grand ideals of Howard Wilkinson's Charter for Quality, there is little mention of improving the salaries of youth coaches.

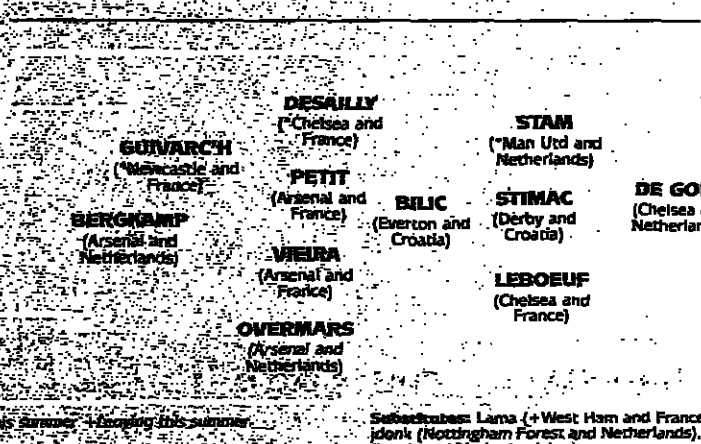
Thus the future, for the new imperialists, appears to consist of false expectation created by an all-powerful club game being punctured every four years by international failure.

There is a supreme irony in this. The main basis for the financial hegemony of Spain, England, and Italy is the power of the satellite television companies. Yet, since this World Cup has been sold to the European Broadcasting Union, it is the terrestrial stations which are paying the price. If ITV can attract 28 million viewers for the second-round tie with Argentina, imagine what the audience would have been for an English final on Sunday. Thanks to Sky's millions, we may never know.



Croatia's Slaven Bilic (left) clears the ball from Germany's Oliver Bierhoff on Saturday. Bilic, of Everton, is one of a multitude of World Cup players who perform in England's Premiership
Jean-Christophe Khan/Reuters

SEMI-FINAL PREMIERSHIP XI



Passarella linked to Sheffield Wednesday vacancy

BY ALAN NIXON AND RUPERT METCALF

DANIEL PASSARELLA wants to manage a club in Britain after quitting as Argentina's World Cup coach.

Passarella ended his reign in charge of his country after Saturday's quarter-final defeat by the Netherlands and is already looking for his next challenge. The former World Cup winner wants to take charge of a club in England or Scotland, and has sounded out Sheffield Wednesday about taking the vacancy.

Wednesday are reluctant to move because Passarella does not speak English, but his coaching staff includes the

bilingual former Sheffield United player, Alex Sabella.

Passarella's reputation for attacking football and strict discipline may attract British chairmen, and his wage demands are not sky-high by today's standards. His agent, George Urquhart, is handling

Passarella's interest in Britain and said last night that his client was "planning to move into club management" even before the defeat. Obviously there are few more exciting places than the Premier League to manage. "Language is not really a

SUR LEURS VELOS

Coaches sacked during or due to resign after the World Cup: Carlos Alberto Parreira (Saudi Arabia); Cha Bum-kun (South Korea); Steve Sampson (United States); Henryk Kasperczak (Lithuania); Hristo Botev (Bulgaria); Herman Dario Gomez (Colombia); Angel Fernandez (Romania); Egil Olsen (Norway); Daniel Passarella (Argentina); Rene Simoes (Macao); Aimé Jacquet (France). Coaches who may soon be seeking alternative employment: Henri Michel (Morocco); Philippe Troussier (South Africa); Bora Milutinovic (Nigeria); Claude Le Roy (Cameroon).

Hoddle makes England wait for 2002 deal

GLENN HODDLE is not ready to discuss a new contract with the Football Association taking him to the 2002 World Cup.

The FA chairman, Keith Wiseman, has offered Hoddle talks on extending his contract, which ends after the European Championship in two years. But Hoddle has said:

"The next World Cup is too far ahead for me to consider at the moment. There is a lot of water to pass under the bridge before then. I want to keep my options open. Both the FA and myself are aware that my contract runs until Euro 2000. I don't see any reason for them or me to change the situation. If the

agreement was coming to an end then it would be different."

There was renewed speculation in the French press yesterday that Monaco are interested in Hoddle to replace Jean Tigana, who is favoured to follow Aimé Jacquet as French coach. Monaco have said they will not release Tigana until

they have a replacement, and England's exit has led to discussion about a move for Hoddle, a former Monaco player.

Jacquet's predecessor as French coach, Gerard Houllier, is set to join Celtic. Houllier says he has been approached by no fewer than five British clubs, but adds that he

is closest to agreeing a deal with Celtic, who need a replacement for Wim Jansen.

"The clubs that have been in contact with me, in chronological order, are Sheffield Wednesday, Liverpool, Celtic, Everton and Norwich," Houllier said. "The club that I feel closest to at the moment are Celtic."

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QUOTES OF THE DAY

"Croatia have a great chance and so do I, and if we both win, I think the whole of Croatia will be drunk for the rest of the year." Croatian tennis player Goran Ivanisevic, speaking before yesterday's Wimbledon final.

"You only get two or so chances to play at the World Cup - perhaps only one. I think it was a joke." Germany's Christian Worns on his red card against Croatia.

"Sometimes FIFA puts referees in who normally only referee second-class games." Lothar Matthaus, Worns' team-mate, on the same incident.

"Before the sending-off we were the better team. It was a provocative way they got the red card. I don't want to say any more about it. There is no point in arguing about the card. The Croats are going to Paris and we are going home." Germany coach, Berti Vogts.

"We are still not fully aware of what we have done. This is a dream come true but we are not afraid of anybody, we are sufficiently crazy - led by our coach - in a positive sense." Slaven Bilic, Croatia defender.

"We didn't play our own game, and Holland, without being particularly good, made our life difficult." Former Argentina captain Diego Maradona.

IN FRANCE WITHOUT A TICKET

Nicholas Haring's daily quest to see a World Cup match: Day 23

US PESSIMISTS who had feared that Lyons would be pushed to bursting point by drowns of German flooding over the border from Stuttgart and Munich on Saturday to watch their team were fortunately mistaken. Not, happily, had thousands of Croats jumped on board the Orient Express. The result was that only those spots who persuaded early arrivals to part with their cash at the station made a killing. Other ticketless fans who descended from the Navarres, the special buses, to the Stade Gerland were greeted by an army of ticket-waving touts practically begging them to make a purchase. I was able to take my pick of what was on offer and eventually settled for buying a 450 franc seat at below cost price - 400 francs.

Total games: 23 Total cost price: 3 070 francs. Total cost paid: 5 800 francs. Two failures to get in.

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WORLD CUP FRANCE 98

Germany feel the effects of age concern

THERE WILL be hell to pay in Germany after their heavy World Cup quarter-final defeat by Croatia. They are not used to losing at this stage of the competition and certainly not by three goals. They just won't accept it - it was a savage blow to Germanic pride.

Inevitably there will be a rush now to cast Bert Vogts out from his job as national team manager but that is not such a wise thing. Maybe it was an achievement to get to the last eight with a team of ageing players who really should have been finished years ago. You look at the likes of Lothar Matthäus, brought back at the age of 37, and you can't help but think that Germany should have been producing replacements by now.

I never considered them as likely winners this time round - even



JACK CHARLTON

though their record makes it hard to dismiss them outright. From day one they looked a team of too much experience and not enough legs.

Germany's disappointment was Croatia's glory. What a fantastic achievement for them, a new

country in their first World Cup and now facing the hosts for a place in the final. The Croatians are not averse to a physical scrap and why not? The game is such now that you can't go round kicking people and you can't tackle from behind but you can push people into areas where they can't do any damage, you can obstruct them, you can be strong on the ball and you can close people down. The Croatians are good at all those things.

It always surprises me that the old Yugoslavia never won anything considering the talent they had at their disposal. Now that country has broken up, the individual components are showing what they can do. There's no doubt that one reason for the Croatian success is their fantastic team spirit, the togetherness forged from the brutality of civil war.

Obviously the red card shown to Christian Wörns disrupted the Germans. It looked a worse challenge than it really was; the slow motion replay always has that effect and it was probably a genuine attempt to get the ball only for Davor Suker to arrive a fraction ahead of him.

Facing 10 men, Croatia had the players to exploit the situation and in Suker they have a tremendous finisher. He had a terrific 1996 European Championships and has not done so well at Real Madrid as he should have done (to be fair he's been unlucky with injuries) but you cannot afford to take your eyes off him at any time.

The Netherlands v Argentina quarter-final was a marvellous contest of technical skills and improvisation. The conditions suited the Dutch, the heat of a Marseilles

afternoon combined with the fact that Argentina had an exhausting struggle against England - it always takes you three to four days to truly get over a game like that. When Ireland played the Netherlands in the second round in 1994 in Orlando they ran us to death, the sweltering temperatures helped their passing game much more than it did our running game. The Dutch have limited movement but when they do move it is fresh, quick and deadly.

Dennis Bergkamp's winner was a masterpiece of touch and composure late in the game. Along with Michael Owen's effort it will be remembered as the goal of this World Cup. Owen had to run a long distance with the ball while Bergkamp was a piece of sublime skill at the end of a move and for that reason Owen's was probably the greater effort.

I would like to see the Dutch go on now and upset Brazil in the semi-final and if there's a team to do it it's them. We certainly don't want the South Americans to come out as champions again and leave us with another four years of listening to the suggestion that they are so much better than us.

I still think Europe is stronger - just look at the semi-final line-up which shows Europe filling three of the four places while Denmark ran Brazil very close for the other. The Danes showed again that if you get at the Brazilians they can be found wanting at the back.

Ronaldo is playing a clever game by dropping deep and enabling players such as Rivaldo to run into the penalty box knowing he will supply them with the ball; against Denmark Ronaldo laid on both first-half goals.

My original tip, France, will be happy to see Croatia for a place in Sunday's final. A lot is made of their failure to score and in two successive matches they have needed a golden goal from Laurent Blanc and penalties to go through. Perhaps it will start to come right for them now; certainly they are not struggling to create chances and that will be of comfort to Aimé Jacquet. As a manager the one thing you look for is that your team are making chances. It shows that your basic game is OK.

Because I tipped them I would like to see the French crowned as champions. But, more than that, I would like to see it go to the Dutch. They have come so close before and have brought so many good things to the game over a long period of time.

Croatians make the most of red gift

BY ADAM SZRETER
at Stade Gerland, Lyons

Germany 0
Croatia 3
Jarni 45, Vlaovic 80, Suker 85
Att: 39,100

NOT FOR the first time in this tournament, an evenly balanced tie was decided by the arbitrary brandishing of a red card. In this case it was Germany who suffered but, as in the previous quarter-final between these two sides, at Euro 96, it was something of a lottery as to who would fall foul of the referee first.

Nevertheless it was, as their coach Miroslav Blazevic rightly pointed out, an historic victory for Croatia over a team who have quickly become arch-rivals in the six years since Croatia regained independence and were readmitted to Fifa, world football's inner circle. Not many people took much notice of Blazevic's prediction at the outset that his team would reach the final, but now only France stand in their way. The hosts will be short-odds favourites on Wednesday at the Stade de France, but the French are only too well aware that anything can happen in a semi-final.

France lost twice to Germany in World Cup semi-finals in the 1980s, most famously in Seville in 1982 after they led 3-1, so they will be more than happy to be meeting the Croats. They may be something of an unknown quantity but at least there will be no inferiority complex on the part of the French, who are already looking forward to their dream final with Brazil.

On Saturday, Croatia took full advantage of any luck that was going their way, especially when the

German defender, Christian Wörns, was dismissed shortly before half-time for a reckless challenge on Davor Suker. The Germans complained, of course. "It was completely unjustified," said their former captain, Lothar Matthäus, at the end of his fifth appearance in a World Cup final, a record for an outfield player.

"The referee should have consulted his linesman, who must have seen that Wörns was not the last line of defence but that Jürgen Kohler was behind him." That may have been true, but the red card appeared to be for the nature of the tackle rather than the particular context. The Norwegian referee's real mistake came four minutes earlier when he failed to take any action at all against Igor Stimac - sent off in the Euro 96 quarter-final - whose crude tackle from behind on Oliver Bierhoff set off a chain reaction of wild challenges.

Up to that point Germany had played some of their best football of the tournament and looked the more likely to score but, after losing a player many consider to have been their best in this World Cup, it was always going to be difficult to recover. Robert Jarni's goal in first-half injury time kicked the Germans while they were still down and then it was just a question of whether Croatia could keep their discipline, and not give the referee an excuse to even up the red cards, and they would be home and dry.

Bierhoff came closest to an equaliser for Germany with a volley from Klinsmann's headed near-post flick that Drazen Ladic just about parried on the line, before Goran Vlaovic and Suker applied the finishing touches, sparking unbridled scenes of Croat jubilation in the streets of Lyons, which for a time



Croatia's Aljosa Asanovic curls a free-kick round the German wall in Saturday's quarter-final in Lyons

AFP

might easily have been Zagreb on independence day.

Support for Croatia inside the Stade Gerland seemed to outnumber support for Germany, and while many of those would have been Frenchmen praying for a German defeat there were still plenty who had made the long road trip from the Balkans, having spent any savings they may have had from an average salary of £125 per month.

Blazevic looked pale and drawn in the post-match press conference, struggling to find words to describe his emotions. "We are overjoyed," he

eventually said. "We are very proud that we're going to play in the most beautiful stadium in the world in front of 80,000 spectators. That will be a new test for us but today we showed our capabilities. We really deserved this win."

As for the Germans, it is the end of a long and largely successful era. Klinsmann, Kohler, Matthäus and Hässler - all survivors of the team that won the 1990 World Cup - will not be back, but it remains to be seen whether Bert Vogts will stay in charge. There is unlikely to be the same public demand for his

resignation as there was following the defeat by Bulgaria at the same stage four years ago - he has probably done the best he could with dwindling resources. Whether Vogts wants to stay and oversee a period of considerable reconstruction in German football is another matter; but those who know him believe he will.

Vogts has argued for years that, with so many foreign players in the Bundesliga, the day would come when the international cupboard would be bare for Germany. Now it seems that day has come. Virtually their entire Under-21 side is made

up of reserves who rarely get a first-team game for their clubs, and when Andreas Möller failed to live up to expectations early in the tournament Vogts was left with only players like Jens Jeremies and Dietmar Hamann, who lacked both experience and class at the highest level.

No doubt the Germans will come again, and quickly, but for the moment there is a new star rising in central Europe. For many of the Croatian team, who have been there since the start, this will be their first and last World Cup, but there are promising youngsters coming through such as

Dario Simic, Igor Tudor and Anthony Seric. As for Blazevic - the man they call Ciro after a train that runs from his birthplace in Bosnia to Croatia - whatever happens in Paris, he will always have Lyons.

CROATIA (3-5-2): Ladic (Croatia Zagreb), Bile (Everton), Stimac (Derby), Simic (Croatia Zagreb), Stankic (Parnal), Srdic (VRS Sturgart), Asanovic (Napoli), Bekbas (Milan), Jarni (Real Betis), Vlaovic (Nacional), Suker (Real Madrid), Subastitar (Maribor Croatia Zagreb) for Vlaovic. **GERMANY (3-4-1-2):** Möller (Marseille), Wörns (Bayer Leverkusen), Matthäus (Bayer Munich), Klinsmann (Borussia Dortmund), Hässler (Borussia Dortmund), Hamann (Bayer Munich), Jeremies (1860 Munich), Thumke (Bayer Munich), Hässler (Karlsruhe), Klinsmann (Dortmund), Bierhoff (Hamburg), Subastitar (Maribor), Kirsch (Bayer Leverkusen) for Hässler. **Referee:** R. Pedersen (Norway)

A slave to the irresistible passion play known as the World Cup

LYONS, CITY of dreams, city of nightmares. England get through to the next round, but they are beaten 6-0 by the Dutch, then they are embroiled in a homosexual scandal involving Italy, and finally I am arrested defending the honour of the nation after a snoring waiter casts aspersions on my manhood.

A night, in short, of fevered fantasies, not quite as absurd as Croatia eliminating Germany 3-0. Sometimes I am appalled by the tabloid extremism of my unconscious. But the lunatic scenes of triumph and disaster that are nightly enacted there can barely keep up with the real emotional mayhem of the World Cup. And a lot of the World Cup is taken up in any case with fantasy football, all those "what-if" and "if-only" sob stories.

I admit I really did want to rearrange the face of that waiter, though, some hours earlier. It wasn't so much that I was starving and there was supposedly not a crumb left in the larder of this entire vast cafe in the Place Bellecoeur at 5pm. It was that he said it, with a grinning *schadenfreude* and some ironic remark about: "This is France - what do you expect?" I was tempted



ANDY MARTIN
AT LARGE IN FRANCE



to knock the silver tray out of his hand, and then I called him something I remember Eric Cantona calling the French manager in the midst of some acrimonious dispute. That wiped the smile off his face.

It was definitely a red-card offence, but this may be one of the rare occasions on which Cantona has actually prevented an incident. Some passing honorary Croatia fans (actually Anglo-Indian and West Ham supporters) were saying something similar about the German team on their way to the stadium. Therein lies the compulsion of football: it supplies us with a manual of heightened emotions and modes of self-expression.

Lyons has some claim on being the capital of the passions. I was

reminded, while sitting at the Passion Sports Café opposite the Opéra, that it was here that Charles Fourier, utopian dreamer and philosopher of "passional attraction", was born a couple of centuries ago. All that is now commonly remembered of him is that he thought that the sea would turn into lemonade in the ideal world of the future. But Fourier's main claim on our attention is his insight that human beings are essentially slaves of passion. He defined 14 basic passions (including, notably, the *passion papillon* - the butterfly passion - that requires a multiplicity of feelings), but there were something like 829 possible variations on these themes.

Like Freud almost a hundred years later, Fourier saw that

civilisation was based on the repression of the passions. Unlike Freud though, he also thought that the solution to all our problems was to find a way of openly expressing our instinctive drives. Which is how he came up with the beautiful idea of the *phalanstery*, an optimal community in which there are no losers, and everyone's desires are satisfied. According to Fourier, the *phalanstery* would offer - amongst other pleasures - gastronomic olympics, in which the winner of the *pastryerie* gold medal is cheered to the echo of a thousand champagne corks popping, and "philanthropic associations" providing a sexual emergency call-out service to those left unsatisfied by officially sanctioned promiscuity and frequent public orgies.

Despite some heroic efforts in France and America, Fourier's vision never quite panned out in practice. But this World Cup is probably the closest we've yet come to a short-term *phalanstery*. In lots of ways, of course, it isn't: nearly everyone is, in the end, a loser, and the major emotions are frustration and an overriding sense of injustice. Yet I can personally testify to running through a gamut of approximately a hundred

or so passions in 90 minutes at some matches. And maybe by the time this is all over I'll have worked my way through the entire menu.

Despite French success, there is still a strong anti-World Cup school of thought in Paris, chiefly articulated by Charlie Hebdo, a weekly satirical magazine. The most caustic criticism they can come up with is that the World Cup is a "spectacle" and therefore an exercise in "voyeurism", whereas we should be doing and not watching. I would accept this 100 per cent if (a) the guys at Charlie Hebdo overtook any exercise beyond tapping at their word processors; and (b) agreed also to give up theatre, cinema, television, reading, and generally keeping their eyes open.

What I suspect underlies the concept of "l'horreur footballistique" is the classic pseudo-intellectual's contempt for the display of emotion. The Hebdoes are so deeply repressed that they are scared of passion. They have given a new spin to that old French expression for party-pooper or spoilsport, "*empêcheur de tourner en rond*" (literally, someone who prevents things from going around).

THE GLOBAL GAME

THE WORLD CUP AROUND THE WORLD

"THEY ARE now unofficially the 'Cardiac Kids' of this World Cup. The Netherlands, locked in a tense 1-1 deadlock against dangerously talented Argentina, appeared to be careening toward overtime and, possibly, tortuous penalty kicks. But, as they did in their round-of-16 match against Yugoslavia, the Dutch executed a shocking end. Veteran striker Dennis Bergkamp scored the game-winner in the 90th minute for a 2-1 victory that sent the orange sea of Dutch supporters into a mad celebration and the favored Argentines staggering back home to South America. Both Holland goals were pieces of rare art. The first, a Patrick Kluivert goal that gave the Dutch a 1-0 lead, was born from remarkable teamwork. The gamer by Bergkamp, his third of the tournament, was a thing of individual beauty. As if catching a hot cup of tea out of the air with his feet without spilling a drop, Bergkamp gingerly settled a long ball from team-mate Frank de Boer as he crossed into the penalty area. Bergkamp then faked going wide, leaving Roberto Ayala stumbling toward the Mediterranean Sea and out of the play. Bergkamp whirled toward the inside and sent a shot off the outside of his right foot knocking

past Carlos Roa and into the net for the improbable 2-1 lead." *"New York Post"*

"A handsome and memorable exit... Denmark took part in creating a thriller... a match which the Danes, with a spoonful of luck, could have turned into a triumph. Denmark were the first in this tournament to challenge the Brazilians on their terms, playing a technical game with smart and quick combinations. The Danes' daring and uncompromising challenge made the encounter one of the best in the tournament." *"Politiken"*, Copenhagen, after Denmark's quarter-final defeat to Brazil on Friday.

"With all due respect for a constantly heroic and at times gloriously playing Danish national team, it was not enough. But it is no shame that it did not suffice because Brazil were better; and they were forced to play at the outer limits of their skills to snatch the 3-2 victory and the berth in the semi-finals." *"Berlingske Tidende"*, Copenhagen.

"It turned into a wistful 'au revoir', but with dignity and pride." *"Jyllands-Posten"*, Copenhagen.

England must keep football in perspective

WHEN THE Yugoslav wars were at their most intense I wondered about Zdravko Reic. If more acquaintance than friend, a fellow-toiler in this sporting life, I first came across him more than 35 years ago at a European Cup Winners cup semi-final between OFK Belgrade and Tottenham Hotspur.

A proud Croat from the port of Split, I had last seen him there during the 1990 European Athletic Championships shortly before the outbreak of hostilities that resulted from Croatia's declaration of independence.

Subsequent inquiries brought no news of Reic. Then I saw him coming towards me at Wembley during Euro 96, a smile on his Slavic features, arms held wide to embrace. "So Jones, we are still here," he chuckled.



KEN JONES

Last week I saw Reic again. It was shortly before England's match against Argentina, and he was sitting with a group of compatriots after watching Croatia defeat Romania on television to qualify for a World Cup quarter-final against Germany.

In speaking about Croatia's chances Reic showed no great excitement. "Perhaps this time things will work out better for us," he said, meaning the 2-1 quarter-final loss to Germany in Euro 96 when Igor Stimac, of Derby County, was sent off for two bookable offences and Croatia were refused legitimate claims for a second-half penalty.

I looked closely at Reic seeking some evidence of suppressed emotion. "But to be in the last four of the World Cup would be a great thing for your country," I said. "Of course it would," Reic replied calmly, "but the terrible things we have been through, the struggle to be ourselves after so many years [Croatia had not been a truly independent state for more than 500 years] keeps football in perspective. It is a game not life itself."

Puzzling perhaps for the instigators of English hyperbole, Reic did not speak of revenge or robbery. "What happened two years ago was disappointing but day followed night as usual," he shrugged.

Although I have not been able to contact Reic since Croatia eliminated Germany in Lyon on Saturday, putting three goals past a team that could no longer compensate with heart for the ageing process, it would be surprising to discover that his philosophy has altered.

Something similar occurs to me about the French whose emotions were again stretched to the limit by a penalty shoot-out against Italy at the Stade de France in St Denis. Some time afterwards, waiting for a train out of the city I watched hundreds of French supporters celebrating noisily. Later that night, and

long into it, cars were racing through Chantilly, tricolours streaming, klaxons blasting.

Daylight brought a return to normality. People went about their business as though the previous night's excitement hadn't happened. Not a flag flew on the streets. "A great night for France," I said to a man sitting nearby beneath the awning of a pavement bistro. "Yes, but it is only football," he said. "If France win it will be fine but the excitement is only temporary."

This contrasts sharply with the impression England have left here, one of a nation so unhealthily besotted with football that little else matters.

Towards the end of last week many calls were taken by and other newspapers from people seeking confirmation of a rumour that

four Argentinian players (only two members of each team give samples) had tested positive for drugs after defeating England. Apparently there was a note of desperation in the voices as though England's failure could only be the result of Argentinian dishonesty.

The Football Association chairman, Keith Wiseman, has since stated that England will win the World Cup under Glenn Hoddle. Maybe Hoddle will pull it off but there is little in England's record to justify the absence of equivocation from Wiseman's statement.

To my mind England's chances of success would be greatly improved if the nation that gave football to the world was less arrogant in assumption. Better to accept the proof of almost five decades and go about things accordingly.

This may be going over old ground but one victory and only one other appearance in the semi-finals hardly supports the stature English football and its publicists like to claim.

The loss to Romania prevented England from topping their group and avoiding the hardest part of the draw. But for that they might still be in contention.

It would be encouraging to think that English football will acquire a new sense of reality that people will come to accept the game for what it really is, not, with inevitable consequences, an all-consuming passion.

Success in sport can lift the morale of countries and communities. But as Reic knows all too well, win or lose against France on Wednesday, it's only a game.

Dutch inspired by Bergkamp's improvisation

By PHIL SHAW
at Stade Velodrome, Marseilles

Argentina
Lopez 18
Netherlands
Kluivert 12, Bergkamp 90
Att: 55,000

FOR A nation which has done more than most to take football into the future, the Dutch preoccupation with the past is sometimes surprising. Dennis Bergkamp's wondrous winning goal went a long way towards purging one painful memory, while highlighting a precedent to inspire them in the semi-final against Brazil and beyond.

As a venue where pedal power once vied with the muffled oafs of Marseilles for popular support, the Stade Velodrome was an oddity apocryphal setting for a demonstration of the cyclical nature of the game. For it was exactly 20 years ago that the Netherlands' Rob Rensenbrink rattled the Argentinian post in the dying moments of normal time in the World Cup final.

The score, as on Saturday, stood at 1-1 yet Argentina scored twice in extra time to condemn the Dutch to a second successive defeat in the greatest showpiece of all. How sweet, then, the symmetry and the symbolism of Bergkamp's coup de grace, some 89 minutes and 26 seconds into an absorbing and occasionally brutal struggle for the

right to challenge the world champions.

That the English Footballer of the Year was so fresh and focused at such a late stage, and in debilitating heat, may not have been entirely unrelated to the fact that injury and suspension forced him to sit out a sizeable chunk of Arsenal's attritional season. The same was true of Patrick Kluivert, his partner and fellow marksman, who also appears to be growing stronger as the tournament progresses following months of relative inactivity at Milan.

Those in the Orange camp seeking hope from history are already seeing similarities between their strikers' renewed vigour and that of Marco van Basten 10 summers ago. Emerging from a winter of enforced rest, he redefined centre-forward play as the class of Gullit, Rijkaard and Koeman swept to European Championship triumph.

Enough, though, of 1978 and '88. The portents from France 98 are promising enough for Guus Hiddink's team. While conditions here may not have been ideal for producing pace and mobility to complement their scintillating technique, when it comes to repetitive passing to feet no one does it better.

As if to underline their improvisational powers, both Dutch goals stemmed from flighted balls. For the first, Ronald de Boer chipped forward for the stooping Bergkamp to angle a beautifully cushioned header into the path of Kluivert.

After Claudio Lopez's equaliser had exposed the folly of playing for offside in a competition brimming with quick attackers, the dismissals of Artur Numan and Ariel Ortega left two depleted sides facing an additional half hour. For Argentina, already jaded from 120 minutes against England, it was an arduous prospect.

Bergkamp spared them the trouble. Bringing down a long pass by Frank de Boer with one touch, he cut inside Roberto Ayala with another before deftly guiding the ball beyond Carlos Roa. His 36th goal for the Netherlands, in only 62 games, also made him their record scorer.

Numan had been expelled with 14 minutes left for a bad foul on David Beckham's nemesis, Diego Simeone. His victim's triple salchow gave Rangers' new captain cause for complaint: the referee's leniency towards Edgar Davids, who fouled routinely throughout a display of lung-bursting industry, perhaps another.

Ortega's exit, which proved decisive in a way he could never have imagined, came three minutes from time. Having been clattered from pillar to post, he pushed the ball past Jaap Stam and hurled himself to the floor in the hope of gaining a penalty. Señor Brizio Carter ran over to show him the yellow card, only for the Argentinian to smash his head into Edwin van der Sar's chin as he rose.

Suddenly, the argument over whether Stam had made contact became academic (if he did, the unkind thought occurred, it was a first in



Dennis Bergkamp wheels away in ecstasy after scoring the winning goal against Argentina on Saturday Ricardo Mazalan/AP

these finals for Manchester United's £10.5m defender. Ortega became the Mexican official's fifth red card of the finals, although, if Van der Sar had not been so keen to put in his two guilders' worth, the "new Maradona" would merely have been cautioned.

During the 10 minutes in which it was 10 against 11, Kluivert was left to forage alone. Hiddink was now able to return to a front two, with devastating consequences. Johan Cruyff has complained that the new generation lack the "fantasy" of the

"Total Football" era. However, goals do not come much more fantastic than Bergkamp's. Marc Overmars was reminded of a finish of similar virtuosity by his Highbury colleague last August. Then the winger reflected: "Scoring like that at Leicester is one thing. Doing it in a World Cup quarter-final is something else."

Overmars admitted that the leg injury which restricted him to a cameo role meant he would "almost certainly" miss a semi-final that would have made an epic final. Hiddink, mindful that Brazil will be

without their suspended right-back, Cafu, may have other ideas.

The Dutch are a better balanced and less divided side than at USA 94, when Brazil squeezed past them 3-2. Where they may prove vulnerable is the way their system often evolves into 2-6-2, exposing the centre-backs, though the evening kick-off should ensure that the South Americans enjoy no aid from the elements.

With young players of the calibre of Juan Veron, Lopez and Ortega - whose treatment was a black mark on the Orange canvas - Argentina

should be a real force by 2002. Their week had started amid talk of old foes seeking retribution for a past grievance. When pay-back time came, the country the French call Les Pays-Bas were the beneficiaries. NETHERLANDS (4-4-2): Van der Sar (Ajax); Bakker (Barcelon); Stam (PSV Eindhoven); F de Boer (Ajax); Numan (PSV Eindhoven); Roa (Real Madrid); Lopez (Real Madrid); Bergkamp (Arsenal); Kluivert (Milan); Sebastiaan Overmars (Arsenal) for R de Boer 64. ARGENTINA (3-4-1-2): Roa (Real Madrid); Simeone (Parma); Ayala (Napoli); Cammer (Lazio); Zamora (Internazionale); Almeyda (Lazio); Veron (Sampdoria); Simeone (Internazionale); Ortega (Valencia); Bastista (Internazionale); Lopez (Valencia); Sebastiaan Overmars (Arsenal) for Almeyda 88. Referee: A Brizio Carter (Mexico).

THE FINAL STAGES

SECOND ROUND	QUARTER-FINALS	SEMI-FINALS	FINAL
Brazil 4 Chile 1 Lazio Stadium 11.30 Sunday 6.30	Brazil 3 Denmark 2 Stade 11 Monday 20.30	Tomorrow 8pm Marseilles Brazil v Netherlands	Sunday 12 July 8pm St Denis v
Nigeria 1 Denmark 4 Milton Keynes 7.30 Monday 7.30	Netherlands 2 Argentina 1 Stade 11 Monday 20.30	Wednesday 8 July 8pm St Denis France v Croatia	
Netherlands 2 Yugoslavia 1 Stade 11 Monday 20.30	Italy 0 France 0 Stade 11 Monday 20.30	3rd/4th place play-off Saturday 11 July 8pm Paris v	
Argentina 2 England 2 Stade 11 Monday 20.30			
Italy 1 Norway 0 Stade 11 Monday 20.30			
France 1 Paraguay 0 Stade 11 Monday 20.30			
Germany 2 Mexico 1 Stade 11 Monday 20.30			
Romania 0 Croatia 1 Stade 11 Monday 20.30			

SATURDAY'S MATCHES

Netherlands 2	Argentina 1
Goals: Kluivert 12	Lopez 18
Yellow cards: Stam, Numan	Bergkamp 90
Red cards: Numan	Chamot, Sensini
Corners: 7	4
Offside: 1	3
Fouls: 22	14
Coach: Guus Hiddink	Daniel Passarella
Germany 0	Croatia 3
Goals: 0	Jami 45, Vavovic 80, Suker 85
Yellow cards: Heinrich, Tarnat	Simic, Suker
Red cards: Worms	0
Corners: 10	5
Offside: 2	5
Fouls: 23	31
Coach: Bert Vogts	Miroslav Blazevic

TOP SCORERS

FIVE GOALS
Christian Vieri (Italy)
Gabriel Batistuta (Argentina)
FOUR GOALS
Davor Suker (Croatia); Marcello Salas (Chile); Luis Hernandez (Mexico)
THREE GOALS
Thierry Henry (France); Cesar Sampaolo (Brazil); Ronaldo (Brazil); Roberto (Brazil); Riquelme (Brazil); Jurgen Klinsmann (Germany); Oliver Bierhoff (Germany); Dennis Bergkamp (Netherlands)
TWO GOALS
Alan Shearer (England); Michael Owen (England); Abdoujalil Naidou (Morocco); Salim Abdou (Morocco); Roberto Baggio (Italy); Shaun Bartlett (SA); Fernando Hierro (Spain); Francisco Montaneros (Spain); Kiko (Spain); Marc Williams (Wales); Phillip Cocu (Netherlands); Ronald de Boer (Netherlands); Steedman Komljenovic (Yugoslavia); Ricardo Pelaez (Mexico); Vukobratovic (Romania); Ariel Ortega (Argentina); Theodore Whitmore (Jamaica); Brian Laudrup (Denmark)

CARDS

SUSPENDED
Cesar Sampaolo (Brazil); Arthur Numan (Netherlands) (Both players miss next match)
YELLOW CARDS
Players in semi-finals on one yellow card: Leonardo, Aldair, Roberto Carlos (Brazil); Didier Deschamps, Stephane Guivarch (France); Jaap Stam (Netherlands); Steven Bilic, Zvonimir Boban, Davor Suker, Dario Simic (Croatia)

BETTING

TO WIN OUTRIGHT				
Nation	C	H	L	T
Brazil	64	13-8	64	11-8
France	15-8	15-8	..	2-1
Netherlands	5-2	9-4	5-2	11-4
Croatia	11-1	11-1	7-1	10-1
C Coral, H William Hill, L Laidlaw, T Tote				



NOT GOING TO THE WORLD CUP THIS SUMMER?
LET VAUXHALL BRING IT TO YOU.

Ward puts Kent on their way

By JOHN COLLIS at Maidstone

Yorkshire 263-3
Kent 266-6
Kent win by 5 wickets

HOT WEATHER, a boisterous crowd and some enjoyable knockabout cricket that produced a breathless finish brought the Maidstone Festival to a fitting climax. This was particularly welcome given that the Championship game had been postponed to a date on Saturday, Kent batting on and on with nothing to gain from an afternoon declaration.

Darren Lehmann set the scene with a muscular 99 in 94 balls, cheated of a debut Sunday League century by Graham Cowdrey's direct hit from mid-off. On the previous evening Cowdrey had announced that he will retire at the end of the season, breaking a continuous family link with Kent that began with father Colin's first match in 1950.

Skipper David Byas almost kept pace with Lehmann. Yorkshire began this game sharing top slot in the league with neighbours Lancashire and when Bradley Parker weighed in with a 21-ball cameo that included a straight six over the marquee, Yorkshire took tea on a commanding score.

Trevor Ward, however, was undaunted. Now in his 13th season, this Kent stalwart was

in danger of losing his regular place in the side until he contributed 94 to the Championship match and he followed it with a blistering display yesterday, bludgeoning 85 from 70 balls. One of his brace of sixes almost tipped Paul Hutchison over the extra-cover boundary board. His partner for the first time, 19-year-old Robert Key, has made an opening slot for himself in both forms of the game.

Their 123, at seven an over, set the stage for Carl Hooper, who owed Maidstone a score having contributed just 24 to the four-day game. He might only have matched that yesterday, while still barely warmed up, but Hutchison spilled a long-off catch in premature celebration.

Whereas Lehmann, Byas and Ward wielded a club, Hooper chose the rapier. He stole a half-century in 39 balls, largely from dabs and stroked drives, until, on 54, he ballooned another catch to the point boundary, but Parker grounded the ball.

With the match almost won, Hooper tried to scuttle a suicidal single and departed. Suddenly Yorkshire looked interested, even more so when Cowdrey hoisted a catch in the penultimate over. But only three were needed from the last over, and four leg byes saw Kent home.



Yorkshire's Darren Lehmann drives his way to 99 at Kent yesterday Chris Eades

Essex put success down to the Law

STUART LAW guided Essex to a comfortable eight-wicket win at Derby yesterday to keep up their challenge for the AXA League.

The Australian overcame a slow pitch and cold, windy conditions to score an unbeaten 78 from 85 balls as Essex cruised past Derbyshire's modest 152 with 45 balls to spare.

Law gave only one chance to Derbyshire, when he had scored 18 in the sixth over. The fierce return catch to Kevin Dean, which Dean did well to get his left hand on, was not taken.

Law did not give Derbyshire another glimmer of hope as he reached his 50 off 2 balls and, with Ronnie Rani, took Essex to a sixth Sunday League victory.

Derbyshire struggled after being put in on a pitch devoid of pace and managed only run boundaries in their entire innings.

Michael Slater and Kim Barnett added 57 in 18 overs before Slater was stumped. A wide from Graham Napier, who took two more quick wickets.

Adrian Rollings, who suffered a back spasm during his first innings and was unable to keep wicket, mis-timed a drive to mid-off and Matthew

assaw was caught and bowled off an inside edge onto the stumps.

Barnett's 50 did not come until the 31st over but when he tried to accelerate, he gave Paul Grayson into the hands of extra cover.

That was the start of a collapse which saw Derbyshire slide from 123 for 3 to 152 all out off the penultimate ball of a final over.

Grayson - who captured six wickets - and Peter Such started a stranglehold that Derbyshire could not break until the last six batsmen mustered only 27 runs between them.

Derbyshire needed early wickets but they were hand-picked by the absence of Dominic Cork, on England duty, and Philip DeFreitas, who is tonsillitis.

Law and Paul Prichard led 68 in 18 overs before the Essex captain was well caught a diving Trevor Smith at leg off.

Gary Peters went in the 10th over but Law and Irani prevented further setbacks to Essex a handsome win ahead of next Saturday's Ben and Hedges Cup final against Leicestershire.

AXA League

Derbyshire v Essex

Derbyshire (Aps) beat Derbyshire by 8 wickets

Essex won toss

Derbyshire

Runs

152

Derbyshire

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CRICKET SCOREBOARD

Derbyshire v Essex

Derbyshire (Aps) beat Derbyshire by 8 wickets

Essex won toss

Derbyshire

Runs

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EXTRA COVER

Franks realises his all-round potential

A HITHERTO gloomy Nottinghamshire dressing room enjoyed a rare shaft of light after teenager Paul Franks had bowled them to only their second Britannic Assurance Championship win of the season on Friday.

However, the boost to the Trent Bridge side's fortunes has come at a price. As a result of the 19-year-old all-rounder's improvement, Nottinghamshire will have to struggle to without him for much of next month.

Franks, one of the success stories of England's Under-19 World Cup triumph in South Africa last February, has been selected for the forthcoming Under-19 series against Pakistan.

The Mansfield-born player, who bowls right-arm medium-fast and bats left-handed, launched Nottinghamshire's 92-run defeat of Middlesex by taking two wickets in his first over on Friday and finished with his maiden five-wicket haul in first-class cricket, a milestone



MAN IN THE MIDDLE

PAUL FRANKS (Nottinghamshire)

cherished almost as much as the hat-trick he recorded against Warwickshire last summer.

"I think it was the best I've bowled and felt that much nicer because it helped us win our first Championship game at Trent Bridge," he said.

He impressed the England selector Mike Gatting, whom he had caught off bat and pad with his third delivery on Friday. "He did pretty well against us last year but is stronger now and

looks a great prospect," Gatting said.

Franks gave notice of his potential with the bat during the Under-19 tour last winter, when he made an unbeaten century batting at No 9 against the young South Africans.

Nottinghamshire's cricket manager, Alan Ormrod, says: "We knew his batting ability was there and it is a case of how quickly he can develop it in tandem with his bowling. We are looking for him to be an all-rounder in the long-term."

"I like being called an all-rounder," says Franks. "I've always said to Alan Ormrod that I would like to improve my batting." So far this season the status is being justified. An eight-wicket match return against Middlesex raised Franks' tally for the season in first-class matches to 23 wickets at 27.34 to go with a batting average standing at a highly respectable 30.57 bolstered by two Championship half-centuries.

ECHOES OF THE PAST

PHIL EDMONDS AND ASHLEY GILES

If Giles is to take over from Phil Tufnell in the left-arm spinning line that Edmonds graced, what does England's new boy have to live up to?

After Derek Underwood retired, Edmonds rose to be England's best left-arm spinner through the mid-1980s and would probably have played more Tests had he not been perceived as "difficult". Took five Australian wickets in his first dozen Test overs at Headingley in 1975 but his youthful promise coincided with Underwood's heyday and his appearances were sporadic. Frequent clashes with Mike Brearley, his captain at Middlesex, were partially responsible for his absence from the England side between 1980 and 1982 but under David Gower's reign as England captain his international career at last blossomed. In time, 51 Test appearances brought 125 wickets.

So what is Giles' claim to join the lineage? Having finally escaped from the shadow of Richard Davis at Edgbaston, the then 23-year-old Giles took 55 first-class wickets in 1996, earning a place on the England A tour to Australia and, despite an injury, was picked for a second tour to Sri Lanka and returned as leading wicket-taker.

Does he have the Edmonds temperament? Not at all. Whereas Philippe Henri, born in Rhodesia and schooled at Tunbridge Wells, joined Middlesex straight from Cambridge, whom he captained and where he acquired his loud and opinionated style, Giles was a much more unassuming lad but with a determined nature.

Having announced, at the age of eight, that he was going to play for England, he worked his way through from under-11 to under-19 level with Surrey and persevered even when rejected at The Oval. Rejected?

Indeed. Originally a pace bowler who could swing the ball in to the right-hander, he suffered back problems in his late teens but when he asked to switch to spin he was told that Keith Medleycott and Neil Kendrick were ahead of him in the queue. He wound up with Warwickshire after his brother, Andrew, wrote on his behalf to every first-class county.

Interestingly... Edmonds, in a protest against India's negative tactics in the Calcutta Test of 1994-95, began reading a newspaper while fielding. Giles, invited to a trial by Warwickshire, failed to make it because his father's car broke down. Happily, they found another date for him.

Bensons finally stubbed out

A WEEK dominated by knock-out cup cricket features the second round of the NatWest Trophy on Wednesday and ends with the final of the Benson and Hedges Cup at Lord's on Saturday.

The stubbing out of the Bensons is long overdue so far as its staunchest critics are concerned. They blame the third domestic limited-overs competition introduced to the county calendar for the decline of English cricket as much as any other factor.

Launched in the same year - 1972 - as England played their first home one-day international, the then 55-overs-a-side event with its showpiece mid-summer final raised much-needed cash for the game's

bagging finances but arguably tipped the balance of hit-and-giggle against "proper" cricket too far in the wrong direction. Next year, the Bensons and the AXA (the Sunday League will be rolled together as one 50-over National League, with promotion and relegation. This will help at last to redress the balance, although England's paltry efforts against South Africa provide evidence of how much damage needs to be undone.

A nice symmetry may mark the passing of the Bensons should Leicestershire triumph on Saturday. The county of the

Running Fox were the first to get their hands on the silverware 27 seasons ago, when Ray Illingworth led their defeat of Yorkshire. This time Chris Lewis, deputising for the injured James Whitaker, plots the downfall of Essex.

In the NatWest, meanwhile, Warwickshire against Kent at Edgbaston and Lancashire against Yorkshire at Old Trafford represent the tastiest of eight ties, while the holders Essex defend their title at Southampton. Less partial eyes will focus on Edinburgh, where Scotland, having achieved history by ousting Worcestershire in round one, have a chance to inflict a similar fate on Derbyshire.

HITTING THE STUMPS			
Walsby (Gloucestershire)	22	Dean (Derbyshire)	10
Giddins (Warwickshire)	20	Stimpson (Hampshire)	10
Betts (Durham)	18	Watkin (Gloucestershire)	10
Giles (Warwickshire)	16	White (Yorkshire)	8-55
Leary (Sussex)	14	Kirtley (Sussex)	7-29
McLean (Hampshire)	14	Rose (Northants)	7-39
Caddick (Somerset)	13	Saghai Mushtaq (Surrey)	7-41
Liott (Essex)	13	Hick (Worcestershire)	7-49
Mutley (Leicestershire)	12	Langer (Middlesex)	7-73
Salisbury (Surrey)	12	Adams (Sussex)	7-86
Wassim Akram (Lancashire)	12	Nightingale (Warwickshire)	7-93
Bevan (Sussex)	12	Maddy (Leicestershire)	6-20
White (Yorkshire)	12	Hooper (Kent)	6-32
GETTING THE VERDICT			
M. Bicknell (Surrey)	16	Crawley (Lancashire)	49
Leary (Sussex)	13	Hooper (Kent)	46
Butcher (Gloucestershire)	11	James (Gloucestershire)	45
Lewis (Gloucestershire)	11	Lehmann (Yorkshire)	37
Rose (Somerset)	11	Robinson (Essex)	37
Silverwood (Yorkshire)	11	Smith (Hampshire)	35

SPORT

BERGKAMP'S DUTCH MASTERY P27 • ENGLAND STAND UP TO SPRINGBOKS P21

Sampras joins five-star elite

BY JOHN ROBERTS

IT WAS never going to be a pretty final, but it was an improvement on some we have witnessed from the men in recent years, if only because Pete Sampras and Goran Ivanisevic were able to inject an air of excitement along with the monotony of pulverising serves.

For many people, the chief interest was to see if Ivanisevic could end Sampras's reign and, like Jana Novotna on Saturday, be congratulated by the Duchess of Kent for being third time lucky. The Duchess did greet him, before handing him yet another consolation prize the also received £217,500 for his trouble.

Certain Americans refer to Wimbledon as a "crap shoot", not intending to be disrespectful to the hallowed lawns but to express the sense of a short-point lottery. Sampras, blessed with the classical serve-volley game and the temperament to capitalise, is rather more eloquent. As he said yesterday, after winning the title for a fifth time in six years, 6-7, 7-6, 6-4, 3-6, 6-2, "This is our Superbowl, this is what the game is all about to me."

While it is true that the accurate placement of a mighty serve is a key to the championship, the return of serve usually turns the lock. That was true in Sampras's case yesterday, just as it was when he wore down Ivanisevic in straight sets in 1994, and also when the Croat left-hander lost so agonisingly to Andre Agassi in five sets 1992.

Ivanisevic hit 37 aces past Agassi to finish the tournament with a record 206. His total was 13 less during the past fortnight, and while he fired 32 aces against Sampras yesterday, he was also guilty of 20 double-faults.

Sampras, nevertheless, expressed relief that he had survived a blitz. "Of all the finals I have played," he said, "this

was by far the toughest. At this level, with Goran and I playing on grass, there's not a lot between us. I felt I got a little lucky out there, and before I knew it, I'd won it."

A fifth title places the 26-year-old American level with Sweden's Bjorn Borg (1976-80) and Laurie Doherty (1902-06). William Renshaw holds the record with seven (1881-86 and 89). His successes, in common with Doherty's, were accomplished before the invasion of overseas players.

Sampras also moves alongside Borg and the Australian Rod Laver with 11 Grand Slam singles titles, one less than Laver's compatriot, Roy Emerson. Yesterday's victory keeps Sampras ahead of the Chilean Marcelo Rios at the top of the world rankings, although that was the least of his concerns.

Win the Slams, Sampras says, and the rankings will take care of themselves. Ivanisevic, who is the same age as Sampras, dreams on about a major breakthrough. "This one hurts the most," he said, "because this time I had the chance. He didn't play well."

Heaven help us if Sampras plays well, although it was possible to sympathise with Ivanisevic to a certain extent. "I had

a set, I had two set points with two second serves, and I lost the third set," ran his lament. "In the fourth and fifth sets my legs were not fresh, like they were supposed to be, and I didn't move to the net. He raised his game in the fifth, but I was getting slower, and he could return better."

Similar tales have been told by others who have thought they had the beating of Sampras on his favourite turf, and Ivanisevic eventually took solace from an improved performance. "In '94, I lost two tie-breaks, and then in the third set he killed me [6-0]. Today it was very close."

The outcome of the opening set gave Ivanisevic scope for optimism, particularly since Sampras had been able to convert any of six break points to his opponent's three on the way to the tie-break. Ivanisevic won the first shoot-out, 7-2, and recovered from 0-2 in the second set to force another.

Here again, Ivanisevic created opportunities to win the set. Although his two set points came with Sampras serving, the American did miss his first serve in each case. Sampras also had two break points with Ivanisevic serving. A third set point arrived in the barrel of Sampras's gun, and he duly

fired an unreturnable serve for 10-9.

Some might have thought Ivanisevic's chances had disappeared along with the third set, Sampras breaking for 3-2 and leaving his opponent standing, arms out wide in a gesture that said "What can I do?" after being beaten by a reflex backhand volley in the concluding game.

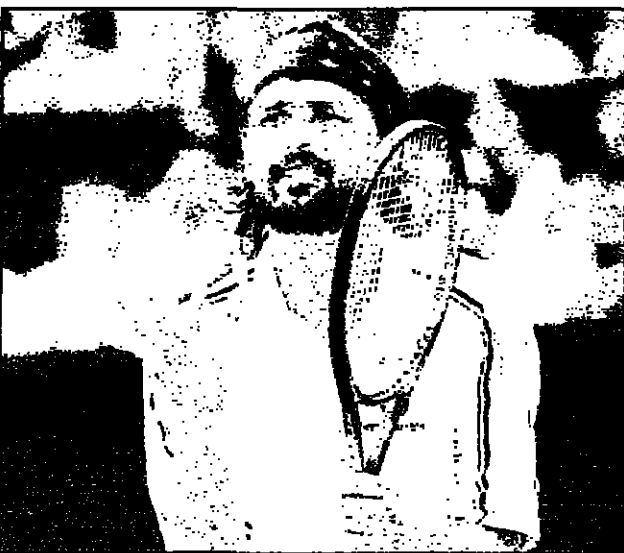
To his credit, Ivanisevic enlivened the crowd with a comeback. A trick shot played through his legs in the fifth game of the fourth set might have given the impression that he was about to take his task less seriously. His response was to break for 4-2 and hold firm to take the contest to the fifth set. At this juncture, Sampras appeared to shift a gear, roaring to the title after breaking for 4-2.

Sampras was asked if he considered that Ivanisevic has the psychological capacity to win the title. "I don't think it's mental," he said. "I think Goran was mentally strong today. He didn't get upset. In fact, I feel he's going to win this event. His game is too big and his serve is too big [not to]. Sure, it gets a little tougher as the years go on, but I'm sure this match is going to sit with both of us."

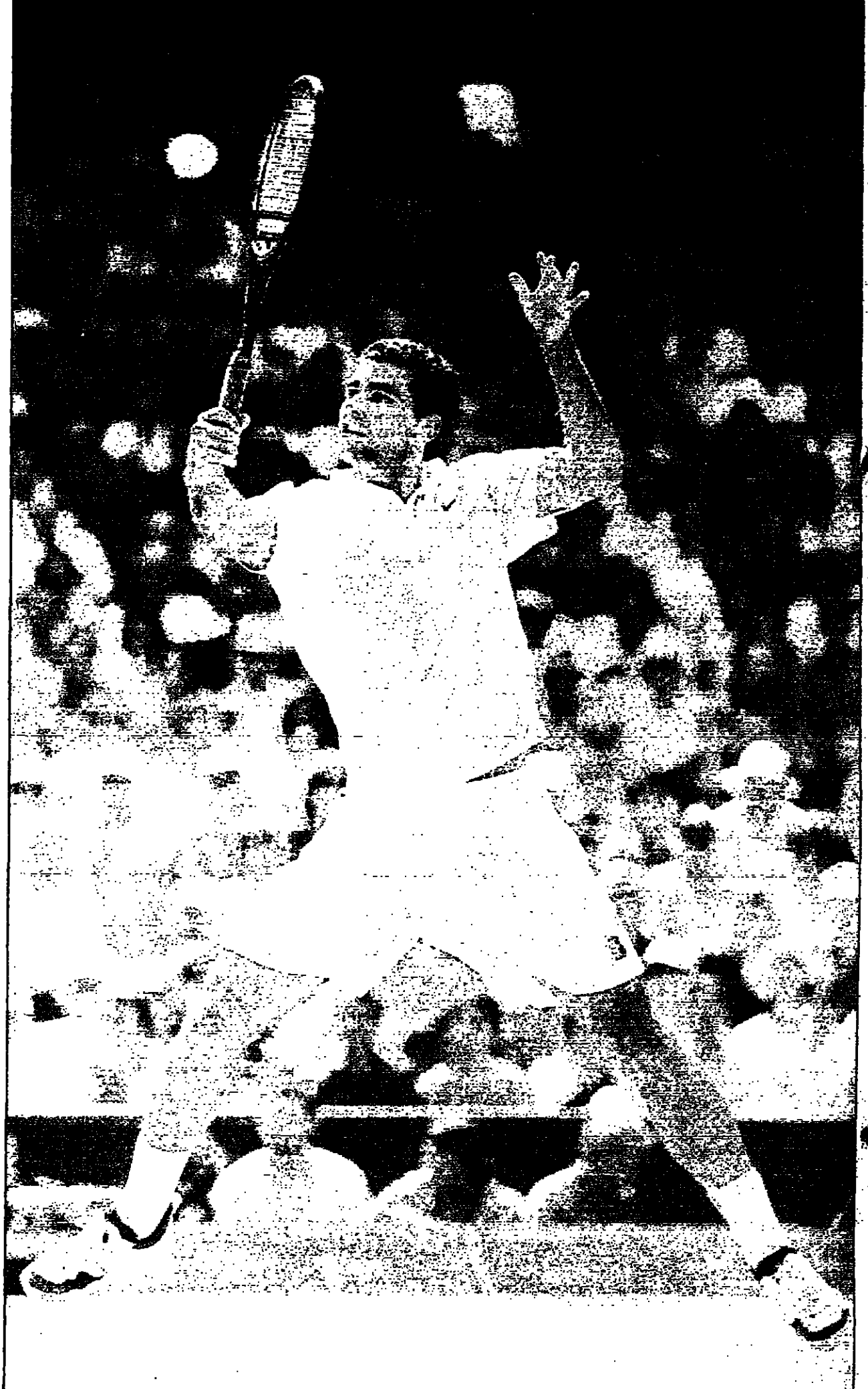
"I'm sure he's frustrated. I would be frustrated if I was in his shoes. He's playing well enough to win this thing. You just need a little bit of luck to win any major, and he just hasn't seemed to have gotten that in his three finals."

Bernie Ecclestone, Formula One's Mr Big, was seated beside Ivanisevic's manager, Ion Tiriac, and a number of supporters wearing the red and white check football shirts of Croatia. They blinked when Ivanisevic delivered three aces and a service winner to take the sixth game of the second set in only 25 seconds. Speed and power is worshipped in F1, but as Ecclestone knows too well, you're not a winner until you see a flag in black and white.

Novotna's reward, page 24



Ivanisevic shows his frustration yesterday Reuters

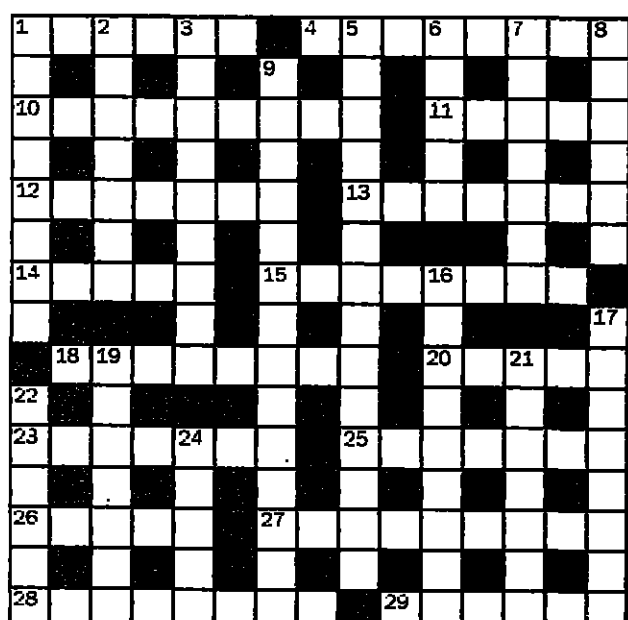


Pete Sampras displays his style playing a volley on his way to another title at Wimbledon Robert Hallam

THE MONDAY CROSSWORD

No. 3655, Monday 6 July

By Portia



ACROSS
1 Orders given about old city temple (6)
4 About to appear pathetic (8)
10 Some drive out good flyer (9)
11 Number feature in Christmas book (5)
12 Shakespearean role of a Catholic martyr absorbs one (7)
13 Showy area in the States (7)

14 Finish off chest for lady (5)
15 Dead happy? (2,6)
18 Parting on genuine note of agreement (8)
20 Relative one pops into? (5)
23 Sounds like oil jug (7)
25 Flounder before help's given by expert (3,4)
26 Corruption comes from junta interfering (5)
27 Espionage chief dealt with messy part (9)

28 They might point to a quarter being superfluous (8)
29 It may be a first condition (6)

DOWN
1 Available space is provided for function (8)
2 Stream in, forcing out artist (7)
3 Insubstantial character of executive (9)
5 Does often say he's moving before too long (3,2,5,4)
6 Read work written on African republic (5)
7 Account's taken of popular opinion expressed (7)
8 Bring up delay over road in Ireland (6)
9 Problem of self-determination? (8,6)
16 A stupid price charged for sketch (9)
17 Intelligence risk seizing male officer abroad (8)
19 Not included in tedious negotiation (7)
21 Phase college girl's likely to be in (7)
22 Right stirrer's taken in team leader (4,2)
24 Somehow loathe taking out a pension (5)

Stewart drums up Joburg spirit

CRICKET
ALEC STEWART and Mike Atherton put together an unbroken third-wicket partnership of 200 at Old Trafford yesterday to give England hope of saving the third Test against South Africa.

Stewart, with his 11th Test century, will start today's final day on 114 with Atherton, his predecessor as captain, on 81.

England still need a further 157 to avoid an innings defeat, having been dismissed 360 behind for just 183 and forced to follow on by South African captain Hansie Cronje.

"We sat down before loosers at the start of play and there were a few home truths," explained Stewart. "They have outplayed us in every department during this match, and that is not good enough."

"We have had two good sessions today, but there are three more tomorrow. We were cheered off after being booed off yesterday and rightly so - it was good to get the crowd back on our side."

"The first hour is going to be vital tomorrow and we will have to do it session by session and try to get through half an hour by half an hour."

Stewart labelled Atherton's display as "magnificent" and called for a repeat of his performance in Johannesburg two years ago, when he batted for 643 minutes for an unbeaten 185 to save the second Test.

Derek Pringle, Henry Blofeld, Page 28

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MONDAY REVIEW

COMMENT • FEATURES • ARTS • LISTINGS • TELEVISION

Alan Titchmarsh: Exposed!

He's not a gardener, he's a mighty sex god.

And it's not just because he's good with his hands and can do more things with mulch than you could dream of

OKAY, ALAN TITCHMARSH and word association. Me first, because it was my idea. Here goes: Alan Titchmarsh, Radio Two, *Gardener's World*, Doh dōh dōh, mulch mulch mulch, nice pullovers, lime fleeces, peach curl, *Pebble Mill*, "Ohh, Kylie, that's a knock-out dress!" multi-purpose compost, multi-purpose TV personality, own hair cleverly contrived to look like a toupee, bulb rot, *Ground Force*, beady things on car seats (although I'm not sure why), Chelsea Flower Show, MIGHTY SEX GOD, AUTHOR OF RACY NOVELS. I THINK I MIGHT FANCY HIM A BIT, *Songs of Praise*, *Gardener's Question Time*...

Hang on, I hear you crying, what's this "MIGHTY SEX GOD" business? What's this "AUTHOR OF RACY NOVELS" business? You "FANCY him a bit"? Kindly explain yourself, if you can. And I will.

Mighty Sex God? Totally. Indeed, at the last *Gardener's World* Live event he was mobbed by ladies "who were younger than you might think." It was "quite scary." So much so that, the following day, he had to return with two bodyguards. He was recently included in *Elle* Magazine's top 20 list of the



THE DEBORAH ROSS INTERVIEW

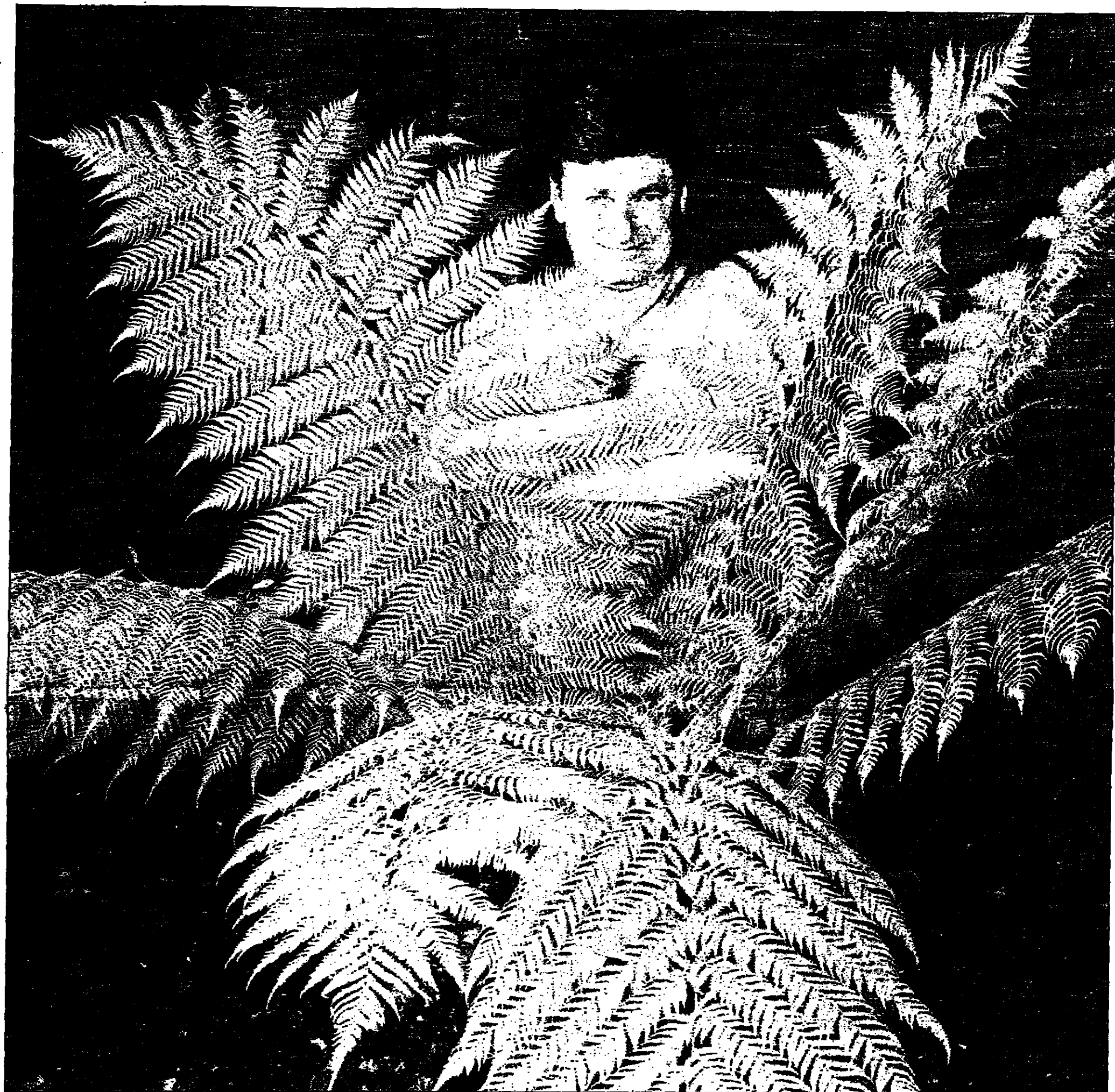
hip and cool and gorgeous. He was enormously flattered, yes. "All men secretly hope women fancy them..." Then, just the other day, *Woman's Own* rang him up. Something to do with a feature on "hidden heart-throbs." He says he said to them: "There's never been anything hidden about it!" He's not exactly up there with Dorothy Parker when it comes to witty ripostes. Must be all that fresh air.

Racy novel? Yes, his literary debut, *Mr MacGregor*, is out in the autumn, and there's quite a hefty amount of sex in it.

Fancy him? Yes, although I'm not sure why. It is quite hard to explain. Perhaps it's just that I've reached that age where having someone cheerful and uncomplicated and thoroughly good with his hands about the place seems wholly desirable. Indeed, I find I get quite excited when I hear I'm actually going to meet him. I even fax him to ask if I should wear hot pants and wellingtons, or would that be over-doing it rather? He faxes back a map. He needs some encouragement, obviously.

So, to his home. Barleywood, in Alton, Hampshire. A big house which I never get to go in, I'm not sure why. Perhaps his wife, Alison, saw the hot-pants fax and said: "I'm not having that slut in here." All I get is a glimpse through the window. It seems very nice and polished and knick-knacky. I'm guided round the side, though the conservatory, and out into the back garden, which is thoroughly spectacular - an acre of "several thousand plants" which, being something of a horticulturalist myself, I can instantly identify as "that big bush there" and "that thing with pink on it" (things with pinkus orum itum). Alan is right up the top, filming this Friday's edition of *Gardener's World* (8.30pm, BBC 2). This particular item is about how to create a British seaside garden, with pebbles and water and sea-shells and ornamental grasses. He has created such a place in his own garden, with a red striped deck chair in the background. He is saying, to camera: "All the water in the soil is kept in by a mulch of pea shingle..."

Being helpful by nature, and wanting to do all I can to promote the British seaside, I immediately offer to sit in the deck chair with a knotted hanky



Alan Titchmarsh, gardener and racy novelist, photographed at home in his Hampshire garden

William Webster

on my head while, say, having a fag and reading *The Sun* and looking fat. "Shhhh!" go the film crew and producer. I am rather hurt. Indeed, I had intended to offer them my own idea for a programme called "Completely Useless Gardener's World" in which useless gardeners go to the garden centre to buy things that don't even survive the ride home. However, I am now minded to take it to Channel Five who, let's face it, will take anything so long as it's rubbish and cheap, and my own show certainly promises to be both.

Anyway, Alan finishes filming this particular item. There are lots of "well done, Alans" and "lovely, Alans". It is very much like being in Alan Partridge land. I keep expecting his secretary to rush up, crying "I've bought your athlete's foot powder, Alan!" Alan Titchmarsh was, of course, the inspiration for Alan Partridge. Or, if not entirely, then at least partly. "I think it was based on me and Michael Aspel." Did you mind? "Oh no," he replies brightly. "If you minded about things like that you'd end up a paranoid wreck." He watched the series, yes. And? "I found it toe-curlingly funny." The week after the

broadcast of the very first episode, where Partridge has lunch with the controller of BBC2 and desperately tries to talk him into screening "monkey tennis", Titchmarsh himself had lunch with the Controller. "It was a little uncomfortable at first, but we had a laugh about it." Does anything ever hurt, Alan? Well, he replies, when he was hosting the daytime chat show *Pebble Mill* at One, the TV critic Victor Lewis Smith did write: "If you have half a mind to watch *Pebble Mill*, you will have made ample intellectual provision". Ouch, I say. "Oh, it cut to the core at first. But now I think it's actually well written."

We have a little wander round the garden. He is 49, and is wearing a coral T-shirt and Levi's (W. 32, L. 32). He likes pinks and lupins. He hates gladioli - "stiff and inflexible". We end up at the shed where, for six months, he wrote *Mr MacGregor*, which is about a "drop-dead gorgeous" TV gardener with "tousled brown hair, trim waist, tight bottom and shapely legs", who betrays his long-time girlfriend for a glamorous news reader. "His hands stroked her shoulders and her arms, then slid the Lycra top

down to her waist, revealing her perfectly formed breasts. By the time they had slipped naked under the duvet and wound around one another like ivy, his doubts and worries had slipped away and he was lost in the warm and fragrant passion of Lisa Drake..."

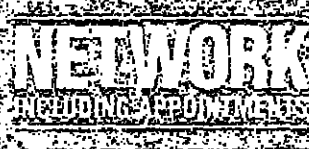
Did the shed shake when you wrote those bits? "No. Why?" OK, were they hard to write? "NO. It's not very graphic, is it? Actually, I don't like graphically portrayed sex. It's a turn-off. Too anatomical. My stuff is more sensual." He wanted to write a novel, he says, because he "wanted to do something that gave free rein to my imagination". All the other stuff he does "is very rooted in reality". He enjoyed the writing process very much. "Your characters do take on a life of their own. The fun is in seeing what develops. Sometimes they surprise you." "Lisa kissed his shoulders and neck, then his mouth, and ran her hand down his body until she found what she was looking for. She stroked him softly until once more he gave himself to her." More, I would say, from the nice pullover school of erotic literature rather than anything more surprising. Still, he's had a go, which is what counts.

Anyway, he knows exactly what's going to happen when it's published. "Everyone's going to ask me: 'Have you ever had it off with a news reader?'" If so, I say, then you must respond with: "Yes. And it was Trevor MacDonald". Always better to be talked about than not, don't you think? Alan looks a little frightened. Honestly, I continue, you can be hopeless at times. But I tell you what. Should our romance not take off, then I shall happily step in as your PR. OK? "We'll see," he replies worriedly.

On to the next *Gardener's World* item. Something to do with taking cuttings from a Weigela *Jeans Gold*, "a cracking shrub". I get bored and wander back up to the top, where I have a smoke, burying the butt in a path of bark chipping. I haven't confess, although doubtless I'll be found out next year, when Alan discovers a *Dunhillus Kingus Sizetis* bush with red and gold foliage and white, cylindrical fruit growing up there. Anyway, by the time I get back he's moved to the ornamental pond and is doing something to camera with Chris Baines, the regular conservation and

Continued on page eight

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A family of businesses

A positive look at penalties

"DID YOU see the match?" I heard a man in the Tube saying to his friend on Thursday.

No need to say which match. It had already become "the match". The match between England and Argentina that England had to win if they were to (a) stay in the World Cup (b) avenge Maradona's 'Hand of God' goal (c) avenge the Falklands War...

No, hold on. We won the Falklands War, didn't we?

So it was Argentina who had to win to avenge the Falklands War, then. And they did win, so that's all right. Isn't it?

"Did you see the match?" I said to my friend Jim on Friday morning.

He pulled a face.

"Yes," he said. "I did. Tragically. Still, one good thing about it."

"Was there?" I said.



MILES KINGTON

'The match' united the nation, but in sporting celebration or brutal tribalism?

"Yes," he said. "The better team won."

Yes, there is that. I had forgotten about that.

Now that England is out of the World Cup, we can concentrate on the football, and get back to enjoying the game for its own sake. Except that, of course, almost every game that is played is a settling of scores in one way or another.

Apparently, Holland were looking forward to beating Argentina as much as we were, because they had some old scores to settle from past games that Holland should have won but didn't.

Indeed, I think I read in the paper that Croatia had some ancient footballing grievance against Germany that has now been amply settled. Or was it some ancient World War II grievance? I'm not sure.

"What I hated about all this England hysteria," said Jim, "was the pretence that it was all about football."

"What was it about, then?"

"It was about murky political feelings," said Jim. "It was tribalism and political frustration and end-of-empire, loss-of-power feelings. It was all about how we can't control the world any more or keep Spanish fishermen out of our waters, so at least we can smash them at football."

I found this a bit much to swallow, or I would have done had I not later talked to another friend who had watched the match in the canteen in one of the BBC's regional HQs.

"Two hundred of us there was, cheering and baying in a way you don't hear much of the BBC these days, and at the end of the match, in the stunned silence following the English defeat, there was a shout from the front of 'Well, you didn't win the Falklands War on penalties, mate! Blood-chilling, it was.'"

I tried to explain all this to my wife, but all she said was: "Why don't they have the penalties first and get it all over with, so that everyone can go home?"

This has the merit of being extremely sensible and therefore unlikely to be accepted.

My wife is not very interested in sport, on the whole. There was a headline in the paper this morning saying that Lawrence Dallaglio was furious about the tour of the Southern Hemisphere and it should never have been allowed to happen.

"What tour was that?" she said. "And who is Lawrence Dallaglio?"

I treasure that kind of innocence. I envy it too. I am also glad that she wasn't watching with me the beginning of the new Graham Norton show on Channel 4, when Graham came on and said cheekily: "We had hoped to have Posh Spice with us tonight, showing us her arse. Or David Beckham as he prefers to be known," because then I would have had to explain who David Beckham was.

Besides, while I was explaining we would have missed the bit where Graham Norton did a backwards kick in imitation of David Beckham's sending-off offence, then glanced at the camera and said: "It's all the craze in the discos this week: doing the Beckham..."

Well, that's what I call topicality. The match only happened on Tuesday.

On Wednesday, Glenn Hoddle appealed to everyone not to blame Beckham, as a result of which everyone blamed Beckham.

By the weekend, Beckham was the butt of what used to be called a music-hall joke.

That's modern culture for you. Speed and topicality. Mark you, it will all be forgotten again next week, unlike the Northern Ireland situation and the marching season.

I tried to explain the Northern Ireland situation and the marching season to my wife the other day, but all she said was: "Why don't they settle it all on penalties, then they can get it all over with and everyone can go home?"

I have an awful feeling she's right about that too.



This week's series celebrates 50 years of the NHS. At Addenbrookes, Cambridge, Jacob watches the nurse cut the plaster on his broken arm

Brian Harris

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Post letters to Letters to the Editor and include a daytime telephone number, fax to 0171 293 2056 or e-mail to letters@independent.co.uk
E-mail correspondents are asked to give a postal address. Letters may be edited for length and clarity

Half-open closet

Sir: Philip Hensher's view that before long we will see openly gay bishops, generals and footballers is wildly optimistic ("Time for some gay abandon", 3 July).

It has taken 31 years just to achieve an equal age of consent following the decriminalisation of gay sex between consenting men in 1967. It is still illegal if more than two men engage in sexual activity - not to mention that two men can still be arrested for kissing in the street. The only openly gay footballer has recently committed suicide.

The tragedy of the postponed Pride festival is that in previous years it gave a lot of gay people the opportunity to be themselves for one day in the year. Presumably they can now stay in the closet the whole time.

Mr Hensher mentions the 139 or so gay bars in London. A flourishing commercial scene is no substitute for full civil rights.
NICHOLAS MATTEY
Willington, Surrey

never be tried, as after all the coverage a fair trial is impossible.

W STEPHENS
Newcastle-Under-Lyme
Staffordshire

Sir: The murders of PC Keith Blakelock and Stephen Lawrence showed that witnesses and suspects can appear to suffer selective memory loss. In both cases the presumed killers and associates would not betray one another. We must not just blame the police for incompetence when they fail to get a conviction. There are members of the black and white community who refuse to help the police under any circumstances.

If you want to confront racism you need to acknowledge that it exists in all communities and is not the unique preserve of the Metropolitan Police or white fascists. In the short term we need to redouble our efforts to create a police force that represents our ethnic diversity.
NICHOLAS MATTEY
Willington, Surrey

What dyslexia is

Sir: What is it about dyslexia that makes some people intent on proving it does not exist? Diane McGuinness ("All research on 'dyslexia' is invalid", 2 July) is the latest in a long line. Yet for much of her journey, she appears to be on the same side as those of us who believe strongly that dyslexia is as real as rain.

Does anyone really believe that genes control reading? I don't think so. My understanding of recent research is that there are inherited genetic characteristics which make it harder for some people to succeed in the intellectual gymnastics that make reading possible.

And I agree that "we have no diagnosis for dyslexia". All we can do at the moment is map some of the key characteristics - it is a bit like defining a blind person by noticing that they cannot tell what colour shirt we are wearing, cannot run an obstacle race, but can recognise Callas singing - we are aware of everything but the crucial fact. But does that mean that the condition does not exist?

Diane McGuinness believes that the answer to teaching children to read lies in teaching them how to decipher the complex codes that make up reading. So do teachers of dyslexic children. We have been doing for years. There are various approaches, but the same framework underlies them: reducing the jumble of English orthography to a clear system. We can teach nearly anyone to read given a little time and the right materials.

Getting dyslexics to spell, punctuate and organise their lives is a different matter, and here we seem to be getting to the crux of the problem. Dyslexia is not simply about not being able to read; it is a different approach to the whole of life. It is not all negative; many dyslexics have compensatory talents in spatial and design skills. But as many adult dyslexics who are apparently successful will tell you, it is a constant battle against poor short-term memory and poor organisational skills, with the whole thing liable to collapse under strain or in panic. Far

from research proving nothing, recent tests have mapped the brain patterns of successful adult dyslexics and has shown that they do process information at different rates and using different parts of the brain.

Reading is a peculiar, complex and supra-logical process that just happens to suit the way most people use their brains. But it does not suit everyone; and in our hyper-literate society that matters. It would be nice to scrap all the sterile debates on whether dyslexia "exists" or not and concentrate on finding out more about the process of reading, and making sure that everyone can take pleasure in its benefits.
FRANCES THOMAS
London N1

MAI and school food

Sir: I was very surprised to read the letter from David Cromwell of Southampton Green Party (1 July). He alleges that the Multilateral Agreement on Investment (MAI), which is currently under negotiation in the OECD, would prevent local councils from removing genetically modified foods from school menus.

I would take issue with many of Mr Cromwell's comments about the MAI. On this specific point, I am happy to reassure him that he is mistaken. International trade in genetically modified foods, like all international trade, is governed by rules set by the World Trade Organisation. Countries have, and will retain, the right to restrict the import of genetically modified foods until they are satisfied that they are safe.

The MAI is about protecting investors from discrimination on grounds of nationality and thereby providing developing countries concerned with the framework to encourage and retain inward investment that is key to their economic advance and the enhancement of the quality of life of their people. It would have no impact whatsoever on the issue raised by Mr Cromwell or more generally on the rights of consumers to choose whatever they wish to eat.
LORD CLINTON-DAVIS
Minister for Trade and Industry
London SW1

Ad hoc punishments

Sir: All support should be lent to the call of Andrew Coyle (Sociological Notes, 4 July) for a fundamental review of the place of punishment in our society.

The recent rise of vigilante justice, public disorder over the release of convicted paedophiles, legislation lowering the age at which children can be prosecuted and widening the courts' powers to punish parents for the crimes of their children have all added noise to the chaotic public discourse on punishment.

The annual cost of crime runs financially at over £15bn. The emotional cost to victims and their relatives is also considerable. A new prison costs over £90m to build, a sum equal to two district hospitals or 60 primary schools. Have prisons served us so well in recent times (remembering that over 80 per cent of people sentenced to prison have

been convicted of non-violent crimes) that we need them more than hospitals or schools?

Should crimes of recklessness continue to be regarded as less deserving of our contempt than crimes of intention? In two stories in the same column (In Brief, 4 July) you report that a man was jailed for injuring a woman at whom he drove deliberately, whereas another man who killed a child by indiscriminate dangerous driving was given a community sentence.

The way a society treats offenders is a key indicator of its basic values. It is wrong that a social activity of such significance is guided only by a disparate collection of laws and guidelines that have been made, *ad hoc*, in response to particular cases or political moods.

Dr GARY SLAPPER
Director, The Law Programme
The Open University
Milton Keynes, Buckinghamshire
Oxford

Shoot-out too late

Sir: As the knock-out phase of the World Cup began, I waited for the first game to result in a penalty shoot-out. Sure enough, it was England's clash with Argentina. Like most football supporters, I hope that this does not occur in the final. It would be too much for the world champions to be declared on the basis of a shoot-out again.

The way forward is to have a penalty shoot-out after 90 minutes if a game is tied at that stage, followed by 30 minutes of extra time in which either team can score and settle the tie properly, in the knowledge that if the teams are still tied after the 30 minutes of extra time, the result of the penalty shoot-out, already known, would settle it.

Thus no single player would be held responsible for the destiny of the whole team, and there would always be an incentive to seek a goal during extra time. Under the current system, extra time is too often dominated by teams too afraid of making a fatal mistake.
NEIL DACEY
London W4

Sir: On the subject of ill-considered red cards, I would like to expand on G L Samsom's suggestion (letter, 2 July), of a time penalty for an offending player.

It would not only penalise the player and his team, but also provide a useful cooling-off period. During this time a fourth official could study replays and a decision could be made to send the player back into play, extend the time penalty or exclude the player from the rest of the game.
STEPHEN COTTARIN
Bristol

God of arithmetic

Sir: In discussing the provability of the existence of God, Owen Gwynne says (Letter, 2 July): "Gödel showed that in any complete mathematical system there are going to be theorems which although true cannot be proved to be true... The existence of unprovable truths is inherent in logic."

Alas, Gödel showed nothing of the kind. He showed (very roughly) that

in logic, every true statement is provable, but that in arithmetic there are true statements which cannot be formally proved. (Thus logic is complete, while arithmetic is incomplete).

So Owen Gwynne's letter really means that the existence of God is a fact of arithmetic, rather than a fact of logic. Flattering though this is to mathematicians, it does not seem to be quite what he meant.
MICHAEL BROIDO
London NW8

Sir: There is nothing wrong with Bronze Age myths (letter, 3 July), in fact many of them are magnificent. The trouble starts when people take them literally. One of the most dangerous situations in the world exists because too many people believe that God gave Palestine to the descendants of Abraham by Isaac, to the exclusion of his heirs through Ishmael.
P J STEWART
Oxford

Victims of porn

Sir: I was astonished to read Virginia Ironside's response to a husband's addiction to hard-core pornography depicting the abuse of women and children (Dilemmas, 2 July).

She wrote that fantasy is completely normal and that the wife's inner life must be "wretchedly one-dimensional and impoverished" if she had no "secret and shameful fantasies and feelings of her own".

What Ms Ironside failed to address was the issue of the pornography itself. The ownership of such explicit material is a criminal offence; even downloading it from the Internet is illegal. Further, many of these images, in respect of children, are photographic evidence of actual abuse taking place. Lives of real children are being destroyed to produce these images, and people who use these pornographic pictures are vicariously attempting to share the experience.
DEBORAH KINRED
Ipswich, Suffolk

IN BRIEF

Sir: Although Manchester City Art Gallery's expansion scheme is waiting for confirmation of a £2.5m grant from the European Regional Development Fund, the project is definitely going ahead, with £15m from the Heritage Lottery Fund and the full backing of Manchester City Council ("Tomorrow has been cancelled", 26 June). In fact, the building closed to the public last month, so that work could begin on decanting the collections.
KATE FARMERY
Press & Promotions Officer
Manchester City Art Galleries

Sir: Your headline "Graduates can't communicate, say employers" (2 July), might have said "Employers can't communicate, say graduates." A graduate myself, I applied for 31 jobs between January and June this year, but received only 14 replies.
STEPHEN MAGILL
Huddersfield

THE REVIEW DAY BY DAY

MONDAY REVIEW

As well as our regular columnists, features and expanded comment pages, Network, our information technology section, moves to Monday.

TUESDAY REVIEW

An improved media section, with appointments, moves to Tuesday. Visual arts and more health pages are also Tuesday regulars

WEDNESDAY REVIEW

Fashion, midweek money pages, in addition to finance and secretarial sections (previously City+) will stay on Wednesday

THURSDAY REVIEW

Our education section will appear as a separate tabloid section. Improved and expanded film pages now move to Thursday

FRIDAY REVIEW

The architecture and science pages now move to Friday. In addition, we will have a new law section and our music pages

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Mr Blair must impose higher moral standards

CORRUPTION IN British politics is not in the major league of backhanders and nepotism. But it does exist and it is important to be clear about precisely at which level it operates. That all-purpose word "sleaze" was a significant part of what destroyed the last Conservative government. A lot of it was to do with sex, which had nothing to do with financial corruption but which consumed a large acreage of tabloid newsprint, and which fed the perception of an administration morally adrift. What mattered, though, was the secrecy of Tory party funding, which meant it was impossible to know if government policy had been bought, and the fact that some Tory MPs sold their access to government for cash.

This Labour government is better than that. But not much. Certainly not as much as implied by the rhetoric of self-beatification deployed by Tony Blair. He once promised an altogether new standard of public morality, one that could never hope to match the slow slog to clean up corruption in Labour councils in Scotland and Doncaster - or the tangled private affairs of Geoffrey Robinson.

That is the context of yesterday's news that a number of junior former bag-carriers have been hawking their new Labour contacts on the open market. Despite Derek Draper's jocular boast to a reporter posing as an American businessman, "Your Mayor Daley has nothing on me," there is no real comparison between this foolish young braggart and the former mayor of Chicago. But the revelations paint a depressing picture of the casual morality of some of the low-level members of what one of Mr Draper's Downing Street contacts calls "the Circle" around the Prime Minister. It reflects badly on Mr Blair that he has not tried harder to insulate Downing Street from this kind of paid lobbying. That, fundamentally, is the problem. The Prime Minister showed that he was not above paid lobbying himself when he received Bernie Ecclestone, the motor-racing boss, at Number 10. Mr Blair did not of course benefit himself from Mr Ecclestone's £1m donation to the Labour Party - subsequently returned - but his failure to treat Mr Ecclestone's arguments for exemption from the ban on tobacco advertising with extra caution was a remarkable failure of judgement.

We hope we are wrong about the Prime Minister's character, but there are worrying signs that he has a weakness for cronyism. It is a tendency that needs to



be curbed. It was surprising, to put it at its lowest, that, after years of criticising the Tories for handing out honours to party donors, so many of Labour's new peers should be people who have given large sums to the party - or, worse, to Mr Blair's own fund to fight the Labour leadership campaign four years ago.

It is one of the dangers of non-ideological government that it is particularly susceptible to arguments put forward by those with the cachet of business success. Ministers are also likely to think that their job is to cut deals and broker compromises, thus creating an environment in which paid lobbying is bound to thrive. Lobbying itself is no bad thing - it ought to fit somewhere on a scale

running from necessary evil to democratic service - but it must be carefully policed and government must go out of its way to ensure that it is not unfairly influenced, and that it is seen to be so.

The danger is that Labour, being so long out of power, fails to realise both how easily it is prey to special-interest lobbying, and how unseemly it is to appear to enjoy the perks of power.

No one would be so naive as to argue that virtue is its own reward in politics, but even a ruthless and cynical politician, such as the Prime Minister, might recognise that high moral standards will bring a reward in electoral terms.

Finding the courage to compromise

TO ANYONE who does not live in Northern Ireland, the annual crisis in Drumcree is baffling. The temptation is to mutter: "It's only a walk down a road, for goodness' sake," and wonder why one side cannot agree not to walk down the road or the other side agree not to make such a fuss if they do.

Mo Mowlam put it diplomatically yesterday, describing it as a clash between "the right to march" and "the right to live free of fear and intimidation". That is a bit highfaluting. The right to free association may be enshrined in the European Convention of Human Rights, but it says nothing about the right to march down a particular road. But then, nor does fear and intimidation enter into it, because the Orangemen marched down the Garvaghy Road last year with a massive police escort and Roman Catholics were hardly cowering in terror in their front rooms. Forget the philosophy - this is tribalism, and for one tribe to "win", the other tribe must lose.

The only way to approach this year's marching season was to go to independent arbitration, which is what the Government did. The independent Parades Commission decided that the Orange tribe should not march down the Green tribe's road. Now the Government must stick to that decision, come what may.

For the future, there can be only one long-term solution, which is to compromise. The Orangemen marched down the Garvaghy Road last year as part of a deal that involved re-routing other marches elsewhere. And they must not march there this year. Next year they should march again, and do so on alternate years until the people of Portadown decide they have better things to do on a Sunday.

Vacation conundrum

WHAT IS the world coming to? We work longer hours and our leisure time is precious. Yet, as this year's British summer continues to resemble a monsoon, many favoured destinations in the global village seem to represent a hazard rather than a haven.

Some, like Florida, veer rather too close to the old saying "Out of the frying pan ...". Sojourning in Italy may leave you as sun-dried as those tomatoes favoured in fancy sandwich shops.

Moreover, should you be tempted to dive out of the fire into the Mediterranean's cooling waters, we learn today that it is home to growing numbers of great white sharks, the stars of Jaws.

Is nowhere safe?

Will swagger and testosterone spin Labour out of control?

THE BOYS from Millbank Tower done good. A mere 18 months ago, the Labour Party's backroomers had £££ suits and lived on tiny salaries and other people's expense accounts. These days they have white-walled loft conversions, wear Paul Smith and gel their hair, which makes them resemble a bunch of gangsters on a night out.

The victory of the People's Party as made a lot of them rich. They talk about their friends who were elected to parliament with a mixture of pity and contempt. I asked one recently whether he regretted giving up a political career and he said: "I've got a brilliant salary and access to ministers, which is more than those poor buggers indicating two of the 1997 intake of MPs have."

Lobbying is to democracies what secret services are to totalitarian regimes - inevitable, unaccountable and always in plentiful supply. New Labour's relationship with big business that was once assumed to be the sole property of the Tory party, now that, above all, investors need to know what government is likely to do and where its pressure points are. The blurring of the once absolute division between state-owned companies and the private sector means that key decisions are made by regulatory bodies. Business has thus become more dependent on government than ever before. At the same time, a governing party as ideologically deracinated as New Labour is a bit of a puzzle to investors. They seek assurance from people they think can read the minds of the powerful.

For between £5,000 and £20,000 a month, we discover, a firm of lobbyists will instruct clients in the "political grammar" of New Labour and "reshape their core corporate culture" in line with New Labour's "politics without leadership". As Gerald Ratner discovered, it is extraordinary what you can sell for ready money.

In this climate, the revelations in a Sunday newspaper that a number of firms employing former aides to Tony Blair, Gordon Brown and Peter Mandelson passed, or promised to pass, confidential information from government departments to investigators posing as prospective clients does not tell me with surprise.

A lot of it has gone on before and always will. You might as well try to stop water running downhill as stop lobbyists trying to influence governments and ex-aides selling their address books for a fat fee.

But the emergence of unaccountable individuals who have been turned, by some process of genetic modification, into a blend of lobbyist, fixer, point-man, decoder and philosopher is unprecedented in British politics. It has created a cat's cradle so convoluted that someone will stitch himself up one day without noticing a conflict of interest.

New Labour is a hot-house in the same way that the defensive, inward-looking circle around Mrs Thatcher was in the early part of her reign. The party's young modernizers have always been a clique. From the start, they regarded themselves as the vanguard bright enough to sweep away the years of failure. The party had flailed around in mediocrity. Now



ANNE MCELVOY
Lobbying is as necessary to democracies as secret services are to totalitarian regimes

they believe that they bought the rights to New Labour plc and are trading on the consequences.

But in their zeal to turn the Third Way into Millionaires' Way, they are in danger of destroying what is most precious to them: the integrity of the Labour Party. A lot of it is down to inexperience - seedy old Tory lobbyists knew when to shut up. This lot don't. There is a compulsive boastfulness about the inner circle that is sustained by the potent cocktail of swagger and testosterone.

The over-exuberance of young men on the make is not a pretty sight. In the Eighties, the two most memorable figures of TV political satire were Rik Mayall's Alan B'stard and Harry Enfield's Loadsamoney. They were so successful because they were recognisable reproductions of the more dis-

agreeable beneficiaries of the Thatcherite boom. The image of Tories as uncaring, greedy and sleazy stuck like super-glue to the party. I would not underestimate the potential of a new generation of Son of Alan B'stards and Loadsamoney - the sequel - to make voters feel rather squeamish.

Labour rightly kicked up a fuss when Ian Greer's role in bringing the 'cash for questions' MPs together with businessmen seeking favours was revealed.

The danger for New Labour is that it will be seen to do the same kind of dubious business, only better. The Greer MPs were low in the food chain. Their one marketable asset was that they could put down a question in the House. New Labour's go-betweens are providing higher calibre insights, some of which contravene parliamentary rules, others that are embarrassing to ministers.

Those exposed will claim that they were only hyping up the quality of contacts and information as they touted for business. But the damage is done, and done in an area the Prime Minister cares about most - namely, the Big Picture. The Blairite project succeeded largely thanks to Mr Blair's understanding of the need to stand back from the joint-dots-of-party politics and observe events as a large, abstract canvas that conveys a mood of feeling to the electorate.

The Bernie Ecclestone affair was the first thing to make the Big Picture go fuzzy. People were confused and irritated by the secrecy and U-turns over Tobacco sponsorship. The Government lost control of the message

and the lasting impression, rightly or wrongly, was that Mr Blair had reversed an earlier policy in return for a donation. 'Lobbygate' is another attack of the Bernies. One aide I called yesterday automatically used the words "Labour sleaze" to describe the story. That is the way this will be seen unless those who have the power to reign in the little Frankensteins they created do so fast.

The appearance of arrogance is beginning to cling to the government. Coming straight after Alastair Campbell's dismissive comments about whether ministers should bother traipsing to inconvenient television studios to explain their policies to the lowly public, this episode compounds the impression that a weak flank is opening up - the one marked "openness and transparency".

With this in mind, the last thing the government needs is to muddy the waters further by appointing Peter Mandelson to an all-embracing policy and planning job, trumping individual ministries. In the coming reshuffle.

The proper vehicle for Mr Mandelson's talents is to run a spending ministry where he will be subject to the same pressures and restraints as any other minister and lose his air of manipulative omnipotence. He could more usefully deploy his magical powers in the troubled portfolio of culture to ward off disaster at the Dome.

New Labour might also consider hugging business a little less hotly. And Mr Blair might remind himself that big business gets more out of governments than it gives back. That is how it gets big and rich, and stays that way.

QUOTE OF THE DAY

"I just want to stuff my bank account at £250 an hour"
Derek Draper, lobbyist and former aide to Peter Mandelson

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

"Il faut, dans le gouvernement, des bergers et des bouchers"
(Governments need both shepherds and butchers)
François-Marie Voltaire, French philosopher and writer

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MONITOR

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD
Reactions to CNN's false story about the Vietnam war



The line being strategically leaked out of the network front office is that Mr Arnett, co-author of the broadcast, somehow was not very deeply involved in the research or production of the segment. That's absurd. Mr

Arnett is the man actually making the false accusations. What does accountability mean if he escapes with a reprimand? It isn't enough for a network to 'take responsibility'. Those who are responsible have to be treated

to objective manifestation of that responsibility. That is, they have to be fired. Until Mr Arnett and Mr Kaplan go, CNN's credibility will continue to suffer.

Leader in The Washington Times

"Some say the retraction not only hurts CNN, but the credibility of all journalists - especially after a series of other inaccurate reports by major media companies. It comes at a time when many other news organizations have had credibility problems and adds to the public's per-

ception of the media as a whole. It's incorrect, but that's how the public views us, as a single entity."

USA Today

"It's another indication that journalists are not able to withstand the pressures of the new market-driven environment, which forces them to compete a lot more, to strut their stuff. The idea now is to make your show a recognized brand name. Well, snake oil's a brand name, too."

Bill Kovach, Los Angeles Times

Like CNN, Time is retracting the story and apologizing for running it. Based on our own investigation and that conducted by CNN, we have concluded that the facts simply do not support the allegations that were made. We respect the serious and forthright way that CNN has re-examined this story, and we look forward to continuing to collaborate with them. We have learned a lot from the mistakes made."

apology printed by Time

In its hot-blooded enthusiasm to create a sensational

story, the network and the news magazine badly tripped, though its honesty to so publicly air its mistake deserves commendation. Tim Graham, director of media analysis at the Media Research Centre, described the CNN story and retraction as an 'enormous fiasco' for the network's credibility. Perhaps, that road back to credibility is helped by the fact that the network's candour in admitting its error was so prompt and cold-eyed.

Ramesh Chandran in The Times of India

PANDORA

AFTER READING yesterday's Observer, Pandora hastened to retrieve Derek Draper's column from the previous day's Express. Draper told *The Observer's* reporter: "I don't write that column without vetting it with Peter Mandelson." Reading it afresh in this wonderful new light, how marvellous to see the praise lavished on Peter Mandelson and his forthcoming Social Exclusion Unit report. More enjoyable still were Draper's caustic words about the media - "It's much easier to write about personalities than policies" - and his attempt to ridicule reports of tensions between Tony Blair and Gordon Brown. Best of all was the tidbit where Draper gushes about his "first briefing" from Alastair Campbell, who tells him it is "just like losing your virginity". Draper then writes: "What - I have to pay him, too?" Is this a jolly way of impugning Campbell's morals or a confession about his own past? Coming from a man quoted as saying "I just want to stuff my bank account at £250 an hour" it's likely that Draper regards calling someone a whore as a splendid compliment.

IT'S DIFFICULT not to conclude that Simon Lewis, the Queen's new PR spokesman, has already slightly lowered the tone of Royal spin doctoring. The leak of the Queen's "one is not amused" response to Sol Campbell's disallowed goal against Argentina was a blatant attempt to ingratiate Her Majesty with the largest single interest group in the country right now - football fans. Perhaps we will read next of the Queen's cheers as Prince Naseem KOs his next opponent?

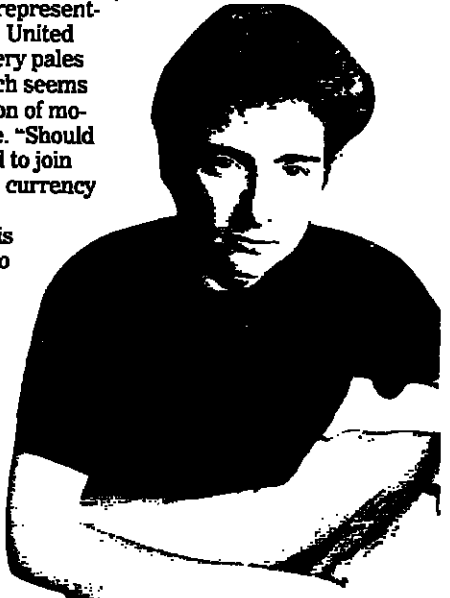
A FRIEND of Pandora's has passed along a direct-mail questionnaire he received from Tony Coad, the development director of the *Daily Telegraph*. Do you detect any subtle "leading" in the following question: "Should England be more powerfully represented within a devolved United Kingdom?" That query pales next to another, which seems to contain information of momentous importance. "Should Britain have decided to join the single European currency in January 1999?" If Britain has made this decision, it is news to Pandora.

WHO IS the latest star to be recruited into the new Labour galaxy? John Reid, Elton John's celebrated ex-manager, has just joined the

party. Credit for his membership is being given to Margaret McDonough, the party's deputy general secretary. While there are high hopes that Reid will make a strong fund-raiser in future, McDonough's already sound prospects of being named the next general secretary have just been enhanced.

ALASTAIR ALEXANDER Liberal Democrat councillor for Rayners Lane, north-west London, posted a picture of his pierced penis on the Internet and, unsurprisingly, some locals were not happy about it. A former Lib Dem councillor named Herbie Crossman told the *Harrow Observer*: "If you have children roaming the Web looking for something about Rayners Lane, they could easily come across it." On the other hand, Lib Dem Stephen Giles-Medhurst commented: "It is a private matter and not something the party would take a line on. Our constitution says we exist to safeguard a fair, free and open society." Is a display of your privates on the Net really a "private matter"? Investigating further, Pandora visited the Net site in question but found only a collection of old suburban photos. So the open society seems to have closed a bit, but Rayners Lane still looks lovely.

ACCORDING TO a leading arts news service, writer and self-proclaimed genius Jeanette Winterson (below) was available last Thursday for "extremely limited interviews" about her new short stories. Thrilled, Pandora rang Jonathan Cape, her publishers. "We are not doing any interviews," explained Kate Harbenson. "We are taking her publicity in another direction." Granted, that is "extremely limited" but what's this new direction? Harbenson adds that Jeanette "is undergoing a series of tours" for "audiences of between 300 to 400. She's a fabulous performer." Ah, a real limited edition.



The Church has scored an own goal



HUNTER DAVIS

If the Pope wants to bring back that sort of 1950s Sunday, he hasn't a hope.

TOMORROW THE Pope is going to tell the faithful, the not-so-faithful and anyone else listening that from now on Sunday should revert to being a holy day, a day of worship and prayer. Spot on timing. Next Sunday it so happens that about 40 billion people across the globe will be united in worshipping, praying for deliverance, hoping for miracles. Yes, it's the World Cup final.

That's not quite what he had in mind, as his apostolic letter will no doubt make clear. Playing football on a Sunday is one of the things he is against, along with Sunday shopping, Sunday business, Sunday working and doing anything very much on a Sunday. He wants Sunday to be a Special Day again.

Throughout my childhood Sunday was a special day - and God, did I hate it. Sundays seemed to last about seven days, dragging on forever until you could scream with boredom. The streets of Carlisle would be totally empty as if a bomb had gone off - no shops, no pubs, no life, no everything.

My father would not even allow me to ride my bike on a Sunday, let alone play football in the street, read

the *Dandy* or *Beano* or do anything much that smacked of pleasure and enjoyment. Not that he was religious or went to church, but he had been brought up in the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. They were not awfully big on things smacking of enjoyment.

My mother went to church twice on Sunday and I had to go with her

at least once, plus Sunday school. The church was dull and dreary, the sermons and singing ditto, the elders double ditto. I doubt she found much pleasure in it either, but this was the culture, this was what one did, had always done.

There were some little highlights of Sunday fun and joy that the whole nation indulged in, back in the Fifties. *Two-Way Family Favourites* on the radio, which even at the time I found nauseating. Then the fake heartiness of Billy Cotton's *Big Band Show* which my father loved (but then he was completely non-musical). In the evening one kept reverential hush for the Palm Court Orchestra playing lovely tunes, the same ones every week, all of them sickly and slushy, although I bet the young Lloyd Webber was sitting there in his short pants, making mental notes.

But there was the Sunday roast, the focus for every family, of every region, every class. We did not always have a roast, being too poor, but our mince and tatties were usually a bit thicker on a Sunday. Carving was the only problem.

With my own family, we kept on

the tradition of Sunday roasts - which my children hated, being all vegetarians - until 10 years ago when my mother died. When she went, Sundays died. That had been the last vestige of the traditional Sunday, as we had long, long ago given up going to any sort of church.

If the Pope wants to bring back that sort of 1950s Sunday, he hasn't a hope. Life has moved on, almost all for the better. I like Premier League football games being on a Sunday. If you go, the traffic is less, the parking easier. What I do not like are matches being spread out throughout the week. I liked the fact that on Saturdays at five o'clock, in ye olden days, all matches had finished and there were proper league tables that made sense. Having them all on Sundays from now on would suit me fine.

I would personally like Sundays to change even more, to be like every other day - with more shops and offices open and, most of all, a Sunday post. That would be a blessing, though not perhaps if the post was just as slow and inefficient as it is every other day.

In my own life today, I do not

recognise Sunday. I sit at home shifting words every morning, whether in London or Lakeland, following roughly the same routine.

When I have my afternoon walk, either round Hampstead Heath or Crummock Water, I go mad on Sundays if there are extra people about, enjoying their day off. Don't they know this is just another day for me?

My wife, who also sits at home, though shifting a higher grade of word, always takes Sundays off, making it a very different day from all her other days. On Sundays she does the housework and writes letters. She then feels refreshed, raring to go on Mondays, able to work twice as well.

She agrees with the Pope. She thinks Sunday should be kept as a special day. Funny woman.

I disagree. It shouldn't be special - only capable of being special if you want to make it so. Keep it holy, if you want, and there are enough empty holy places available. God knows, where it's always quiet. Or use it for play and enjoyment, working or loitering, rest or contemplation. Anything really, as long as you don't upset the hearses...

My secret meeting to write a script for the arts



TREVOR PHILLIPS

Blair's technique is to bring the best cast together, show them the plot and let them perform

EVEN THE legendary "spinmeisters" of Downing Street can make a mistake when you arrange secret meetings. It is not a good idea to keep well-known invitees hanging around on the pavement in full view of passers-by. The supposedly private meeting of arts panjandrums with the Prime Minister a week ago stood a good chance of being a political story, anyway. When several participants turned up early, and were told to wait on the pavement outside Downing Street's gates, it became a racing certainty for the front pages. As luck would have it, two national broadsheet correspondents passed by. The sight of a group loitering on Whitehall which included Lord Bragg, Sir Richard Eyre (scourge of the Royal Opera), Gerry Robinson (Chairman of the Arts Council), Ruth McKenzie (boss of Scottish Opera), John Tusa (of the Barbican Centre) and yours truly (Chairman of the London Arts Board) would have suggested that something was going on. The arrival of Culture Secretary Chris Smith confirmed that this was a big deal.

I'm sure that none of this was deliberate; but, on the other hand, the whole event was as carefully managed as any performance at the National Theatre. Naturally, there has been much speculation about what was said by whom. Since the meeting was held under so-called Chatham House rules, nothing can be repeated. However, you do not have to be Sir Tom Stoppard to write the obvious script: the artists demanded more money; the Prime Minister in return insisted that whatever the level of funds received by the arts, it had to be spent efficiently and managed effectively. If this were all there was to it, the meeting would hardly have been needed. However, the 90 minutes or so we spent in the Cabinet Room was

a revelation in other ways. To start with, the trivia. We sat at a long table with a dozen or so chairs on each side; the Prime Minister sits at the centre of one side facing the windows to the garden of Downing Street. I spent a little time wondering whose seat I was occupying: Robin Cook's, Harriet Harman's, or Frank Dobson's, perhaps? No graffiti on the blotters to give anything away. Almost certainly not Gordon Brown's - I was at the end, and no doubt the Chancellor would sit at the centre of proceedings. This is a Prime Minister who sees his role as impresario or producer. So similar to Margaret Thatcher in other ways - his ability to appeal directly to the people, his radicalism, his moral compass - he seems unlikely to step in and try to do his ministers' jobs for them. His technique is to bring the best cast together, show them the plot outline and let them perform. Perhaps an even closer comparison would be with an improvisational director like Mike Leigh, or a jazz band leader - Duke Ellington or Wynton

Marsalis. These men are great virtuosos in their own right, but their unique talent is to allow others expression within the boundaries they set. The problem is that they need disciplined talent around; people who can both work to a template, but also bring something new and creative to the party. This may be the Prime Minister's strength, and his weakness. He can orchestrate, but he cannot play every instrument in the band.

Blair has never been coy about his support for the arts and culture. He has said many times in public that he believes that the country needs the arts, and in spite of the widespread whispering against Chris Smith, he backs his Culture Secretary to the hilt. However, the People's Prime Minister also has a healthy regard for the People's Money, and it is clear that he doesn't like the sound of it being bunged into expensive and little appreciated art forms and institutions.

The appointment of Gerry Robinson as Chairman of the Arts Council was as clear a sign as you could get that he was serious. Yesterday, on TV, the Granada boss put up a robust defence of the principle of public subsidy for the arts, whilst making it clear that not a penny of the People's Dosh would be going to waste if he noticed it (and as a Granada employee, I can tell you he notices most things). He was unequivocal about the Royal Opera house, rejecting the privatisation option as a matter of principle, extraordinary for a man who has made his fortune by turning badly-run private sector organisations into well-managed profit makers. At the same time, he more or less told the ROH board that they could whistle for the £15 million extra pounds they think they need to run their expensive new operation. The spin from Downing Street the



Appealing for help: can new Labour embrace high art?

day after talked of writing the arts "into the Government's core script". More money, yes, if available; but also more rigour in spending it. And most of all, he was looking for the arguments to be made that would convince a sceptical public that some art forms needed large amounts of public money.

Firstly, though affordability is important, it is not all. We know that millions of people see, hear and experience great art each year; but not enough. Through education and other means we have to create a larger, more enthusiastic public for more esoteric art-forms. All too often this is not just about seat prices; people who will pay a thousand pounds to see Michael Owen perform 40 times a year can afford the opera, and black families who would not normally go anywhere near Covent Garden but will turn up for *Porgy and Bess*, can be brought to the side of high art if they are persuaded.

Secondly, this is a nation of enthusiasts. A young woman ap-

proached me in a Brixton school last week. A single mother: she had discovered the Tate Gallery, and was desperate to share what she had found with other young women. They would never go on their own, or with a "middle class" group; they'd be afraid to say or do the wrong thing. But they might go with her. But how would she organise them, and who would look after their children? Is there an answer out there for her?

Thirdly, the funding system has been discredited partly because it has too little money; but mostly because it lacks courage in the way it allocates money. A policy of continued underfunding for all, in the hope something will turn up, will kill dozens of organisations which deserve to live. Robinson has alienated many with his robust management; but if it means the system begins to make choices and lets us all know where we stand, he will have done the arts funding system a favour.

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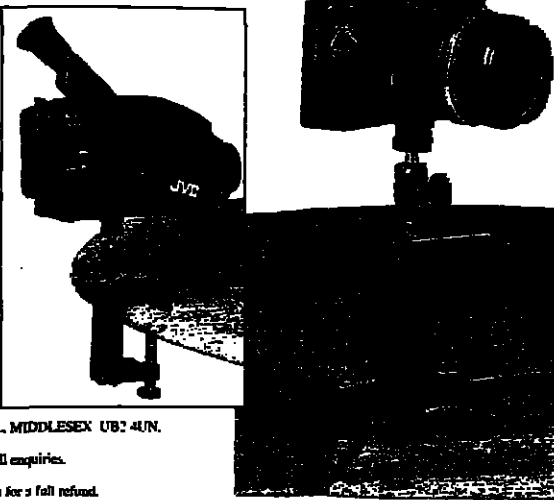
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The secrets of successful branding

WHEN WE came up with the name Virgin instead of Shipped Disc Records for our company in 1969, I had some vague idea of the name being catchy, and applying to lots of other products for young people. When Virgin Records became successful, we signed long-term artists who would have been termed progressive. The music reflected the hippy era. When punk came along, we felt we needed a crisper image, and the Virgin signature has survived from that time. The Sex Pistols, Culture Club, Human League, Genesis, Simple Minds, felt more comfortable with the more modern image.

Rather than spending a fortune coming up with a new image, I was talking to our graphic designer one day explaining what we wanted and he threw on the floor his doodling, the now famous Virgin signature, which I fortunately picked up on my way to the loo. In the early days the Virgin name itself was perceived as slightly risqué. We weren't even allowed to register it for three years as the patent office felt it was rather rude. However, sometimes one has to

take some risk. EMI felt that having the Sex Pistols on their books would damage EMI's reputation. We felt they were just the ticket to take Virgin out of the hippy era. Court cases over the name of the album, *Never Mind the Bollocks*, only helped to strengthen Virgin's image. My thinking about what the name Virgin stands for developed in 1983, when Freddie Laker was advising me on setting up Virgin Atlantic. Virgin Atlantic would need a strong personality at its heart. From then on, we embarked on building a brand which we hope stands for quality, value, innovation, fun and a sense of challenge.

We also develop these ideas in the belief that our first priority should be the people who work for the companies, and then the customers and shareholders.

If the staff are motivated, then the customers and the shareholders will benefit. Years later I discovered that many entrepreneurs think in exactly the same way. Let me quote Herb Kelleher, the boss of one of America's most successful independent airlines, South



PODIUM

RICHARD BRANSON
From the chairman of Virgin Group's inaugural BBC 'Money Programme' lecture

West Airlines, who says the principle, the higher calling if you will, that drives their employees is: How can we protect the people who fly our airline? How can we protect small businesses? They are firmly entrenched in the idea that profitability is the precursor to job security, shareholder return and investment in the community. That is what a brand should stand for. History agrees. Look at the

principles that led the Cadbury family to establish their amazing model factory and community outside Birmingham. Or the Rowntrees. Or the Lever Brothers. All three brands are not related to a particular product, as much as to the reputation of the founders. The Cadburys, Rowntrees and, for that matter, the Kellogg and Lipton families were all on a mission. In an unregulated age they put their names and trust forward to the public that they would provide safe products.

The same became true of other brands such as Marks and Spencer and Sainsbury. The interesting thing is that it is precisely these types of brands, based around personality, reputation, employee conditions and a mission, which have stood the test of time.

More recently another type of brand has developed. I'm sure most of you have been intimate with a Mars bar at one time or another. I think they're wise not to try and use the same name for their successful pet-food business. However, what I call Mars syndrome affects every marketing department and advertising agency in the country. They

think that brands only relate to products and that there is only limited amount of stretch. They seem to have forgotten that no one has a problem playing a Yamaha piano having ridden a Yamaha motorbike that day, or listening to a Mitsubishi stereo in a Mitsubishi car, driving past a Mitsubishi bank.

This idea of brands crossing product areas, although rooted in British Victorian entrepreneurs' sense of destiny, has thus far found its modern manifestation in the Japanese management structure, *Keretsu*, meaning different businesses acting as a family under one brand name.

I believe there is almost no limit to what a brand can do.

There are people who have surnames that were their parents', their grandparents' or great grandparents' jobs. We all know Mr Smith, Mr Baker and Mr Butcher and even a Mrs Thatcher.

If we are successful in our aim of making Virgin Britain's leading global brand of the 21st century, then one day, I hope, people will realise why my son's name is Branson.

The new bride of Frankenstein



JOHN WALSH

What's really interesting are the assumptions we make about people, from considering their likenesses

IT'S ONLY a catalogue entry, but it speaks volumes. Lot 146 of the English Literature and History Sale at Sotheby's auction rooms next week is a small oil painting, showing a lady of calm demeanour sitting in her finery regarding the artist with a steady gaze as if wondering what else he must do to make a living.

She has rather pronounced Garfield eyelids and her nose is as long and sharp as a gimlet. She is not a beauty but she radiates an alert intelligence. Though her hair is parted severely in the middle and tamped down as though with Brylcreem, there is a hint of skittishness in the gold fillet that adorns her head. Her shoulders are bare and the sleeves of her princely blue satin dress puff out over bare arms; there is the merest suggestion of sensuality in the way her hands toy with one of the leaves of a pink rose, a hint of luxury about the black lace shawl and the wristwatch-like biqu on her wrist.

A clever, thirtysomething early-Victorian, you would guess, sufficiently well-heeled to afford silks, satins, gold rings and other material comforts (such as a portrait painter) but too smart to be beguiled by them for long. A woman forced by fashion into this debutante's get-up, with its 18-inch waist and tarty décolletage, like a Girton don ill-advisedly persuaded to go to a fancy-dress party as a shepherdess.

Who is she? Why, she is Mary Shelley, creator of one of the great myths of near-humanity, author of *Frankenstein*. Until now, the only likeness of her in existence has been like something from a Hammer Horror film.

It's in the National Portrait Gallery, and shows her as a frightening old crosspatch in a dowdy black dress, probably because she was still in mourning for Percy Shelley, her husband, who drowned in 1822. The painting at Sotheby's apparently turned up in 1958 in a trunkful of theatrical props (probably once owned by the poet's son) sold in a South Kensington saleroom for 18 shillings, but never offered for sale until now.

Both paintings are by Richard Rothwell, an Irish artist who painted her several times between 1831



The old Mary Shelley, (left) shows a crosspatch, perhaps with a sick streak, while the new painting shows an intelligent woman ill-at-ease with fashion NPG: Sotheby's



Martin Rowson's Gordon Brown

and 1840, though none but these survive. It's remarkable how he contrived to paint two such different versions of the same woman - but the Sotheby's picture was probably done when she had emerged from mourning. Though she apparently hated sitting for portraits, Mary was a game bird who went to parties in her forties dressed in pure white, despite a disfiguring attack of smallpox.

But what's really interesting are the assumptions we make about people, from considering their likenesses.

For 160 years, since the NPG picture was first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1840, people assumed that the woman who wrote about a man who creates a monster - made from charnel-bones, hideous, homicidal and terminally depressed - must be a melancholy baggage with a sick and probably evil streak, and a death wish to boot: they looked at the picture of Shelley in her widow's weeds and said, "Of course..."

Now they can look at the second picture and see a quite different woman - one who was simply ill-at-ease with her looks and intelligence, uncomfortable in her own body, which sat so oddly in the fashions of the day, a woman who looked for some kind of harmony between the way she felt and what the world saw when it looked at her.

INSPIRED by these pictorial lucubrations, I went to Politico's bookshop in Victoria last week, where a handful of MPs was "celebrating" the genius of Martin Rowson, the savagely brilliant cartoonist of famous parliamentary faces. The walls and shelves of the shop were festooned with examples of Rowson's grotesque demolitions of Messrs Blair, Brown, Mandelson and the whole new Labour camp - but oddly, none of this culture of general insult seemed to awake anything but aesthetic rapture in the breasts of the Labourites gathered there.

Mr Rowson is an unreconstructed left-wing kinda guy, who writes learned reviews of other

people's artistic work and sits on heavyweight committees (like the board of London Zoo) but confines his anarchic, satirical-political analyses of the Palace of Westminster to the medium of pen and ink. And goodness, how they love him for it.

The invitations were sent by Denis MacShane, the effervescent Labour MP who told me, "In 200 years' time they'll be talking about Rowson the way we talk about Gill-rays and Rowlandsons".

Peter Mandelson was depicted on the invitations as an 18th century grandee, stalking the ruins of civilisation clad in frock coat, knee boots, knobby cane and lorgnettes and revealing his nasty little piranha teeth to the hapless cartoonist grovelling before him (Rowson, interestingly, cannot draw himself with any conviction).

In his speech, Mandelson was guarded in his praise: "What are the good things one can say about Martin? Well, for one thing, he's not Steve Bell..." but radiated that passes for mateyness among English intellectuals.

On the wall was a gruesome lampoon of Gordon Brown with two faces, one on his head, one on his arse. "Cometh the political intensity," explained an MP "cometh the political cartoonist". "He's only done me once, actually, as Dolly the sheep," said Denis MacShane. "I

was supposed to be a New Labour clone, ha ha, that sort of thing. I appeared once in *The Guardian*, with buck teeth, no hair, Hitlerian glasses and no nose and Edwina Currie said, 'You've only been an MP for six months. Most of your colleagues would die to appear in a slot like that.'"

What is all this? Can't anyone respond with a dislike, or horror, or irritation or hurt pride to the fact that they've just been insulted and ridiculed in public? Can't anyone marshal sufficient balls to accuse Mr Rowson of treachery to the Labour cause, or bad taste (as the press used routinely to vilify Gerald Scarfe, say, for depicting Mrs Thatcher as "Top Bitch" complete with dog turds) or just common vulgar abuse? What's happened to our capacity for personal outrage? "Politicians who complain about cartoons are like a diner at Marco Pierre White's who complains he hasn't had a square meal," said MacShane, mystifyingly. Weren't there any artists he was afraid of? "Only the ones with cameras," said a passing woman, smartly.

I think she'd cracked it.

I'M TREMENDOUSLY excited to read about 12, *Maroseika Street*, the gripping new Russian TV drama se-

ries, set in the glamorous, fast-moving world of tax inspectors. It's been hailed by the governing authorities as a useful ally in the war to persuade the Russian people to pay their taxes.

Every week, several million dodgers and evaders will sit on their ex-collective-farm sofa, bottle of Stolichnaya frozen on its way to their mouths, riveted by the exploits of Major Nikita Ariol and Captain Dmitri Rusanov, who I see as a Urals version of Inspector Morse and Sergeant Lewis ("Do try to keep up, Rusanov..."). They will demonstrate the essential criminality of the non-taxpayer and the decency of the fiscal plod. Is it too late to have it over here?

A series called *The Inland* (as in *The Bill*) is long overdue. You can just see it: the saucy banter at the Accounts Office in Shipley, as Terry and Julie have a laugh over *Estimated Liability*... The screech of tyres in the third episode ("Self Assessment - Final Reminder") as Del and Barry call on Mrs Nesbit of Carshalton... The fearsome enforcer Clegg, who has a personalised rubber stamp bearing the words "Automatic Surcharge"... The gruff, seen-it-all department boss, Witherspoon, and his obsessive lifelong hatred of PAYE...

Perhaps Channel Four would like to bung me a grand for the idea. Cash only. Oops. What have I said?

RIGHT OF REPLY

JOHN JUKES



The Roman Catholic Auxiliary Bishop in Southwark answers accusations of intolerance on the part of the Pope

THE PURPOSE of Pope John Paul II's letter, "To Guard the Faith", is clear: it is to make good a defect in the current law of the Roman Catholic Church. There are times when the law of the Church requires a "profession of faith" from public officials.

The profession of faith takes into account three different levels of truth. In some cases the truth is seen to be rooted in the direct words and teaching of Christ, which have been declared as such by the teaching authority of the Church; for this, what is called the "assent of faith" is required.

The second level derives from the first, and has been definitely taught as such: for this level a firm assent is required based upon the promised guidance of the Church by the Holy Spirit.

The third level are those truths which are taught by the Church as supportive or derived from other truths that have been definitively taught: such truths require the assent of the mind and will, according to how the truths are declared.

I am well aware how this kind of approach does not sit easily with the spirit of individualism so characteristic of our times.

An unprejudiced observer of these matters will note that the claim made in *The Independent's* leading article of *added intolerance* by the Pope's letter is quite without foundation. What the Pope has done is to clarify for Roman Catholics the implications of making the profession of faith. How added clarity can be interpreted as fuelling intolerance, I fail to see.

Of course, if one is unable to accept the claim of the Roman Catholic Church to be commissioned by Jesus Christ to teach the truth to all nations, then we enter a very different debate.

Life with cadavers and other stories



MONDAY BOOK

BLOODLINES: REAL LIVES IN A GREAT BRITISH HOSPITAL
BY ANDREW DAVIDSON
LITTLE, BROWN, £16.99

THE MOST arresting sentence in this book occurs on page 191. It reads: "Working in a mortuary had got him more girlfriends than it had ever lost him." That is a novel way to increase one's pulling power; it has to be said. Re-arranging the internal organs of corpses, after the pathologists have had their turn, is not the most obvious subject of candle-lit-dinner chat. But Bill, the morgue technician at St Thomas's, knows something that most of us don't. Death fascinates.

Perhaps most of us do. What else explains the extraordinary success of programmes such as *ER* and *Casualty*? Simply that we don't own up to our curiosity about death? Bill does. When people ask him about his job he is always straight with them. More often than not they are immediately hooked and want to know more. That is how he struck me, too. The account of Bill's lonely life among the cadavers is the most gripping in the book: 16 fridges with space for six bodies each; or 96 corpses at full capacity - more if you include the one at the end which holds the babies and foetuses. They take less space.

Although he is never seen by the public - even when relatives come to view their loved ones he always puts the body out and then makes himself scarce - he is prepared to share the secrets of his trade. He estimates he has sewn up 14,000 cadavers in his career. "I am a scientist," he says. For his own sanity, he prefers to remain detached from the lives of the people he is handling.

It is a pity that the account of Bill's

working day does not begin this somewhat breathy portrait of two great London hospitals which were forced, complainingly, together to create one trust - until recently, the largest in the NHS. It would have made a more affecting beginning than the clichéd account of casualty doctor Jim and his world-weary style of dealing with the mad, the sad and the wounded who seem to have walked straight off a hospital docu-drama set. Come to that, the book reads like a script for *Casualty*. Short scenes intercut, trace overlapping storylines - and lead, ultimately, nowhere.

Andrew Davidson spent many hours shadowing everyone from the chief executive to the cleaner. The hospital is seen through their eyes. As a tale, it races along - which cannot be said for the many weighty tomes pub-



Hospitals in their own battle for survival

lished to mark the NHS's 50th anniversary - and offers some illuminating glimpses of medical practice at the end of the 20th century.

I wondered if it was a morbid streak in me that the section on Bill and his bodies appealed to. I don't

think so. The morgue is the only part of the hospital that still remains closed to public view. As the book makes clear, most days the hospital is crawling with TV crews, reporters, visiting dignitaries and the like, but it is a safe bet that the busy PR de-

partment gets few requests for access to the morgue. It remains secret, unvisited, unknown. Strange that, since seven out of ten of us will die in hospital and pass through the bank of fridges - or one very like it - Death permeates this book, and not just because it is about doctors, patients and disease. For most of the period during which it was written - between 1994 and 1998 - Guy's and St Thomas's were locked in a struggle for their own survival. Guy's had been the Tory government's flagship trust, the teaching hospital that led the NHS into the internal market in 1991. When, 18 months later, Sir Bernard Tomlinson's review of London's hospitals recommended that it or St Thomas's should close - being little more than a mile apart - the consultants at Guy's were confident that it would be their neighbours up the river who would get the chop.

Instead, the hospitals were merged and left to fight it out among themselves. Guy's lost. The repercussions of that bruising encounter are still being felt. Departments, consultants and managers jockey for position as the Trust rearranges itself to provide a major acute hospital at St Thomas's and an out-patient and day-case centre at Guy's. It has sapped morale and provided endless headaches for the beleaguered chief executive, Tim Matthews, whose survival can be attributed to a naturally ebullient personality and a capacity to roll with the punches.

But while the squabbling continues, the NHS is changing - and the future is not hospital-shaped. Telemedicine, walk-in clinics and consultations over the Internet are already here. One reason to be grateful for this book is that it could be the last opportunity to chart the many lives of a great British hospital.

JEREMY LAURANCE

MONDAY POEM

EXILE
BY MBELLA SONNE DIPOKO (CAMEROON)

In silence
The overloaded canoe leaves our shores
But who are those soldiers in camouflage,
These clouds going to rain in foreign lands?
The night is losing its treasures

The future seems a myth
Warped on a loom worked by lazy hands.
But perhaps all is not without some good for us
As from the door of a shack a thousand miles away
The scaly hand of a child takes in greeting
The long and skinny fingers of the rain.

Our poems this week come from the new edition of "The Penguin Book of Modern African Poetry", edited by Gerald Moore and Ulli Beier (Penguin, £9.99)

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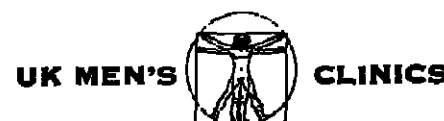
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Rudy Narayan

RUDY NARAYAN was Britain's most controversial and flamboyant black lawyer. His contribution to the state of race relations in Britain was viewed by many as extremist. However despite his faults he was difficult to dislike, and he is guaranteed a prominent place in black British history because of his incredible ability to win seemingly hopeless cases.

At his peak he was the undisputed heavyweight legal champion of Britain's ethnic minority communities. He was one of the most charismatic and eloquent trial lawyers practising at the Criminal Bar. He had a dynamic, fearless and committed approach to defending suspects. His devotion to the cause of advancing his client's case "by any means necessary" earned him the reputation of being the Malcolm X of the Bar. His hallmark was ruthless and inflammatory cross-examination, which would often result in the complete destruction of a witness. He relished naming and shaming anyone he suspected to be a racist.

Narayan was born in Guyana in 1938, the ninth of ten children, to an Indian trading family. He arrived in Britain at the age of 15. After serving as a sergeant in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps he decided to become a barrister. He went on to found and become the first president of the Bar's students' union in 1966. The following year he captained the Inns of Court Cricket Club, and in 1968 was called to the Bar.

During the late Seventies and early Eighties he won trial after trial often against all the odds. He specialised in cases where confrontation between the police and the black community was at its worst. The examples are too numerous to list but include the Bradford 12, the Mangrove Nine, Thornton Heath 10, and cases arising from the so-called

main political parties at different times.

Narayan was also an author, producing books such as *Black Community on Trial* (1976), *Black England* (1977), *Barrister for the Defence* (1985), *Black Silk* (1985) and *When Judges Conspire* (1989). One of the most provocative was *Blacks Over England* (1995). This was a satirical fantasy based on the idea of blacks seizing control of England and all its most powerful institutions, then using them to settle old scores with whites. In it the Queen is portrayed as Diane Abbott, the prime minister as Darius Gorge, the Home Secretary as Bernie Grant, the Commissioner of the Police as Winston Silcott, the Lord Chancellor as Keith Vaz, and the Lord Chief Justice as Peter Herbert.

Narayan's rule-bending and inflammatory advocacy led to many famous confrontations with the legal establishment. In 1974 he was suspended for six months for alleging that Birmingham solicitors, barristers and judges were racist. In 1982 he accused the Attorney General and DPP of collusion with the National Front. Four years later he sued the Lord Chancellor (Lord Hailsham) and three judges for racial prejudice.

Ultimately his refusal to play the game according to the established rules cost him the opportunity to become Britain's first black QC. His supporters believe that the pressure of the fight against systematic racial discrimination contributed to the gradual erosion of his health and sanity in the latter years of his life. In 1991 he left for Guyana to start a new life, but returned shortly afterwards.

Narayan had an incredible sense of timing even in death: he died on the eve of the appearance of the suspects at the inquiry into the racially motivated murder of Stephen Lawrence. Marcus Garvey said "Leadership means many things: pain, suffering - even death". The brilliance of Rudy Narayan the lovable rogue will be long and fondly remembered.

Chris Boothman

NO ONE who met Rudy Narayan was ever neutral about him, writes Lincoln Crawford. His passion about a whole range of issues, from politics to the legal profession, either drew you to him or drove you away from him.

He had set out to try and solve three problems: that of race discrimination within the legal profession, harassment by the police and social exclusion, but he drove away many people from the establishment whom he needed to cultivate, and to that extent he failed as an activist. However, that failure was in the eyes of a whole generation of disadvantaged and disillusioned blacks the very quality which drew them to Rudy. The fact that he lacked political skill was secondary. They saw him as a man who was not establishment, but radical and uncompromising, with some of the same flaws in his personal character as they had. Above all he was committed to their cause and prepared to take on anyone who interfered with their rights.

At times we were all judged harshly by Rudy. He saw himself as the legitimate standard bearer of the cause of black people and everyone else as compliant establishment figures. This caused tension but there was always respect for the man who was always there, never tired, always willing to fight.

If Rudy failed as an activist, he was extremely successful as an advocate of the cause of black people. The courtroom was his stage and advocacy was his trade, which he used to great effect in cross-examining police officers who found it easy to arrest and detain black youths during the dark days of the "Sus Law".

To see him perform in court was not only to witness a man in command of his facts, but to witness someone who was able to probe the often mendacious accounts given by some officers, who were reduced to gibbering wrecks by the time he had finished with them. He also made it easier for those of us who came after him. He challenged both the Bar and solicitors to recognise that there were young blacks with talent and ability who were not being given a fair chance. Eventually some of us were given a voice. Some attention is now being paid to the fact that many black lawyers are disadvantaged through race discrimination.

Sadly, Rudy did not reap the benefit of his work, nor did he entirely succeed in the three aims he set out to achieve. But his persistent challenge to the establishment has made it easier for black people to present their case for change.

Rudy Narayan, lawyer: born 11 May 1938; married 1970 Dr Naseem Akbar (two daughters; marriage dissolved); died London 25 June 1998.



Guzelian (left on the lap of a nanny), boating on Coniston Lake as a child; with her are her sisters Taqui and Susie; all became characters in *Swallows and Amazons*

Mavis Guzelian

MAVIS GUZELIAN was the third of the five Altounyan children made famous by Arthur Ransome as *Swallows and Amazons* (1931). Because of her early love for Beatrix Potter's *The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse*, she was known in Ransome's story as well as in life as Titty (later changed when the story was televised for children to "Kitty").

Always the most imaginative of Ransome's characters, she is typically depicted dreaming of being marooned like Ben Gunn, attempting sorcery on the wax image of a particularly oppressive great aunt and doing her best to prospect for water with a dowsing twig. She is also shown as brave and resourceful, opting at only nine years old and with tears in her eyes to stay at lonely night guard on the island where the children were camping rather than return to home comforts with mother.

The children first met Ransome in 1928 when visiting their grandfather for a long stay in the Lake District. Their father, Ernest Altounyan, a half-Irish, half-Armenian doctor based in Syria, was married to Dora Collingwood, daughter of Ruskin's bi-

ographer W. G. Collingwood. Ransome and Altounyan bought two boats that summer, *Swallow* and *Amazons*, and set about teaching the children to sail on Coniston Lake.

Many of the family's adventures were to work their way into Ransome's subsequent fiction. Before leaving for Syria, the children presented him with a pair of red Turkish slippers. In return, they eventually received through the post a copy of *Swallows and Amazons* hearing the dedication. "For the six for whom it was written in exchange for a pair of slippers".

Ransome later stayed abroad with the family in Aleppo, using more of their ideas and joint sailing experiences for *Peter Duck* (1932) and *Winter Holiday* (1933). But like Lewis Carroll before him, he did not always appreciate the way that treasured childhood companions would insist on growing up and thinking for themselves. The relationship cooled over time, and when *Swallows and Amazons* was reissued in 1958, Ransome suppressed his original dedication, adding another denying that anyone other than himself possessed responsibility for the story. This act of petulance, encouraged

by Ransome's wife Evgenia (formerly Trotsky's secretary) was manifestly unjust. As a child, Mavis in particular had genuinely loved her "Uncle Arthur", writing him many long letters full of potentially useful detail, and sometimes helping him with his drawings. There is a story that he at one time wanted to adopt her, but this fantastical suggestion could not have been offered seriously. Mavis's father always had a particular regard for her, especially when it became clear to this art-loving doctor that she was going to develop into a gifted painter.

Mavis later studied at Chelsea School of Art under Henry Moore, interrupted by a war-time stint working for a news agency in Jerusalem. She was a star pupil, and much was expected of her but such great hopes worked against an adult personality always inclined to lack self-confidence. Although a practising artist for the rest of her life, a stubborn perfectionism never allowed her to value the work she did. The portraits were usually given away for nothing; her abstract paintings remained unappreciated. She never attempted to go commercial in the way she could easily have

done, having returned to the Lake District and bearing a name that still meant so much to fans of Ransome and of the Lakes in general.

By this time Mavis had married Melkon Guzelian, a refugee from Armenia whom she met in Syria when she was helping run the hospital founded by her grandfather. Political pressures grew, and father and daughter were ordered out of the country they had done so much to serve with only 24 hours notice.

Back in Britain, Mavis and husband moved with her parents back to Lanehead, her childhood home in the Lake District. Melkon worked as a motor mechanic in Windermere and the couple had three children. One daughter, born with Down's Syndrome, had permanent problems walking and talking. She was doted on by her parents, and was an inevitable drain on the time Mavis could have been painting; she died aged 29.

In later life, Mavis turned against her British as opposed to her Armenian roots. She sometimes said she would prefer living the simple life back in Syria, and came to dislike the Lake District particularly when it was sunny and, to others, looking a treat. She also lost her love

of sailing, and regretted her early identification with the golden child of Ransome's imagination, increasingly resisting being what she described as "Tittyish" in order to satisfy the expectations of others. But her sister Bridget Sanders insists that as a child she was just like the Titty of the books with her fierce intelligence and lively imagination.

Mavis Guzelian was strongly self-critical and like her brother Roger severely asthmatic. Her life was not fulfilled in the way most wanted, which was to become an artist of the highest rank. But she leaves a legacy of kindness to others and devotion to those most close to her. During her last four difficult months she was looked after night and day by her husband, to whom she was married for 44 years, after a bad fall following severe heart problems had returned her to the childhood state with which, in the public imagination, she will always be associated.

Nicholas Tucker

Mavis Altounyan, artist: born Aleppo, Syria 28 May 1920; married 1954 Melkon Guzelian (one son, one daughter; died 3 July 1998).

General Lev Rokhlin

GENERAL LEV Rokhlin was a soldiers' soldier. With the exception of the last three years, his entire career was spent in the Soviet and then Russian armed forces. He participated in two of Moscow's most brutal wars - in Afghanistan and Chechnya - and served in the occupying forces in East Germany.

On retirement in 1995 he turned to politics. Even then, as chairman of the Defence Committee of the Russian parliament, he campaigned for greater resources for the armed forces and military industry at a time when the army was disintegrating. Having survived war, he was to die of a single bullet at the hands of his wife Tamara.

Rokhlin came to prominence at the start of the Chechen war. He was appointed commander of the Northern Group based in Makhach, one of three groups that led the assault on Chechnya in December 1994. His forces were mainly made up of the 8th Army Corps and the 131st Independent Motor Rifle Brigade. In January, after a month of slow progress against bitter Chechen resistance, Rokhlin led troops in the capture of Grozny airport.

Throughout the battle for the Chechen capital he refused all appeals by the Chechen military com-



mander Aslan Maskhadov for talks to bring the fighting to a halt. Although the Russian forces scarcely distinguished themselves in the chaotic and brutal assault on the rebel republic, Rokhlin gained praise from the Russian leadership for his military skills. However, he refused to accept the award Hero of Russia.

He was born in Central Asia in 1947, and seemed destined for a career in the Soviet Army, despite his Jewish ancestry. He completed the Tashkent Higher All-Service Command School in 1970 and went on to study at the prestigious Frunze Military Academy in Moscow. He was successively commander of a motorised infantry platoon, company, battalion, regiment and division in the Group of Soviet Forces in Germany, and the Leningrad, Turkestan and Transcaucasian Military Districts. In the mid-1980s he served in the occupying forces in Afghanistan, where he saw plenty of combat action.

After helping bring Grozny back

into Russian hands and being posted back to Volgograd later in 1995, Rokhlin retired from active service and turned to politics. In the December 1995 elections to the lower house of the Russian parliament, the State Duma, he stood successfully as the number three candidate on the national list for Our Home is Russia, the party of the then prime minister Viktor Chernomyrdin.

The following month Rokhlin became chairman of the Duma Defence Committee, which he increasingly used as a platform to oppose President Yeltsin's plans to reform the demoralised Russian military, especially in the wake of the sacking as defence minister of Igor Rodionov in May 1997.

That September he was expelled from Our Home is Russia after continuing to protest at Yeltsin's army reforms, believing they would destroy the once-mighty Russian forces. He even urged soldiers to disobey orders coming from the Krem-

lin. The party tried to remove him as chairman of the Defence Committee, accusing him of making it too politicised, but he hung on with support from Communist deputies. Rokhlin accused the leadership of trying to discredit him and even to eliminate him physically. He set up his own Movement in Support of the Army and Military Industry, one of whose chief aims was to remove Yeltsin from office. Last May he finally lost the chairmanship of the Defence Committee. He became increasingly fond of the bottle, and was shot dead at his country home near Moscow by his wife, apparently with a gun presented to him by the former Defence Minister Pavel Grachev for his feats in Chechnya.

Felix Corley

Lev Yakovlevich Rokhlin, soldier and politician: born Aralsk, Kazakhstan 6 June 1947; married (one son, one daughter); died Narofominsk, Russia 3 July 1998.

Clarence Pell

CLARENCE PELL won the United States Racquets Amateur Doubles Championship eight times between 1937 and 1959. His partner was Robert "Bobby" Grant, the many times American amateur singles champion. Pell himself won the US Amateur Singles Championship in 1958.

Son of the great American racquets champion C.C. Pell, Clarence Pell was an important figure in the history of racquets and court tennis in America. He served on the board of directors of the Racquet and Tennis Club of New York from 1952 to 1997 and acted as an officer for many years. He was governor of the Beaver Dam Winter Sports Club in Locust Valley, New York, for 51 years, 16 as president.

In his later years he retired to Rhode Island, in order to further his ambition of restoring the court tennis court in Newport. He became the first president of the National Tennis Court, as it became known and as such became important in the promotion of the game in the United States.

Court tennis, also known as royal tennis or real tennis, is the forerunner to most racquet games. It has an intricate scoring system and is played on an indoor court. The most famous example of a real tennis court is the one built for Henry VIII at Hampton Court Palace in Surrey.

Pell was born in 1911 in New York. He was educated at the Pomfret School, where he excelled at ice hockey, and at Harvard University,

where he played hockey and took up racquets.

During the Second World War he served overseas as a pilot with the US Army Air Force. He retained an interest in aviation in his professional life after the war, becoming an aviation insurance executive. In 1968 he was appointed director-general of Air Transport Insurance, a co-operative owned by American airline companies. He also headed a similar organisation for the nuclear power industry and consulted on insurance matters for the US Federal Aviation Administration.

Pell was descended from the Englishman Sir John Pell, former owner of what is now Westchester County in New York State. Sir John had sold 6,000 acres to the French Huguenot founders of the city of New

Rochelle for £1,525. Part of the 1689 contract stipulated that the city fathers would pay the Pell family "one Fat Calfe". Clarence Pell took part in several ceremonies to commemorate his ancestor's role in the establishment of the city.

Although racquets proved too fast a game for Pell in his later years, he continued playing and teaching court tennis with great enthusiasm well into his eighties. He was last on the court two weeks before his death.

W. L. Van Allen

Clarence Cecil Pell, racquet and court tennis player: born New York 26 October 1911; married 1969 Francesa Hinckley (two sons, one daughter); died Providence, Rhode Island 12 May 1998.



Ronald Mann

RONALD MANN escaped from a prisoner-of-war camp hospital in northern Italy in 1943 and walked 700 miles to rejoin the Allied advance. He went on to become an accomplished watercolourist, theatrical impresario, a member of the World Methodist Council for 10 years and an activist for the Moral Re-orientation (MRO) group. Serving with the Northumbrian Hussars, a light anti-tank artillery regiment, in the Western Desert, Captain Ronald Mann and his troops were surrounded and taken prisoner in March 1942. After several months in transit camps in Tripoli and Naples, Mann was transferred to northern Italy, first to Rezzonello and finally to Pontanellato, near Parma. In September 1943 he was injured playing football in the camp. He was moved to the prison hospital at Piacenza, but lost the sight of his right eye. The story of his escape from Piacenza and his 700-mile trek south along the Apennine mountain ranges is told in his book *Moving the Mountain* (1995).

In prison camp Mann had taken lessons in painting with oil and watercolour. After the war he spent some months recuperating in the Lake District where Heaton Cooper and Bernard Byre-Walker, two established Lakeland artists, took him on climbing and painting expeditions among the fells and farns he loved so much. Under their expert guidance he developed his own talent as a landscape painter in watercolour and held nearly 40 one-man exhibitions over the course of the next 40 years.

Several of these exhibitions were opened by friends Mann had made in the theatre - including Thora Hird, Wendy Craig and James Fox. His passion for theatre arose from seeing its effectiveness for reaching people outside the normal range of the Church and his experience promoting plays and films of Moral Re-orientation in post-war Italy and in South America.

In 1963 he returned to London to undertake the marketing of the MRO plays at the Westminster Theatre, including Alan Thornhill's *Mr. Willowby's Christmas*, *Mr. Brown Comes Down the Hill*, and Thornhill's musical *Amie*. Mann became a director of Westminster Productions and in 1975 founded Aldersgate Productions as a Methodist initiative with the late Dr John Gibbs, a former vice-president of the Methodist Conference.

Aldersgate Productions was originally set up to produce a musical about John Wesley, *Ride! Ride!*, which toured 10 provincial theatres before reaching the West End. Following the success of this production, Mann and Gibbs decided to

continue and invited representatives from other denominations to join them on the board of Aldersgate Productions. Over the next 23 years, with Mann as its secretary and producer, Aldersgate presented or co-produced 20 productions either in London or on tour, among them William Gibson's *The Miracle Worker*, a play about Helen Keller, Malcolm Muggeridge and Alan Thornhill's *Sentenced to Life*, about euthanasia, and Daniel Pearce's *Song of the Lion*, about the life of C.S. Lewis. Mann secured the rights to adapt Lewis's Narnia novels for the stage and put on *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*, *The Magician's Nephew* and *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader*, all adapted by Glyn Robbins. Mann had an unusual approach to raising financial backing for his productions. He would hold an exhibition of his most recent paintings and donate

His passion for theatre arose from seeing its effectiveness at reaching people outside the normal range of the Church

the proceeds to start off the production fund. He then felt confident in approaching others for money. "I have put in this much - how much will you put in?" was his convincing opening gambit. He was rarely refused. But he did not confine his fund-raising skills to his own productions. He was very mindful of the struggle of young Christian artists and smaller production companies. So in 1981, again with Gibbs, he founded an ecumenical charitable trust, the Christian Arts Trust. He was its first Secretary, a post he held until 1996. Over the last 16 years the Christian Arts Trust has been able to make modest grants to 30 productions or exhibitions, often at an early and crucial stage in their development.

Born in Fleetwood, on the Lancashire coast, in 1917, Mann attended the Fleetwood Grammar School where he played rugby for the first XV, leaving school at 16, he began work in the Treasurer's department of the Lancashire County Council in Preston until the outbreak of the Second World War. His family at-



Mann: 'driven to share the riches he found in the Christian way of life'

tended the Methodist church and it was a Methodist minister, the Rev Cecil Rose, who first spoke to him about the Oxford Group and its programme of Moral and Spiritual Reorientation which had been launched in 1938 by F.W.D. Buchman. Mann attended several of the group's weekend "house parties" where he learned the practice of the "quiet time" and listening in silence for God's guidance each day. This practice helped to sustain his spirits in prison camp and especially while living rough and on the run for six months in the Apennine mountains during his escape.

After the war he decided not to return to his secure job at Lancashire County Council, but to throw in his lot with the programme of Moral Reorientation, and its aim to restore morale and unity in war-torn Europe. He spent most of the 1950s working with MRO in Italy, where he renewed contact with many of the people who had helped him during his escape. In 1953 he married Mary Evans. It was an ideal and lifelong partnership, for she shared his Christian faith, his

passion for the theatre and his commitment to MRO. Mann constantly sought to renew and deepen his personal faith and the hymns of John and Charles Wesley and the practice of listening for God's direction were the twin foundations which sustained him. He believed that the Holy Spirit never stopped working and that a person guided by the Holy Spirit should never stop working either. He drove himself hard, and was equally demanding of those who chose to work with him. As Lord Coggan wrote in the foreword to *Moving the Mountain*, Mann was "driven by a passion - to share with others the riches which he has found in the Christian way of life". Shortly before his death he completed *Take Off Your Shoes*, a book about his spiritual pilgrimage.

Hugh Williams

Ronald Edwin Mann, theatrical producer and painter, born Fleetwood, Lancashire 29 August 1917; married 1953 Mary Evans (one son); died London 26 June 1998.

MATHEMATICAL NOTES

IAN STEWART

Natural forms and the goddess of geometry

THANKS TO Isaac Newton, we expect significant ideas in the physical sciences to be mathematical. Biology is another matter. There is no "Newton's Law of Life". Instead, the only universally valid law seems to be the Harvard Law of Animal Behaviour: "Experimental animals, under carefully controlled laboratory conditions, do what they damned well please."

And yet... A quick walk round your garden reveals some tantalising regularities in allegedly capricious organisms. The elegant spiral of a snail's shell, the striking symmetry of a daisy, even the measured ripples of a caterpillar's rubbery hide as it gobbles its way through your cabbages. Are those patterns illusory? Or are they a broad hint from the Goddess of Geometry that Her mathematical breath has infused even this corner of the universe?

In 1917 D'Arcy Thompson, a Scottish zoologist and something of a maverick, published a mammoth and idiosyncratic masterpiece, *On Growth and Form*. It was packed with instances of mathematical structure in the living world - the veins in a fly's wing, the wobbles of a swimming jellyfish, the honeycombs of a beehive. Thompson was convinced that the inorganic and organic worlds were two sides to the same coin, and that the coin was mathematics. Eighty years later, biology has moved on, and many of Thompson's speculations seem quaint and old-fashioned when compared to the wonders of today's biology. For now we know, thanks to Francis Crick and James Watson, that within every living creature there is an intricate recipe, written in the molecular code of DNA - the secret of life, as Crick modestly announced in a Cambridge pub.

Nevertheless, genetic codes alone do not a creature make, any more than a cookbook recipe is of itself edible. Many things go on during the baking of a cake that are not written in the lucid prose of Mrs Beeton. Similarly, many things go on during the making of an organism that are not written in the DNA code of Messrs Crick and Watson. And it is here, I believe, that D'Arcy Thompson was smack on target - for it is in the places that DNA alone cannot reach that we find the most significant mathematical patterns, and it is here that mathematics has the most to offer.



Newton: no mathematical 'law of life'

Take slime mould, for instance - a colony of amoebas which sometimes mass together to turn into spores and blow away on the wind. They then form slow, twirling spirals, later turning into shapes that look like the roots of a tree. This behaviour is driven by the creatures' response to a simple chemical signal, and can be understood by way of mathematical equations. Mathematics similarly informs our understanding of biology at every level from the molecular (virus structure, the way protein molecules fold, knots and links in DNA) to that of the global ecosystem (the interaction of algae, ocean currents, and weather).

And with a bit of luck and a following wind, mathematics may open up a deeper view of life than the one we currently have. On the other side of the galaxy, in alien environments inimical to terrestrial life, strange complexes of matter may accomplish much of what astonishes us about our own lifeforms, but in a very different way. They might be mobile crystal dislocations in the immense gravity of a neutron star, or entirely reasonable creatures whose analogue of DNA happens to have three strands in place of our two and is based on silicon instead of carbon. As Thompson clearly recognised, the mathematical principles that underlie life ought to be deep enough to encompass such beings too - or if they don't exist, to explain why. But what are those principles? By the 22nd century, I think we may find out.

Ian Stewart is the author of *Life's Other Secret*, published by Penguin, £20

GAZETTE

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS

BIRTHS

BOWER-BROWN: On 21 June 1998, to Karen (nee Bower-Brown) and Malcolm, a son, Alexander Douglas. A brother for Angus and Susannah. "May your heart always be joyful, may your song always be sung."

DEATHS

ARROW: George Corbyn, loving and devoted husband of Sheila and father of Candia, Abigail and George. Former Lord Mayor of Birmingham and past president of the Birmingham Law Society. Died on 2 July, peacefully at home, aged 94 years. Private cremation, memorial service at Friends Meeting House, Bull St, Birmingham, to be announced later.

GREENBOROUGH: Sir John Hedley KBE, died peacefully in his sleep at his home on 2 July 1998. Beloved husband of Gertrude and devoted father to Rolf. A Memorial Service is being planned, to be held in early September. All enquiries to Edmund Hiddlehurst, Greys Solicitors, St Christopher's House, Taber Grove, Wimbeldon, London SW19 1EX. 0181-946 112.

APPOINTMENTS

Lord Justice Judge, to be the Senior Presiding Judge for England and Wales. Mrs Christian Bevington, to be a circuit judge, on the South Eastern Circuit.

BIRTHDAYS

Mr Dave Allen, comedian, 62; Mr Vladimir Ashkenazy, pianist, 61; Surgeon Vice-Admiral Sir Dick Caldwell, 89; Mr David Capel, cricketer, 35; Professor Gordon Conway, President, The Rockefeller Foundation, 60; Baroness Cox, a Deputy Speaker, House of Lords, 61; Mr John Cummings MP, 55; The Dalai Lama, 63; Professor Arthur Dickens, historian, 88; Mr Peter Glossop, operatic baritone, 70; Sir Timothy Harford, chairman, Wesleyan Assurance Society, 66; Miss Geraldine James, actress, 48; Mr Jeff King, racehorse trainer, 57; Miss Janet Leigh, actress, 71; Mr William McCall, former general secretary, Institution of Professional Civil

Servants, 69; Mr John Makepeace, furniture designer, 59; Mr Elliot Morley MP, Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food, 46; Professor Barry Nicholas, former Principal, Brasenose College, Oxford, 79; Miss Mary Peters, athlete, 58; The Right Rev Simon Phillips, former Bishop of Lincoln, 77; The Hon Jonathan Porritt, ecologist, 48; Miss Jennifer Saunders, comedienne and writer, 40; Mr Sylvester Stallone, actor and director, 52; Mr Joe Wilson, MEP, 61; Mr Robin Wilson, former headmaster, Trinity School, Croydon, 66.

ANNIVERSARIES

Births: John Flaxman, sculptor, 1755; Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, founder of Singapore, at sea, off Port Morant, Jamaica, 1781; Sir William Jackson Hooker, botanist, 1785; Elisabeth Lutyens, composer, 1906.

Deaths: Jan Huss, religious reformer, burnt at the stake 1415; St Thomas More, executed 1535; Aneurin Bevan, statesman, 1960; Daniel Louis Armstrong, jazz musician, 1971. On this day: the Grand Council of Nimes met under Pope Urban II, 1096; the Treaty of Edinburgh was signed between England, France and Scotland, 1560; the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics was formally constituted, 1923; civil war erupted in Nigeria, when fighting broke out between federal troops and men from

the province of Biafra, 1967. Today is the Feast Day of St Dominica, St Goar, St Godelova, St Mary Goretti, St Modwenna, St Romulus of Fiesole, St Sexpurga and St Sisoës.

DINNERS

English-Speaking Union The Rev Professor Ernest Nicholson, Provost of Oriel College, was guest of honour and speaker at the opening dinner of the International Summer Conference of the English-Speaking Union held yesterday evening at Oriel College, Oxford. Mrs Valerie Mitchell, Director General of the English-Speaking Union, president, and Sir Philip Goodhart gave the vote of thanks.

ROYAL SOCIETY

The Royal Society has elected the following new Fellows and Foreign Members. Fellows: Colin Atkinson, Professor of Applied Mathematics, Imperial College, London; David James Parslow Barber, Director of the MRC Environmental Epidemiology Unit, Southampton University; Jean Duthie Begg, Professorial Fellow, Institute of Cell and Molecular Biology, Edinburgh University; and Senior Research Fellow, Royal Society EPA Cephalopod Fund, Harriet Rumar, University of Hull. Foreign Members: Richard Bailey Flavel, Director of the John Innes Centre and Professor of Biology, University of East Anglia; Kenneth Charles Freeman, Astronomer, Professorial Fellow, Australian National University; Nigel Ström and Siding Spring Observatory of Australia; Brian Greenwood, Professor of Communicable Diseases, London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine; John Philip Grime, Director of NERC Unit of Comparative Plant Ecology, Sheffield University; David Colin Haines, Professor of Physics and Deputy Director in the Optoelectronics Research Centre, Southampton University; Geoffrey Edward Huxton, Professor of Computer Science and Psychology, University of Toronto, Canada; George Steven Martin,

Professor of Molecular and Cell Biology and Research Virologist in the Cancer Research Laboratory, University of California, Berkeley, USA; Raymond Alan Plumb, Head of Biological Oceanography, Nova Scotia, Canada; Raymond Alan Plumb, Professor, Department of Earth Atmospheric and Planetary Sciences, MIT, Cambridge, Massachusetts, USA; Richard John Puddephatt, Professor, University of Western Ontario, London, Ontario, Canada; Philip Charles Rafter, Director of Engineering and Technology in the Aerospace Group, Rolls Royce plc, Derby; Anthony Waller Segal, Charles Dent Professor of Medicine, University of London, Ashok Sen, Professor, Mehta Research Institute of Mathematics and Mathematical Physics, Allahabad, India; Jonathan Sprent, Department of Immunology, Research Institute of Scripps Clinic, La Jolla, USA.

James Staunton, Reader in Organic Chemistry, Cambridge University; John Michael Taylor, Director, Hewlett-Packard Laboratories, Bristol; Robert Kemmura Thomas, Lecturer in Physical Chemistry, Oxford University; Cheryl Anne Tickle, Professor of Developmental Biology, University College, London; Srinivasan Varadhan, Professor of Mathematics, Courant Institute, New York University, USA; Bernard John Wood, Professor of Earth Sciences, Bristol University; Brian Stewart Worthington, Professor Emeritus of Academic Radiology, Queen's Medical Centre, University Hospital, Nottingham. Foreign Members: John Edward Casida, Professor of Entomology, Director of the Pesticide and Toxicology Laboratory and Principal Investigator of the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences Program Project, University of California, Berkeley, USA; Elina James Corry, Professor of Chemistry, Harvard University, Cambridge, USA; Walter Kohn, Professor of Physics and Emeritus and Research Professor, University of California, Santa Barbara, USA; Oliver Smithies, Excellence Professor in Pathology, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, USA; Rolf Martin Zinkernagel, Professor of Pathology, University of Zurich, Switzerland.

CHANGING OF THE GUARD

The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am: 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards mounts the Queen's Guard, at Buckingham Palace, 11.30am, band provided by the Welsh Guards.

ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS

The Queen and The Duke of Edinburgh attend a dinner given by the First Sea Lord and Naval Equerries in HMS Westminster, Pool of London. The Duke of Edinburgh opens the Royal Agricultural Society of

England Show at Stoneleigh, Warwickshire. The Duke of Gloucester, Patron, Habitat for Humanity Great Britain, visits the Southwark HPH Building Site, London SE15. The Duchess of Gloucester, Chief Patron, Women Caring Trust, attends the House of Lords versus House of Commons Speedo Charity Swim at the Hurling-

ham Club, London SW6. The Duke of Kent, Grand Master, attends a reception for members of the Order of St Michael and St George at the Foreign and Commonwealth Office, London, SW1. Princess Alexandra, as Chancellor, presides at ceremonies for the conferment of degrees and honorary degrees at Lancaster University.

CASE SUMMARIES

6 JULY 1998

The following notes of judgments were prepared by the reporters of the *All England Law Reports*.

Disability living allowance

R v Adjudication Officer ex p B; QBD (Crown Office List) (Sedley J) 19 June 1998. The effect of reg 12(3) of the Persons from Abroad Regulations was such that in the case of a person in receipt of Disability Living Allowance before 5 February 1996, any question arising as to his entitlement to that allowance, whether arising on an award or a claim, was to be determined as if reg 4 of the Regulations had not been made, until the date on which his entitlement to that allowance was reviewed under s 30 of the Social Security Administration Act 1992.

Simon Cox (Cardiff Law Centre) for the appellant; Richard Drabble QC (Solicitor, Department of Social Security) for the respondent.

Judicial review

R v Gloucester Crown Court, ex p Chester; QBD (Div Ct) Lord Bingham CJ and Thomas J; 1 July 1998. It was procedurally unsatisfactory for an appellant in the Crown Court who wished to challenge his conviction to apply for judicial review of that decision, an appeal by way of case stated being more appropriate. Further, the procedural difficulties were exacerbated where there was nothing from the court below to indicate its reasons. It was highly desirable, therefore, when a Crown Court or magistrates' court decision was subject to judicial review, that that court should make its position clear, if only

by letter, to indicate that it did not intend to resist the appeal.

David Barnard (Kier & Co. Worcester) for the appellant; C Jarvis (CPS, Gloucester) for the prosecution.

Criminal law

R v Hamilton; Court of Appeal (Criminal Division) (Buxton LJ, Mitchell J and the Recorder of Newcastle) 26 June 1998. The prosecution could not call evidence of character to bolster the testimony of prosecution witnesses, where it was sought to adduce that evidence to rebut particular allegations of misconduct by those witnesses, since such evidence had no probative value in relation to any issue in the case. The evidence had, accordingly, to be excluded on the grounds of collaterality. Moreover, in a case where the defence consisted almost entirely of an attack on the veracity of the prosecution witnesses' evidence, it was impossible to say what effect the evidence regarding good character would have on a jury.

Michael Baker (Registrar of the Criminal Appeals) for the appellant; John Hulme (CPS) for the Crown.

Local government

McCool v Rushcliffe Borough Council; QBD (Div Ct) Lord Bingham CJ, Thomas J; 1 July 1998. It was plain from the wording of s 51(1) of the Local Government (Miscellaneous Provisions) Act 1976 that a local authority had a mandatory obligation to grant a private hire licence, but that it was prohibited from granting a

licence unless it was satisfied that the applicant for that licence was a fit and proper person, since the objective of the licensing regime was plainly intended to ensure that those licensed to drive private hire vehicles were suitable, safe drivers with a good record, and were sober, honest and not the type of person who would take advantage of their employment to assault passengers. It was not possible to be prescriptive as to what might be a good reason for a refusal, since it would vary from case to case. However, the decision maker might take account of hearsay evidence provided it was thought worthy of credence, although it might not be evidence which would stand scrutiny in a formal court of law.

Ian Wise (Bhatia Best, Nottingham) for the appellant; Richard Burns (Borough Solicitor, Rushcliffe Borough Council) for the respondent.

Housing

R v Greenwich London Borough Council, ex p Glen International Ltd and anor; QBD (Crown Office List) (Hadden J) 23 June 1998. The requirement under s 108 of the Local Government and Housing Act 1989 not to approve grants where work had already been commenced before the application had been approved was disapplied by s 108(2)(b) in relation to work done in accordance with statutory notices issued either under s 189 or 190 of the Housing Act 1985.

Richard Drabble QC, Gregory Jones (Birrells Long, Colchester) for the applicants; Andrew Arden QC, Christopher Baker (London Borough of Greenwich) for the respondent.

WORDS

WILLIAM HARTSTON
callipygous, adj.

of the gene: Callipyge - originally the name of an ancient statue of Venus. Callipygean or Callipygous (pronounced in either case, with the stress

on the third syllable) derives from two Greek words meaning "beautiful" and "buttocks". The writer most given to callipygous compliments was Aldous Huxley, as in this example from *After Many a Summer*: "Young ladies stretching, writhing, callipygously stooping to tie their sandals".

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Finding a 'lost tribe' is an anthropologist's dream. And an ethical nightmare. But this does not deter the 'idealists' who seek them out in the jungles of Peru and Brazil. By John Hemming

Do these people need our 20th century?

Earlier this year, the Brazilian Indian expert, Sydney Possuelo, was lying over unexplored forested hills in the very remote region where south-western Brazil meets Peru when, by pure chance, he noticed a group of thatched huts half-hidden beneath the endless canopy of the tropical rain forest. This was the first sighting of an uncontacted tribe of people still called Indians because Columbus, five centuries ago, thought that he had discovered the edge of India. Possuelo works for FUNAI, the Brazilian government's Indian agency - indeed, he used to run FUNAI, but preferred to return from the bureaucracy of Brasília to fieldwork among the indigenous peoples themselves.

Possuelo had known about the existence of this tribe, because warriors from an unknown group had killed some isolated rubber-tappers and had raided the Ashaninka tribe to the west in Peru. But he has no plans to make a contact with the village he happened to spot. As yet, these Indians are sufficiently remote to be under little threat from the advance of Brazil's modern society.

I have visited or lived with over 40 tribes in many parts of Brazil, and four of these visits were at the time of their first contact with our aggressive world. So I have seen the full gamut of the process known as "acculturation". It ranges from hunter-gatherers who have almost no stone implements, to tribes that are distinguishable from surrounding Brazilian farmers only in their language, communal way of life and a few traditional customs.

I have also been in the field with some of the great *sertanistas*, the elite of the Indian service who are sent to make contact with unknown tribes. The most famous of these is Orlando Villas Boas, the last survivor of three brothers who devoted their lives to the protection of Indians. Each *sertanista* has a slightly different style of making a contact. But the process is always similar: neighbouring tribes tell about an uncontacted group and help in the very difficult task of finding one of its trails or village clearings in the immense expanse of unexplored forests.

The attraction team then leaves presents. These are always metal blades - machetes, axes, knives - because the cutting power of sharp metal is miraculous to people who have only stone axes and bone or wooden blades. There may also be beads, mirrors or metal cooking pots. Fish-hooks come later, because their use has to be explained. If all goes well, the presents will be removed and gifts of bows and arrows left in their place.

After months, even years, the tribe will emerge from its forests for the first face-to-face contact. This is a traumatic moment. The Indians

usually want peace with our tribe, but they are rightly suspicious of our intentions. A false move at the moment of contact will result in a lethal shower of arrows, shot by the world's finest archers. The attraction team contains Indians speaking the main indigenous languages of Brazil, and chances are that the newly contacted group will speak a variant of one of these - although some tribal languages are linguistically isolated.

The four groups I saw at this initial stage all reacted differently to the shattering experience. The Surui had suffered at the hands of isolated *civilizados*, so they allowed only their warriors to be seen, and these kept their bows and arrows with them at all times. Two other groups, some Nambikwara from the Galera River and a tribe of Parakana, tried to learn about our strange ways and belongings, but they were in a state of shock. By contrast, the Asurini treated us almost like gods, trying to give us all their few belongings, and even their pet parakeets and monkeys.

The people who make these con-

The first face-to-face contact is a traumatic moment. A false move will result in a lethal shower of arrows

tacts are idealists. They endure the hardships and dangers of their explorations because they want to help indigenous people. I have seen all of them agonise about the morality of what they are doing.

Like Sydney Possuelo, they want to leave a tribe in isolation for as long as possible. They hate to violate the Edenic simplicity of a native society. They know that its diet, health and well-being will be better if it continues its ancient way of life of hunting, fishing, gathering and farming in temporary forest clearings. All of this is environmentally sustainable.

Tribal groups keep their populations small to remain within the hunting capacity of the surrounding forests. If their numbers grow, they can easily split and form another village far distant, for they are completely self-sufficient.

But Brazil is a nation of 160 million people and its settlement frontier is inevitably expanding into the Amazon forests. So the time comes when an isolated tribe is threatened by gold or diamond prospectors who advance far up rapid-infested rivers, or by rubber tappers or loggers pushing into unexplored forests, or by a "penetration road" being cut into a remote region. The tough pioneers on these ventures are likely to shoot first if they meet an Indian; and even when well-intentioned, they are untrained in



Newly-contacted tribes are at risk from disease and exploitation, but can they remain in isolation? Much depends on who reaches them first - tough pioneers or FUNAI professionals

dealing with people of such totally different societies. This is when FUNAI's professionals have to try to get there first. If they can achieve a peaceful contact, they have two urgent tasks: to provide continuing medical protection against our diseases (measles, tuberculosis, flu, yellow fever), against which the Indians have no inherited immunity; and to ascertain where the tribe lives, hunts and gathers, so that this territory can be described, surveyed and given protected status.

These measures can go wrong. Antonio Cotrim, the brilliant young *sertanista* who had contacted the Asurini, resigned when the promises he had made to them were broken. Medical attention to Cotrim's newly contacted tribes was inadequate, many dying in epidemics. Parts of their forests were stolen by speculators or invaded by squatters. In resigning, Cotrim declared he had

joined FUNAI to be a protector of Indians, not their grave-digger.

Even if the initial contact goes well, there are further ethical dilemmas. Missionaries want to bring their religion to the newly discovered group of human beings. Most missionaries are now very well-intentioned: their proselytising is restrained, and they bring good medical attention. But the Villas Boas brothers rigorously excluded missionaries from the dozen tribes they cared for on the upper Xingu River. As a result, the brothers were accused of operating a human zoo, and of keeping their charges in a form of social apartheid. I can vouch that this is not true. The Xingu Indians are in charge of their own affairs, and are free to adopt whatever they want from our society. Many wear clothes, and some like to have radios, footballs, and even bicycles to travel to their fields.

The Villas Boas tried to restrict entry only of items that would damage native society: guns, which might lead to over-hunting, alcohol, and a few manufactured items that competed directly with tribal crafts. Their philosophy is to protect land and health, without which tribes rapidly disintegrate. Then, as Orlando Villas Boas says: "This allows them to change at the speed the Indians want, rather than at a rate imposed on them." The speed of acculturation varies between tribal communities. Some want no change, others request all possible education in the ways of the outside world. What matters is that tribes decide their own destinies. If this happens, the contact of an isolated group is worth while and morally justified.

Further information: Survival, 11-15 Emerald Street London WC1N 3QL. Tel: 0171 242 1441

How to avoid road rage: kick the driver

Or roll up this paper and hit him where it hurts. Glenda Cooper learns some hard lessons in self-defence

THE TAXI driver was almost puce. "What on earth is he doing? Oh for God's sake! What a @!% idiot! No idea." He turned to me. "Have you ever seen anything so stupid? HAVE YOU? HAVE YOU?"

There was a reason for this bout of road rage and it wasn't directed at anyone near. But as road rage becomes an ever-increasing phenomenon, steps are being taken to help women learn how to deal with it.

Last week, the first class in what is hoped to be a stream across the country was held to teach women - and the odd man - how to deal with aggressive driving. Organised by AVF Communications, a consultancy for the motor industry, at a Volkswagen dealership in Romford, East London, "ladies" were taught how to avoid becoming victims.

"This is the first one but we hope to take it further," said "Pat" Patel, the area manager for London. "We hope it's

allowed to have a Krook Lock in your car, you know the type which go through the steering wheel. Someone'd get a wallop with that. I'd fight."

Jason Singh, one of the men attending looked nervous. He said he'd only been threatened by men and was guilty of some aggressive driving himself. "You know all that braking just in front of people, not indicating that sort of thing." He'd taken to carrying a baseball bat in his car for protection.

It's something Ian Cuthbert would disapprove of. A martial arts expert, he had come in to teach the ladies how to fend off road-ragers. His favoured weapons were a bunch of keys and a rolled-up newspaper. "There are 65 vulnerable areas in the body," he said demonstrating a tear-inducing groin kick. "It's no good all those ideas about taking a pepperpot with you or a bottle of hairspray. How are you



If in doubt, lock your doors, shut your windows, sound your horn - and never discuss David Batty

something we can develop across the country."

We were all incredibly well-behaved to start off with. Few admitted to feelings of rage on the roads - except one of the males. To derisive cries of "Yeah, right Kev" one man said that while he was "always a courteous driver" he frequently got irritated when people carved him up.

Judith Ackland Snow, pretty in peach, tried to get the women to come clean. "Now ladies, let's get down to it, what causes road rage?" Silence. "That's right, stress. We've all been stressed out at the office or had a row and then we get stuck in traffic. Now who's been stressed like that?" A few guilty people put their hands up. "Gentlemen you know nine times out of 10 it's you."

Do not believe her. The ladies may have been reluctant to admit it, but they were fed up of being harassed on the roads and were eager to learn. "I've been pushed off the road," said Bernadette Walker. "It's really aggressive, all those flashing lights and stuff. It's usually men."

"No women can be just as bad," said her friend, Mary Cooney. "They can be in a real hurry even if they're just taking you in a small car."

Bernadette wasn't going to let any attacker walk all over her either. "You know you're

going to find your hairspray to spray at someone in the dark. Your courteous rapist isn't going to wait."

"Instead, make sure your doors are locked your windows up, put your hazard lights on and sound the horn. If you have to fight someone, use the keys as a weapon in your fist or hit them with a rolled up newspaper."

Everyone squirmed as he described poking at the vulnerable area of the eyes, but the mood grew more enthusiastic as he demonstrated kicks. "Tracey here only got taught this kick five minutes ago and look how good she is now," he said. Tracey aimed a kick at the nervous Jason who was protected by a sponge pad. The women cheered. Jason was obviously regretting he wasn't in his car speeding away.

At the end of the evening the women were all much more positive. "I just hope that I remember it all," said one, obviously relishing the groin kick again. "Yeah I'm sure I will."

Back in the taxi, the driver was still expressing aggression. But it's unlikely that Mr Cuthbert and Mr Patel could have helped him: "What a @!% idiot. He must have been blind. Can you believe it? What were they doing? Why on earth did they let him pick Batty for that penalty?"

Alan Titchmarsh: Exposed!

continued from page one
wildlife correspondent. They're chucking an old car tyre in. Apparently, old car tyres are brilliant at the bottom of ponds, providing warmth and cover for aquatic wildlife. They're tossed in but refuses to sink. Everyone has a laugh. "Wonderful television!" the producer declares. Alan does seem brilliantly middle of the road. His favourite TV programmes are *Inspector Morse* and the weather forecast. His favourite forecaster is Bill Giles because "he's got an allotment". His favourite meal is steak-and-kidney pudding followed by sherry trifle. He drives a Ford Fiesta. He likes P.G. Wodehouse. Aside from gardening, he is fond of boating. He does not seem especially complicated. Do you ever get depressed or unhappy, Alan? "Only

when I get bored." What bores you? "Anything repetitive. I do try to keep up with my post. But two hundred letters a week, accompanied by bits of rotting vegetation! Sometimes, I have to send out a standard card." However, he does have something of a dark side. One day last week, for instance, he was "in a pretty crummy mood and was quite snappy with everybody". Oh dear. "Yes. So the next day I had to go round saying 'Oh, sorry' to everyone." He can get angry at times, too. "I hate waste, I hate people stepping on plants." What do you do with your anger? "I go for a long walk. That helps."

He's actually a plumber and part-time fireman's son from Ilkley, Yorkshire. I wonder, naturally, what his father thought when Alan started going to Woolworths at nine and

bringing back packets of Cuthbert's Seeds, as he did. Did he cry: "Out! Out! You big girl's blouse!" No, he did not, as it happens. His father, also called Alan, "was a lovely, gentle man" whose own father and grandfather had been gardeners. His maternal grandfather, Harry, was a keen gardener, too, with an allotment. "He had blackberries growing over a brass bedstead and a deep tank of soot water." Soot water? "Water mixed with soot, used to keep off pests." Unfortunately, though, it also meant "very black cabbages".

He hated school. He was hopeless at everything, bar art, and being in school plays. In particular, he loathed sport. "I was like the boy in Kew. That was me, standing in goal, frozen and wet and not wanting to be there. I wasn't a nancy, though."

By the time he was 11, he was growing geraniums in polythene bags and selling off mint for a penny a bunch. When he left school at 15, he did an apprenticeship in Ilkley Council's Parks department, followed by a horticultural college in Hertfordshire, then a three-year diploma course at Kew where he ended up a gardens supervisor. "I had my own key, with 'Royal Botanical Gardens, Kew' written on it," he recalls joyously. He might be quite easily pleased.

After Kew, he became deputy editor of *Amateur Gardening* magazine and started doing radio spots. His TV break came with the great greenfly invasion of 1983, which he was asked to cover for *Nationwide*. From there, it was gardening spots on breakfast TV, all sorts of mainstream present-

ing jobs, and now *Gardener's World* and *Ground Force*, the series where Alan transforms someone's garden in a weekend. It is very good and very popular. Certainly, gardening seems to have replaced cooking as the new rock 'n' roll. How come? "Because of increased home-ownership," he replies, "and the Sixties' baby boom and the recession, which meant a lot of people decided to stay put and improve on what they had rather than move on." How does it feel. I ask, to know you're now something of an icon? "Well, the ladies do seem to like me. However, men don't. I think it's because they don't find enthusiasm sexy."

We move on to do the photograph. We want Alan to take his top off. Alan tries hard not to be amiable. Top off, Alan! No! Yes! No! Yes! "OH, alright

then." He does have a very good body. No, he doesn't diet or anything. "The gardening works it all off." His wife, who he met at 23 - while she was dancing and he was acting in the Barnes and Richmond Operatic Society's production of *Half a Sixpence* - walks by, out with their two Labradors. "Oh God, I'm dead now," says Alan. She says: "I'll pretend I'm not seeing this." I introduce myself. "Hello," I say. "I'm hot-pants." She looks both alarmed and perplexed. Oh God, maybe she didn't see the fax after all. She marches off, while shooting quizzical looks over her shoulder. I think that pretty much scuppered my last chance of being invited in for a cup of tea.

Hurrah! On to the final *Gardener's World* item. This seems to consist of Alan crouching

charismatically by a bush and saying something like: "We won't be back next week, because the BBC have done it again. We've got to make way for the Proms. So see you in a fortnight..." There is some discussion about this. Should he say: "The BBC have done it again?" (Gardener's *World* was also shifted for the World Cup.) Or will they get into trouble. "Look," Alan finally says bravely. "Let's do it, and I'll take the flack." In my new capacity as his PR, I suggest that, instead, he says: "No Gardener's *World* next week, because I'm off to Amsterdam for a sex change. See you in a fortnight." "Shhhhhhh," go the crew and producer. Alan goes: "Anyway, that's it for this week. I hope the sun shines on you. Whatever, enjoy your garden. Ta-ta." Ta. ta. Alan. Ta-ta.

And how are we feeling today?

One simple question from her GP might have saved Lorna from years of violent abuse from her husband. By Marina Cantacuzino

Three years ago Jennifer Allan was living in a relationship so violent that she feared buying bleach in case her boyfriend flicked it in her eyes. The violence had escalated throughout their five-year relationship but it wasn't until Jennifer went to see her GP for a routine health visit that she broke down and revealed the full extent of the abuse.

The consultation had come to an end and I was just walking out through the door when my doctor asked me how I was. I don't know what it was but it was something about the way he asked me that made me suddenly crumple and tell him what had happened. It was the first time I'd spoken to anyone and I remember afterwards feeling so much lighter inside because at last I'd been able to off-load on to someone else.

Jennifer's GP referred her to a crisis line and six months later with the help and support of a local refuge she was able to leave her boyfriend and begin a new independent life. Such intervention from a doctor is unusual given that most GPs feel reluctant to "interfere" in problems deemed to be the domain and expertise of either the police or agencies specifically set up to deal with issues of domestic violence.

All this is set to change, however, with new guidelines issued this week by the British Medical Association urging family doctors to routinely question their female patients to discover if they are victims of domestic violence. The BMA's report, *Domestic Violence: a Healthcare Issue*, stresses that doctors and other healthcare professionals have a responsibility in helping women to disclose that violence is taking place and ensuring that advice and support is available.

The majority of women who are victims of domestic abuse not only feel in some way responsible for what is happening but feel so humiliated and so powerless to change the situation that they see little point in confiding in their doctor. Of those 36 per cent of women who do seek help, however, their GP is the most likely first source of help.

Research in the United States has shown that women would welcome this change and some have complained that GPs have not probed far enough. But would all women be willing to be questioned and how would they feel if a bruised arm from a minor accident immediately put their partner under suspicion?

Dr Paddy Glackin, a GP in North London, welcomes the idea of GPs taking a more proactive role and believes that all women should be routinely questioned, "otherwise you're buying into the idea that it



Lorna Blackburn was abused by her husband for four years and welcomes the new guidelines allowing doctors to ask about domestic violence Nicola Kurtz

only happens to a certain sort of person which is exactly the attitude we're trying to get away from". His experience as a GP in a busy inner-city practice has shown him that domestic violence is not only the province of the socially deprived but also alive and kicking in middle-class households.

Although Dr Glackin has treated women victims of domestic violence he has not always felt confident enough to probe in the way that he now feels he has permission to. "In the past it was perceived that we shouldn't be involved and there was a fear of breaking confidentiality or jeopardising the doctor-patient relationship but that attitude shouldn't hold us back and GPs must now seriously address this matter."

With a problem clearly so deep

rooted in British society, the BMA is trying to bring to GPs' notice the fact that domestic violence is far more prevalent than most people realise. The statistics are shocking. Twenty-five per cent of all women experience violence within their relationships, with those most at risk being in the 16 to 29 age group. One half of all female homicides are women killed by partners or former partners.

Although these statistics have been known for a long time, this is the first occasion that the BMA has taken it upon itself to push the point home and give GPs the task of providing the first port of call for women and children who are the victims of domestic violence. At last there is recognition, too, that between 75 and 90 per cent of domestic violence

incidents within the family are witnessed by children, a factor which is known to cause them long-term psychological damage.

Dr Anne Rodway, a GP in Sevenoaks, Kent, welcomes any attempt to make doctors more aware of this tip-of-the-iceberg scenario, just as in recent years they have been made more aware of problems with the mentally ill and victims of child abuse. However, she is not in favour of all women being routinely questioned.

"The relationship between the doctor and patient should be an open door one," she says. "While women need to know that their doctor is their first port of call, if a GP is too probing it might jeopardise that relationship. GPs need to be sensitive to warnings which trigger alarm bells and then dig deeper."

Lorna Blackburn, 29, who has been living with her two children in a refuge for the past six months, believes her ordeal would have come to an end far quicker had her doctor picked up on some of the most telling signs of domestic violence. "When I was pregnant I saw my GP frequently and on several occasions I had a black eye but no one ever asked me anything about it either in the surgery or the hospital," she says.

For four years she was married to a nightclub owner who, for the first year or two, resorted to the odd slap about the face but later started to systematically beat her up, throwing her down the stairs and leaving her body covered in bruises the size of foot prints. Lorna welcomes the BMA guidelines, believing it is vital

for doctors to ask all women if they are the victims of domestic violence irrespective of whether a doctor suspects something is amiss or not. "It makes no difference what sort of person you are," she insists. "You can't tell who's likely to be in that situation and who's not."

Lorna also knows, to her cost, how difficult it is talking to family or friends about relationships of such complexity and brutality. "At first I was embarrassed and at the same time convinced he would eventually change back to the man I'd married. But then it became downright degrading because I knew I was living with an animal." Even when Lorna told her family that she had been in a violent relationship they never once asked her what kind of violence she had endured. For this

reason she's convinced a GP could be a vital link in unlocking the chain of silence. "It's very, very hard just to come out with it but if you're approached then it's easier."

Her only concern is that increasingly GPs don't have time for their patients and it's no longer a family doctor one signs up with but a local practice. "In theory it shouldn't matter seeing a new doctor every time because sometimes it's easier talking to someone who doesn't know you. But if a doctor sees you regularly they're much more likely to spot the warning signs."

With a seven-minute cut-off time for each surgery appointment, GPs are already struggling to cope with an ever full patient list and it's doubtful whether all will welcome an initiative which requires time if it is to be dealt with appropriately and sensitively. According to Dr Glackin, however, this shouldn't be an issue. "If you haven't got the time, then it's important to encourage the person to come back and if necessary book a double appointment," he says.

Up until now GPs have felt inadequately trained to pursue the issue effectively and one of the report's recommendations is that education and training should become part of the undergraduate curriculum. Dr Val Lamont, a chartered counselling psychologist who has seen women's self-confidence eroded to the point of being unable to leave abusive relationships, believes that it would require little more than basic counselling skills to provide GPs with adequate training. She believes that the latest BMA guidelines are an inspired initiative and may at last reach people before the downward cycle has taken hold.

"As women are abused their confidence plummets, their sense of reality in terms of who's to blame gets screwed and they tend to assume they're to blame for triggering the violence and so lose all sense of control over their environment," says Dr Lamont. "They desperately need someone to tell them to get out before their self-esteem is so eroded that they get stuck."

Though Jennifer Allan was trapped in an abusive relationship for many years, it was not until repeated physical attacks replaced sporadic verbal abuse that she realised she was a victim of domestic violence. "Whereas I used to make excuses for my boyfriend when he insulted me, when he started being physically violent that was much harder to deal with and I went completely under," she says. "I felt so ashamed and I'd sit indoors for days on end nursing my wounds. I certainly didn't dare tell my friends or my parents and if my GP hadn't asked how I was on that day back in 1995 I don't know where I'd be today."

Exposed schoolmaster Robert Fraser gives Glenda Cooper the Full Monty

Religious teacher by day, horned devil by night

THE IMPORTANCE of baring one's soul must form part of any religious education syllabus. However, it is likely that a school did not expect their RE teacher to take it a step further - baring his body as well.

"It was a natural outlet for my energy," says Robert Fraser, 46, about his second career as Nick the Stripper. It might have been natural for him, but for Oakmead College of Technology his double life teaching horology by day and doing the Full Monty by night was a big surprise.

Mr Fraser ("Actually I only take two or three periods of RE, I mainly teach personal and social education") has just resigned his post at the school in Bournemouth, Dorset, after exposure in the local press.

He first took up stripping 18 months ago when, struggling to pay his mortgage, he spotted an advert for a striptease act.

He found he liked it. "I always gave my best," says the married father of three. "I don't like he word exhibitionist but I could do his kind of thing because I have plenty of self-confidence and self-esteem. Some people couldn't do this kind of thing."

This "kind of thing" took many different turns. "It depended who I was doing it for. Sometimes I'd do the mart guy with a bottle of Champagne, or I'd do the casual bit in a denim, or even the army general, or the doctor. My most popular was the hunky workman. I'd wear jeans for that and a leather vest and a hard hat which I bought from a local paint shop. It was just like the Diet Coke ad. I'd wear two

belts as well, one to hold my jeans up and the other was a weightlifting belt which would emphasise the breadth of my shoulders next to the narrowness of my waist."

And then, of course, the Full Monty. "Yes, if they specifically asked for it. It didn't happen that often. My favourites were parties for women in their 40s and 50s because they didn't care."

"I was extremely popular. I did a very good show," he says proudly. "I would do a bit of a dance with the girl, and I had very good movement and rhythm. But the personality was very important as well and that's what I really brought to it. I knew how to put the victim at ease. I was very good. I'd ask the girl whether she wanted me to continue and I'd be whispering in her ear as we had a little bit of a dance and tell her not to be offended. You see, I've got an honours degree. I'm not just a well-timed body - I've got a brain as well."

His dedication to his second job meant that he could bring in an extra £300 a week - unless things went wrong. "There were times when the cassette got stuck and the music wouldn't work, or I'd turn up late or in the wrong uniform. Or there would have been a mistake and the woman involved wouldn't want it."

Was he ever scared of being found out, to turn up one night and see half the staff or parent-governors in front of him? "I was and I wasn't - there was always that dilemma. I would search the room for any faces that I knew, but in a darkened or crowded pub it's difficult to see



"Nick" does his hunky workman Bournemouth Evening News

everyone." He might not have seen everyone but they certainly saw him. Rumours had been buzzing round school and, finally, he was questioned. He resigned. "I have nothing to offer but praise for the school," he says.

"Look, it's not illegal or immoral. If I'd been a roofer or a bricklayer I am sure it would have been viewed differently."

"I made an error of judgement and we've all been there. It's called humanity. I've made a mistake and I hope I don't have to live with it for

the rest of my life," he says with a sigh. "Everyone's wanting to speak to me today but I know I'll be forgotten in two weeks."

He adds: "I've got the skills, the abilities and strengths to survive. I'm not finished by a long haul."

He does not aim to return to teaching, his career for 20 years. In fact, he would really like to be a business consultant. But, meanwhile, with bills to pay, would he consider carrying on stripping? "I did it well. It depends which way the cookie crumbles. I haven't ruled it out."

I am now living with a 'man with a van'

IN THE STICKS
STEVIE MORGAN

NOW THAT my temporary moving panic is over, we're going in for a spot of empire building. This is because Doug my partner (Have you dug those potatoes yet? Can't you get that trench dug by lunchtime?) has ambitions that won't fit in half an acre of garden and a Citroen ZX. He's going to grow things. Not just those Aztec deities that have to be rolled between virgins' thighs at odd times of the day and night, but all manner of scarce and mysterious garden plants with the sort of names that only classics scholars know how to pronounce. For this he needs two things: land to erect his very own poly tunnel (deeply exciting. I too can arrange local arts and social events) and a van (pronounced "vein" à la East End barrow boy).

Now if there's one thing there's lots of round here, it's land. Fields and fields owned by farmers desperate for someone to take the economic foot off their necks in the shake down from BSE. All over the place farms are up for sale. Land you would have thought would be easy to come by. And it is if you want an area big enough for a Rolling Stones' tax dodge. But a piece the size of a couple of tennis courts? Tricky.

Which is how we came to spend a precious Saturday morning off, without kids, tromping the field next door with our neighbour Bob, trying to negotiate a price on a nice little patch near our house. We want to buy and he wants to sell, but somehow it wasn't that simple. For a start, Bob is used to holding conversations over mooring herds, so we had to stand six feet away from him so

as not to risk a burst eardrum or two. Subtle negotiation at a shout is beyond me. Shouting is what you do in emergencies or rows. Then there was his obsession with water and moles. We heard about every flood, drought and water bill for the last 15 years, and the best way to take a 12-bore to a mole hill to ensure success. Finally, I pushed us on to discussing area and cash. Farmers have a rather longer perspective than most people, which was unfortunate in this case as we couldn't get him off the subject of what he might sell the land for in 10 years, rather than what was a sensible price for it now. In Bob's dream futures market for fields, low grade pasture 800 feet up fetches about the same price as a block of downtown Manhattan. As we'd never get planning permission for Bloomingdales up here, it seems like a bit of daft investment.

We all ended up by stomping away in our wellies to consider our respective positions. Us: how to fit two polytunnels onto the lawn. Bob: how to get planning permission for five hundred Buzzer homes, 10 miles from the nearest B road.

Luckily, "vein" acquisition has been more successful. After buying enough *Auto Traders*, *Adverts*, and *Free Ads* to reconstruct the Berlin wall, Doug found one and we went to fetch it on our night off. But as the owner got lost en route to the rendezvous point, we spent

all evening waiting in the motorway services, with no dinner but the last sandwiches on the shelf - sausage and egg on white bread ("heart disease in a bun") and nothing to do but read glossies. Doug did the "Are You A Latin Lover?" quiz in *Cosmo*, and I chose colour schemes from *Homes and Gardens*. At last it arrived and it was truly a "vein", big and square, and of course, white. Just the sort of thing that fills your rear-view mirror, lights flashing aggressively with a tattooed driver on 40 Capstan untipped a day.

Climbing into the cab reminded me of hitching in the states, and I half expected some American trucker to haul me up from the driver's seat. Doug was very excited, chanting: "I've got a vein, I've got a vein" like Arthur Daley all the way home. "I'm going to get it dirty and write 'clean me' on the side," he said gleefully.

We got to the pub, a row of little faces quizzically crumpled against the windows as the big flashy "vein" drove into the car park. Nobody they knew - or so they thought. If we'd clambered down off a camel, like the aunty in *Towers Of Trebizond*, it would have had rather less effect. People like us are not supposed to drive "veins".

But we're not about to overturn the social order. Just as the Mirandas and Marmadukes of this world restore their Georgian cottages with period features, we will furnish the "vein" with the correct accessories: a copy of the Sun on the dash, a glowing plastic skeleton and a terrier sitting in the passenger seat.

Schools have moved on from the days of the brief ('satisfactory') and the brutal ('dullard'). But today's teachers have to employ a range of euphemisms as they break the bad news to parents and leave their pupils some hope for the future By **Diana Appleyard**

Reports: fairly good - could do better

In a few weeks' time, all around the country, a thick brown envelope will either plopp through the letterbox or be handed over hesitantly by a small, shaking hand. The school report is upon us again.

This either spells disaster, with carefully chosen phrases such as "lacks concentration" and "easily influenced" that will cast a long, gloomy shadow over the beginning of the summer holidays - or we will feel immensely pleased and proud that our child appears to "excel in all subjects" and is "a born leader". But how much store should we put on these annual records of our child's academic and sporting endeavours?

A great deal, according to Ted Wragg, professor of education at Exeter University and a well-known broadcaster and writer on the subject. "An enormous amount of time and effort goes into writing reports now. The days of the Sixties when it was perfectly acceptable to write "satisfactory" or "very good" next to a subject have long gone. Now teachers have to include detailed information about very complex syllabuses, Standard Assessment Test scores, teacher assessments and attendance records, as well as personal and social development."

Writing reports has become extremely time-consuming for teachers. Since the introduction of the prescriptive national curriculum in the late Eighties and early Nineties, they have been expected to be "diagnostic" in content. "This can mean that a primary teacher will end up writing around 300 words for each child," says Prof Wragg. "Multiply that by the 35 or so children in his or her class, and they end up writing a novel."

The idea of "parental choice" introduced by the last Tory government also means that parents in

general expect far more in the way of information about test results and performance from schools. They expect to be given the nitty-gritty and refuse to be fobbed off by placatory terms such as "satisfactory" or "fairly good on the whole".

Teachers today have to tread a fine line between alerting the parent that something may be going wrong and offending them completely. Prof Wragg agrees, saying this can be very tricky for many teachers. "To criticise a child, you criticise a gene. Some parents tend to react as if their entire dynasty has been threatened."

Gill Crampton-Smith teaches at a preparatory school in Buckinghamshire. She says: "I'm currently writing out my reports, and I'm trying desperately to think of a word that describes one particular child. She is potentially very good at her work, but she actually spends far too much time worrying about what everybody else in the class is doing, with the result that she hardly does anything at all. The word I am really thinking is 'interfering'. But could I put that on a report to be read by a parent in the cold light of day? I don't think so."

Crampton-Smith remembers a similar situation at a previous school. "We sat down to go through the reports with the rest of the staff. One teacher was having real trouble with one particular child. All she had written on the report for English was: 'I have tried to teach Jamie to write - and failed.' It took us some time to persuade her that this was unlikely to be acceptable to his parents."

She admits that school reports are inevitably full of euphemisms to avoid this kind of offence (see panel). "If I write 'this child lacks concentration', what I really mean is that this child has spent the entire term counting the tiles on the roof he can



Judy Robinson has firm views about her children's reports: 'I want to be told the truth before it's too late. I want to know what we can do now'

John Lawrence

see out of the window. If I write 'participating well in class discussions', it generally means they talk too much. 'He seems to have found his feet' means he's over-confident and should stop being so smug. 'Must have confidence in his own ability' means 'please do something - anything at all would be nice'. You can see how we have to tiptoe round the issue."

I do not remember the teachers at my secondary school having such delicate sensibilities. One teacher wrote the simple, bleak sentence "Diana is a liability to all around her", which I felt was rather harsh. If true, I can also remember one report that contained the phrase "I'm good on the whole" four times. I had obviously driven the entire staff

so far up the wall that they could not even bear to think of anything to say about my academic performance. Opening reports in our house was a very big deal. My father would call us into the formal living room, where he would gently place his half-moon glasses on the end of his nose, stare at me long and hard and say: "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear." Then he would attempt to give me the most appalling telling-off - although I knew he was secretly extremely amused, and I would see his shoulders shaking as he read the next atrocity.

But should you be angry if your child's report is a real stinker? Gill Crampton-Smith says not. "Not many children deliberately set out not to do any work at all. Sometimes

you just haven't found the key, and to write "this child is a complete loser" would hardly send them back the next term full of energy and enthusiasm. What we have to do through reports is give both children and parents hope. You have to make sure you say something positive about them - even if it's only that they managed to build a nice pyramid. You aim to be as positive as possible, whilst giving parents the clues that improvements are needed."

Judi Robinson, from Thame, has three children - 12-year-old Harry, seven-year-old Joseph and six-year-old Grace. She says: "I take a huge amount of notice of reports. We always read them on our own - I'm horrified when I see children reading reports before giving them to

their parents - and then call the children in one by one. We go through each subject very carefully, and we ask them for their comments too.

"I do get cross if they aren't very good. Perhaps I shouldn't, but I do. I am especially cross if I think they are not pulling their weight when they can actually do it. Harry is perfectly able, but he can be lazy. We can have a real head-banger session with him. If a report is especially bad then often we'll leave it until the end of the holidays. But as a parent, I want to be told the truth. I don't want to be told 'he's trying really hard', then he fails his GCSEs. It's too late then - I want to know what we can do about it now." But she says she does edit out the bad bits if she feels the child would be demoralised.

Gill Crampton-Smith agrees with this. "A child won't do well if they think they aren't doing very well. Their parents are the people who have the greatest influence over them. So if their parents annihilate them over their school report, then the likelihood is they will return next term with very low self-esteem."

The message is that we should look for the positive elements, and try to find a way forward from the negative comments. And as Prof Wragg reminds us, the world is full of successful people whose reports said they would never amount to anything. "Mr Dullard" was a comment found on one particular man's school report. His name? Albert Einstein.

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CHANCERY DIVISION
NO 601515 OF 1998

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AND IN THE MATTER OF THE

COMPANIES ACT 1985 AND 1989

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Masters of the High Court of Justice for the

order of the winding up of the said

company by the said Petitioner, and that the

order of the winding up of the said

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The 'granny creche': how to stop your workers being driven to distraction

Coventry manufacturers have set up a day centre to care for
the elderly relatives of their employees. By **Adeline Iziren**



Day centres offer entertainment for the elderly and a break for their children

"I USED to be frightened to pick up the phone at home or at work in case it was my dad or sister saying something was wrong with my mother," said 58-year-old David Lombard, who shares caring for his mother, an Alzheimer's sufferer, with his two sisters.

"Dad would ring me up at any time of the day or night and say mum had fallen out of bed and he couldn't manage to pick her up. And a couple of times I was called out of work by the hospital who would ring and say: 'We've got your mum, she's had a fall'."

Many a time David, a mechanic, had to ask his employers to let him leave work so he could help out his parents.

David's parents, Elsie, 89, and her husband Ernest, 88, live in their own home in Coventry, not far from the rest of the family. David and his sisters started caring for their mother after she began to show signs of Alzheimer's disease four years ago.

"Every time she went out, she would return home with beef, sugar and a jar of stem ginger, even though the fridge was crammed with these items," recalls David.

He took his mother to the doctors several times for tests, which eventually confirmed the diagnosis.

"My mum has no idea what the time, day or year is. We had the christening of my grandson recently and days before the event she would say: 'shall I get ready?' You accept what she's saying and make light of it," he says.

But sometimes Elsie's behaviour can aggravate and upset the family. "You ask her how she is and she says: 'I'm b-f-ed up.' It's always b-this and b-that. My dad, who is partially deaf, takes his hearing aid off when she starts. She used to go to church twice a day. If she could see herself now, she would be so ashamed."

David visits his parents nearly every day and has them over to his

home for lunch every third Sunday of the month. They spend the other Sundays with his sisters. But the family found they were struggling earlier this year when Elsie developed a flu virus.

"The doctor was coming in twice a day and nurses sat in all night. They thought she had had a stroke. Then she went into hospital for seven weeks. I drove my father there seven days a week and brought him back home after work. This time was physically and mentally exhausting."

Elsie was still physically weak after she was discharged and so the nurses continued to stay the night and a home carer started coming in the morning to get her washed and dressed. But after six weeks,

David's father banned them from the house. And he refused their request to join a day centre.

"Social services wanted him to start contributing to the cost of caring. They started asking him how much he has in the bank, and he told them that it was none of their business. He also got cheesed off because sometimes the carer called in at 7am or 10.30am."

"I would like to see both of them in a home, but my dad says he has worked all his life and is not about to give up his bungalow," says David.

Now Ernest, a retired motor engineer, can keep his home, thanks to a new workplace day centre for anyone who has worked in the car industry or is related to someone

who does now. The Arthur Wilson House in Coventry is Britain's first and so far only workplace day centre for the elderly.

Dubbed a "granny creche", it was launched last year by Ben-Motor and Allied Trades Benevolent Fund, and Peugeot car plant, which provided the land and much of the funding for the project. It is situated just by the plant, so people who work there can drop off their elderly parents for the day.

Ernest and Elsie go to the day centre every Tuesday and Friday. The centre organises a lift there and back for them if David is unable to do this himself. "My dad grumbles about going but once he's there, he's OK. He will have a game of dominoes, flick through old books on

Coventry and reminisce. My mum doesn't know too much about it, but over the last few weeks she has said that she likes to have a bath and her hair done there. Sometimes she'll say: 'Oh, I don't like the way they've done my hair.'"

The day centre caters for up to 25 people and has an activities room, where people can play bingo and enjoy art classes, a lounge, hair-dressing salon and a therapy room which combines light and sound to help calm people who are agitated or distressed.

The users pay a maximum of £15 a day, which includes refreshments and meals. "They give them plenty of tea, coffee, biscuits and real old-fashioned dinners like shepherd's pie and roast beef. They love it," says David.

"The thinking behind the new workplace day centre is to relieve some of the burden of caring for elderly relatives, especially those suffering from Alzheimer's disease or similar problems," says a spokesperson. He admits it is good for the employers. "Employees can concentrate on their work better, free from the stress of worrying about a loved one left at home."

There are 6.8 million carers in the UK, caring mainly for an older person, so there is likely to be an increasing demand. More "granny creches" are set to spring up all over the country. John Radcliffe Hospital in Oxford is expected to launch one in the near future, as well as railway company Nexus and retailers Littlewoods. Similar schemes have been running in the US since 1991.

"It has taken a lot of the pressure off me and my two sisters," David says. "I would like them to go more days, but we have enough trouble getting them to do two days. My dad thinks the authorities are going to take his house off him if he goes too often."

Carersline - tel: 0345 573369

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صكزا من الامل

It's hard to be in
Commons and
have a home life.
It's even harder
for the families,
as MP's daughter
Sophie Radice
knows. But all
that may change

Being a child of a Member of Parliament in the Seventies and Eighties meant getting used to extraordinary working hours. Rather like a showbiz parent (only Dad had already done a full day's work) my father would often have to get up from the supper table to rush back to the House of Commons to vote or for a late-night sitting, taking his sleeping bag so that he could get try and grab some rest on the floor of his office. Sometimes he would miss his children so much that he would wake us up when he came back in the small hours and get grumpy, sleep-muffled replies to his routine questions of "What are you up to?" and "Tell us a bit more then?". Although my dynamic step-mother published pamphlets suggesting parliamentary reform, we children didn't question his rock-star timetable but merely resented it.

Add on to this his weekends away at the constituency, and really the only good thing about having a Member of Parliament as a parent was the long summer recess, seeing faces from *Spitting Image* such as Mrs Thatcher and the Rev Ian Paisley in real life, and the lovely strawberry teas on the terrace - which my father still treats my children to in June and July.

Things have got a little better for MPs' families since the Jopling reforms of Parliamentary working hours were introduced during the last Parliament. In the final years of the Major government, MPs usually left the House at 10.30 instead of after midnight, made up in part by an extra sitting on Wednesday mornings. This was the start of a move towards changing the ridiculous, archaic hours MPs are expected to work, which not only keeps them from their families but means that they are perpetually tired (there are always a handful of MPs asleep on the benches) - not exactly the ideal state for those supposed to be running the country.

Now Anne Taylor, leader of the House of Commons, wants to take things further and, as chair of the modernisation committee, has published a proposal to reform the Parliamentary calendar. The main three suggestions for change are: to finish the main Parliamentary business on Thursday by 7pm instead of 10 to enable Fridays to be a "constituency day", to allow constituency weeks to coincide with school half-terms in February and October, and to provide the option for committees to sit

in the September weeks when the chamber is not sitting.

Both Mike Hall and Clive Soley of the modernisation committee are keen to emphasise that the proposal's main thrust is to make Parliament more effective and efficient rather than more "family friendly". Was I wrong or did I detect the feeling that talking about MPs and family life was considered a rather woolly and, er, feminine issue, and that if changes meant spending more time with the family then that was just a happy side effect of the new proposals?

As Mr Hall said: "We have got to try and update Parliamentary arrangements which used to allow MPs a long morning to pursue 'other interests'. The old style Tory MP would work each morning and then come after lunch and relax in the clubby atmosphere of the Commons. There is absolutely no point in holding on to that tradition now, because for most of us (certainly in the Labour party) being an MP is a full-time career. Personally I would

welcome ending sittings on a Thursday because this would allow me to travel home and spend all day on Friday on constituency duties. He did add rather sadly: "I really missed out on my son's childhood." Yet he does feel that things will "get much better for MPs with young families".

There has always been something

Tory MPs would come to relax in the clubby atmosphere of the Commons

of a divide between those MPs who have families living in their out-of-London constituencies and travel back to see their wives/husbands and children at the weekend, and those who live in London and go on their own to do constituency work at the weekends. MPs whose families are far away are obviously far less concerned about getting

home at a decent hour during the week, and MPs whose families are in London are less anxious to have Friday clear for constituency work. Dr Phyllis Starkey MP says: "That rather tired old conundrum of 'Are you representing your constituency in Westminster or representing Westminster in your constituency?' does always come up. The answer is, of course, both. These days MPs have an enormous workload from their constituency and Parliamentary duties and we have to try to take into account the MPs whose homes are in easy reach of London and those who could not get home, however early the House might rise in the evening."

I ask how on earth an MP could possibly have a satisfactory family life, even with the suggested possibility of ending each Parliamentary day at nine in the evening instead of 10 or the possibility of getting home at a decent time on Friday? Dr Starkey replies that she is thankful her children have grown up. She reminds me that it is not just the chil-

dren who suffer. "I have been married for 28 years and although we have always been busy people, before I became an MP I had never spent a night away from my husband. Now I have to spend at least three nights in London and we are both finding it really, really difficult."

One can only imagine the complications of MP Ruth Kelly's life. One of the 97 newcomers, she has a small child and another due any day. She welcomes the new proposals and is enthusiastic about being able to roll votes together by day so she would not have to vote in the late evening. "My colleagues and I would better be able to serve our constituents if we had sensible timetables that related to conventional working hours. It is extremely difficult for those with young families or other caring responsibilities to cope with the lifestyle of late votes." She believes that, if Parliament is to be truly representative, it should not have hours that are prohibitive of any normal family life.

In order for these proposals to

come into practice, Ms Taylor must win support from the Commons. One can imagine that the Tories view her proposals as another suspicious New Labour plot to keep them out of any kind of effective opposition, particularly if they do have "business" interests to see to in the morning. Older Labour MPs whose

There will probably be enough young "New Labour" MPs with children to make sure that these reforms do come about and that this will just be the start of reorganising the working hours of Parliament. Mr Soley suggests having a second committee chamber which would leave vote-worthy issues to the main chamber. This means time spent in the House will be more predictable, and MPs will be able to plan more.

Whatever happens, one thing is for sure. The greatest assets that an MP who wants to have a family as well as a successful career (and you can safely say that the loftiness of a politician's position directly reflects the extent of his or her neglect of his family), will always be the unusually supportive husband/wife, prepared to take on the lion's share of parental, organisational and domestic duties for the ambitious and idealistic vision of their ever-so-Honourable spouse.

The writer is the daughter of Giles Radice, MP for Durham North.



Ruth Kelly, Labour MP for Bolton West, and baby Eammon at the Houses of Parliament. "It is extremely difficult for those with young families to cope with late votes," she says. John Laurence

The parliament of all mothers

Parliament should not have hours that are prohibitive to family life

homes are far away and who are used to spending a fair amount of time in the Members' bar of an evening might well be less than enthusiastic about early morning work too. There is also an unspoken macho attitude amongst some MPs that those who can't handle the extremely tough workload and hours shouldn't be MPs at all.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

THIS WEEK: A BROTHER AND SISTER TALK ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED WHEN ONE OF THEM WON THE LOTTERY

'I drove to Bunny's and gave him a cheque'

In March 1996, Penny Haigh, 49, won £1.3 million in a Lottery family syndicate. She retired two months later and now lives on a seven-acre estate in Lincolnshire with her husband. Penny's brother Paul Joyce, 52, a car valet, lives in a council house in Wiltshire. They describe their relationship as "very close".

Paul Joyce:

Even though we live 200 miles apart, Penny and I have become quite a bit closer since she won the Lottery. I see more of her and speak to her on the phone a lot, even though half the time we've got nothing much to say. She means that I've never got any news, but we still manage to chat for ages.

On the Monday after it happened, someone at work told me he'd won £10 on the Lottery. I said: "Well, my sister won a million," and everyone suddenly went silent. It was a wacky great feeling.

I really enjoy going round telling people about Penny. Whenever the Lottery comes up, I love showing that in. I get big rise out of them when I tell them that she also travels round in a Roller. I like winding people up like that and it makes me feel really great to know that people are jealous of me because my sister won the

Lottery. They assume I'm rich as well and I don't say anything to contradict them. It's a game for me and it makes me feel like a bit of a celebrity.

She actually rang me on the night she won to ask me whether you had to have six or seven numbers to win. I thought she was going to ring me back after that and tell me how much she'd won, but unbelievably she forgot, so I was waiting on tenterhooks all night and didn't get a wink of sleep.

I would have been mad if I hadn't started hoping I'd benefit from it, too. After all, she is my sister and brothers and sisters look after each other, don't they? I knew she'd be all right about helping me out and she has been. She's given me a couple of bob here and there and helped me buy a bigger car.

I don't ask her for money, but she always offers and I haven't refused her yet. I don't have a problem with it and feel more secure now I know she's there if I ever need financial help.

We've always helped each other out and this is no different. We had a very hard life when we were children because there were six of us and our father never had two pennies to rub together, so we know all about sharing. I've always been a shoulder for her to cry on. The only time we argue is when I nag her to give up



Paul Joyce with his Lottery-winning sister Penny Haigh, at her home with her new Rolls Royce

Steve Hill

smoking.

I do the Lottery every week - of course I do. It's my turn next. It's not if I'm going to win, it's when I'm going to win. That's what Penny used to say before she won, and look what happened to her.

My wife and I don't go mad - we buy two or three tickets a week and were both in syndicates. The funny thing is, I had three numbers up myself and won £10 the night Penny won. If I'd been living nearer her, I suppose I would have been in her syndicate. Still, there's always next time.

Penny Haigh:

I don't think Bunny and I are any closer since I won the Lottery. I think we've stayed the same as we were before. I still turn up at his house on Saturday afternoons without letting him know I'm coming and we phone each other on Sundays just like we always have.

I certainly haven't changed one bit. I don't go on mad spending trips like other Lottery winners. In fact, I still buy all my clothes in charity shops just like I did before I won.

The only thing I did want to do was go on the Orient Express with my husband, because we couldn't afford a honeymoon when we got married and I've never been abroad. But my

husband won't go. I know Bunny and his wife would like a holiday, but I wouldn't want to go without my husband.

After I won, I sat down and worked out who I was going to give money to, and how much. Then I drove to Bunny's house and just gave him a cheque. I didn't feel odd or guilty about it at all. I was glad he was willing to take it, because some people would be too embarrassed.

I knew he'd be pleased for me. There was no question of him being jealous because he's not that kind of person. But he'd have been mental not to think there'd be something in it for him and that doesn't bother me at all.

We got used to sharing early on in our family. I remember one Christmas my younger brother and I got a bike between us. So I know that if it had been Bunny who won the Lottery, he'd have done the same for me.

My husband and I have always been workaholics. We've got to be doing something or we get bored. Now we've renovated our house, it's time to move on. Ideally, I'd like to run a hotel and employ Bunny and his wife Carol as barman and waitress. I don't know if the idea appeals to them, but they know the offer's always open.

Interview by Rebecca Cripps

Little rich art groupie? Peggy Guggenheim was more than that, as a New York exhibition shows. By Jonathan Jones

The surreal collector from heaven

Full fathom five thy father lies/Of his bones are coral made/Those are pearls that were his eyes/Nothing of him that doth fade/But doth suffer a sea change/Into something rich and strange.

Peggy Guggenheim was fourteen when her father, Benjamin Guggenheim, the black sheep of the family, drowned on the Titanic's maiden voyage in 1912. His body was never recovered. The Guggenheims were rich beyond even American fantasy – on the eve of the First World War they were said to own 80 per cent of the world's silver, copper and lead deposits – but their wealth couldn't bring back the dead. It could, however, buy art, and Peggy Guggenheim spent her life salvaging art and artists from the wreck of the 20th century.

Now the memory of Peggy herself is in need of rescue. Not that she's in any danger of being forgotten: this year is the centenary of her birth and an exhibition, "Peggy Guggenheim: A Centennial Celebration", has opened in New York before moving to the Peggy Guggenheim Collection in Venice.

But the myth is strangely disconnected from her real story and significance. When she retired to Venice in the late Forties, setting up her collection in a palazzo on the Grand Canal and writing her memoirs, she relished the role of art world celebrity, a chic eccentric. The Guggenheim Foundation is happy to play up to that image. Its shop sells Peggy Guggenheim jewelled horn-rimmed sunglasses, Peggy Guggenheim handbags, postcards of an elderly Peggy Guggenheim with her dogs looking like a slightly less grand guignol Barbara Cartland. Yet her choice of Venice as a home had more to do with imagination and aesthetics than with high society.

In 1942, she scoured the United States for a house to share with her husband, the Surrealist painter, Max Ernst. "The place I came nearest to buying," she said, "was a fifty-room unfinished castle built on a high hill at Malibu in Southern California. In its unfinished state it looked like a Randolph Hearst dream. This might have been a prophecy of where she ended up. The Palazzo Venier dei Leoni is a fantastic stump of a palace rising out of the Grand Canal.

It looks like a classical temple among all the gothic piles, white marble columns and massive masonry suddenly terminating above the first floor. If the eighteenth century builders had finished what they started, this would be one of the grandest dwellings in the city. Unfinished, and uninhabited until this century, it made a perfect home for the woman G. Ballard has called "the bride of the Surrealists".

Venice is the capital city of the unconscious. The green water that seeps round every corner, whose depths no one can see, makes every palazzo and bridge seem the tip of an iceberg: the city's inner life takes place in the stagnant depths. No wonder the Futurists swore to modernise it by filling in the canals with concrete. So it is, perhaps, a surprising place to find one of the world's great modern art collections. Modernism was supposed to be rational, severe and minimal: a pure art freed from the dirt of the body. Certainly, this was the definition of abstraction promoted by Guggenheim's uncle, Solomon R. Guggenheim, who, with his mistress Hilla Rebay – a Nazi sympathiser – founded the Museum of Non-Objective Art in New York in 1937. Today's Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation, which runs two museums in New York as well as the Peggy Guggenheim Collection and the new Frank Gehry-designed Guggenheim in Bilbao, is descended from this strange enterprise.

Peggy sullied the purity with her gallery, Art of This Century, a calculated attack on uncle Solomon's mu-

work had featured in the Nazi Degenerate Art exhibition in 1937 and Ernst, a German citizen and Nazi hate-object, had narrowly escaped death in a concentration camp. Peggy got Max out of Europe in 1941 and married him after Pearl Harbour so he would not be treated as an enemy alien. They became the king and queen of the Surrealist court in exile.

The pair lived a parody of a bourgeois life that sounds like one of Ernst's collages of nineteenth century engravings. "He bought an old Victorian chair with a ten-foot back", Peggy recalled. "It was a stage piece and he would not let anyone else sit in it. He looked very regal." Ernst's contribution to Surrealist art – currently documented in an exhibition at the Pompidou Centre in Paris – was to find analogues of dreaming not just in his images but in the texture of painting: he devised "grattage", a way of scraping paint off a prepared canvas with objects beneath it to allow arbitrary shapes to appear, and excelled at Decalcomania, a method of pressing diluted paint onto the canvas with a pane of glass to create soft, furry surfaces.

Guggenheim's promotion of surrealism at Art of This Century caught the imagination of young American practitioners. It consisted of a long cave with goo on the walls and biomorphic furniture, with flashing lights and the sound of an express train roaring past. "I was awestruck by Art of This Century", remembered the New York assemblage artist, Joseph Cornell. His boxes, containing enigmatic arrangements of mirror shards, dead leaves, magazine pictures and other found material were shown at the gallery. Surrealism created a new atmosphere of experiment in New York and Peggy Guggenheim enthusiastically supported the artists she saw taking up the struggle to explore the unconscious. The star among them, as she recognised when he sent a painting to an open submission show at her gallery, was Jackson Pollock.

Alchemy (1947) dominates the Jackson Pollock room in Guggenheim's palazzo. The long canvas is protected by glass and the reflections of Venice from outside that dance over the painting enhance its mystery. It was one of the first paintings Pollock made by putting the canvas on the ground and pouring paint from a can, a method inspired directly by the Surrealists. Ernst conducted well-publicised experiments in New York in the Forties in which he swung a can of paint with a hole in it over a canvas. Pouring paint was a kind of automatic writing, a way of subverting the conscious mind.

Pollock would never have developed his new techniques if Guggenheim had not given him her patronage. A deeply troubled man,



Peggy Guggenheim photographed in her New York apartment on East 61st Street by André Kertész in 1945

who needed a lot of nurturing, he was put on a salary by Guggenheim, who also gave him a succession of solo shows at Art of This Century and commissioned him to paint a mural for her house. "I welcomed a new protégé," she said. "Pollock was difficult – he drank too much and became so unpleasant, one might say devilish, on these occasions." Once, having tried and failed to install his vast mural in her house, he drank every bottle he could find in her kitchen, took off all his clothes, walked into a room where a polite party was going on and urinated in the fireplace.

No one would do that at the Peggy Guggenheim Collection today where everything is delightfully civilised, from the terrace cafe overlooking the garden to the tasteful museum shop. The rooms where Peggy slept and ate among her paintings have been

stripped of furniture and made into a conventional white-walled art museum, but there are still echoes of her life there: the silver bedhead she commissioned from Alexander Calder hangs as an exhibit.

Guggenheim was much more than the bride of the Surrealists. She was a Surrealist herself in her understanding of art as an emanation of the psyche, and installing her collection in a Venetian palazzo was to interpret modern art through Surrealist eyes. Outside in the sculpture garden, she is commemorated by a simple plaque among Max Ernst's totemic figures.

In a sense, the father who died on the Titanic is somewhere down there in the Grand Canal by the museum. In 1947, in the same series that includes Alchemy, Jackson Pollock created an oceanic whirlpool of a

painting in which he floated all kinds of flotsam and jetsam, cigarette butts, nails, a key. When the painting was dry it was sent to Peggy Guggenheim and she later presented it to the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Pollock or one of his associates, quoting Shakespeare's image of a drowned parent surrealistically transformed called it *Full Fathom Five*.

Peggy Guggenheim: A Centennial Celebration, Guggenheim Museum, New York, 12 June - 2 September, and *Peggy Guggenheim Collection*, Venice, from 29 September. *Peggy Guggenheim Collection*, Venice, open 11am-6pm daily, closed Tuesdays (telephone: 0039 41 5206288).

Max Ernst, Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris, until 27 July

The fire that went out

POP

EARTH, WIND AND FIRE
ROYAL ALBERT HALL
LONDON SW7

AS ONE of the most successful funk-pop crossover bands of all time, the original Earth Wind and Fire could always be counted on to provide something of a spectacle in the Seventies.

Since their leader and mentor Maurice White reactivated the group in the mid-Eighties, the outfit has struggled to recapture former glories. Unfortunately, with Maurice's health preventing him from joining the current tour, his bassist brother Verdine and vocalist Philip Bailey are left looking after the franchise.

The intro, complete with two girls in slinky, skimpy white outfits and several members holding torches in the dark, was cringe-inducing. Compared to its pyramid-building and drum-kit revolving antics of yore, Earth Wind and Fire is now on a budget.

Still, the band has not scrimped on the numbers: 12 musicians and vocalists launched into an undistinguished selection from their recent albums. Five songs in the bouncy "Shining Star" lifted things up a bit. By the infectious "September", the thirty-something Albert Hall crowd was on its feet and ready for a boogie.

What the crowd got instead were two go-go dancers in red giving James Brown's dancers or Ike and Tina Turner's Ikettes a run for their money. The God-fearing gospel singer Bailey didn't know where to look, and neither did I.

A blast of "In the Stone" quickly redeemed proceedings but, 30 minutes in, the percussion excursion – always threatening to happen with four kits on stage – materialised. Bailey, who had jettisoned his green lamé suit for striped trousers, showed off his four-octave range as he went into the quiet smooch of "Love's Holiday" and "After The Love Has Gone".

The gig should have picked up momentum but the all-singing, all-dancing, all-horn-blasting Earth Wind and Fire forgot the gospel of funk and went into another percussion extravaganza. By then, not even a triple salvo of the million-selling "Boogie Wonderland", "Fantasy" and "Let's Groove", could save the night. All a far cry from the excellent *Gratitude* album, which captured the exuberant live performances of the classic Earth Wind and Fire in 1975. What a difference 23 years make.

This review appeared in editions of Saturday's paper.

PIERRE PERRONE



Max Ernst's *Attirement of the Bride* which features in the exhibition

seum. She had met the Surrealist in Europe in the Thirties, and after years in Paris as a bohemian enlign, bringing up her daughter Pegeen (who was to become a primitive painter and kill herself), Peggy became an art dealer and collector on the advice of her lover, Samuel Beckett. Her friend, Marcel Duchamp, taught her about art, she then had an affair with Yves Tanguy, and at the beginning of the Second World War she fell in love with Max Ernst.

In wartime America, the Surrealists became the equivalent of pop stars. Salvador Dali had made himself a household name, devising an erotic underwater cavern for the 1939 New York World's Fair, and virtually the entire Surrealist movement migrated from occupied Paris to New York. They had no choice. Their

Lemons, fish, but no kids

POETRY

IVOR CUTLER

'MELTDOWN'
ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

"I THINK you should take your child out," Ivor Cutler said, intercepting the barely audible infantile burble as it rose from the stalls. The young offender was duly ejected to a chorus of sympathetic sighs, but the 75-year-old man of letters, whose low tolerance of noise is oft-trumpeted, would not be swayed. "Normally, it should be said that no children are allowed," he muttered, his habitually unsmiling look hardening. "I taught children for 31 years," he added, his Glaswegian lilt dragging out those "years", as if that decided the matter.

If Ivor Cutler were interested in maintaining good public relations, he would have resisted the petulant tone that soured the second half of Thursday evening's 90-minute reading. But the poet, singer and doodler, currently signed to Creation Records, has not maintained his cult status for the last 40 years by courting popular approval. Cutler's refusal to pander to the crowd exceeds even that of John Peel, whose support – from three decades of airplay to this prime spot in the Meltdown Festival – is acknowledged by the Ibrox-born bard to have been crucial to his career.

Many of the mini-musings he offered, mostly taken from the recently published, pocket-sized collection, *A Flat Man*, were of the plain daft variety, the take-it-or-leave-it surreal anecdote he specialises in. In "I ate a Lady's Bun", a hairstyle was mistaken for an edible roll. "Birdswing" outlined the advice given to a thrush anxious for chart success ("It could only succeed as a gimmick"). Moreover, we got an aside about where to get lemons ("Har-rods"), remarks on fish ("You let them be. Or eat them") and a string of spurious proverbs ("If you empty your bowels at night,



The benign-looking but irascible Ivor Cutler

a shepherd will have a red face in the morning").

But the menu didn't just consist of laugh-a-minute balderdash. One of the first pieces he read was "Alone": "If you are mortal it is hard to feel well-disposed towards the two bricks you are squashed between, or even a sense of community." He touched again and again on this sense of solitude – in melancholy-tinged pieces such as "Blind", "The Darkness" and "Empty Road at Little Bedwyn". And when he sat at his pedal-powered harmonium ("These squeaks you hear are supposed to be there. I've tried with WD40, but they add

something"), a haunting bitterness wheezed through the jaunty tunes.

There was an attempt at a singalong at one point, but it didn't last long. It couldn't really – he glowered at high-spirited participants. Ivor Cutler clings obstinately to his privacy, even as he lets you peek inside his world. He apologised at the end for being "too unguarded with bad behaviour" and made a lonely-looking departure. One of his phrases came to mind as he exited, though: "Do not pity him. He lives at a different speed and listens for his fish."

DOMINIC CAVENTISH

Pole-axed by baton charge

CLASSICAL

SINFONIA VARSOVIA
DRAPER'S HALL
CITY OF LONDON FESTIVAL

THE STOCK of Polish composer Krzysztof Penderecki varies in Britain from fair to middling. Perhaps, compared with his urbane compatriot, the late Witold Lutoslawski, he's never seemed quite the perfect musical gent. Or perhaps he's just caught critics off their guard, whether it be with his sonic scores of the 1960s or his recent brand of neo-expressionism.

Conducting Poland's Sinfonia Varsovia, Penderecki began and ended with classical pieces, presenting, as it were, his conducting credentials. Fast and unvarying, his chosen tempo for Beethoven's *Coriolan Overture* left little room for significant detail; not a vital loss in this case, but akin to a preference for over-broad brush strokes that typified the evening. Both here and in Haydn's 104th Symphony strings and brass dominated, with woodwind subdued or lost in the hall's acoustic. Sensitive individual playing did not translate into polished corporate identity. The loss was chiefly felt in the Haydn, performed with little regard for his famous sense of humour.

Of course, Penderecki himself is hardly a master of comedy. His strength lies in

violence; and he shares with Beethoven a unique talent to evoke it. Beethoven's violence is a signal both of form and feeling. And Penderecki's? Well, in the Sinfonietta for Strings of 1992, a musical language that was pitched pretty high on a level of chordal and rhythmic dissonance certainly kept up the temperature. The work was scored from a String Trio, inspired in turn by his expressionist opera *Ubu Roi*. Yet its turbulence was placed in an almost neo-classical frame. The central idea was a slender chromatic fragment, blown hither and thither by a medley of dry ostinatos.

Austria's Lilla Bayrova-Schulz was soloist in Penderecki's Cello Concerto, which moved from quiet unisons to angry displays that she bravely took in her stride and were as predictable as they were intense. Violence begets violence in Penderecki's music, but it's just sound and fury signifying nothing, effects without cause.

NICHOLAS WILLIAMS

SOMETIMES IT'S
EASIER TO TALK
TO SOMEONE
YOU DON'T LIKE.



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Is there too much flannel in our soaps?

As ratings fall and fly-on-the-wall films abound, soaps are in trouble. Michael Collins asks if it's terminal

The BBC launched *EastEnders* in 1985 as the first in a new breed of programme, conceived after extensive market research. The Beeb needed a popular drama series to be in the running with *Coronation Street*. These days, most of the network's output seems to spring from the whims of focus groups. Now *Albert Square* is about to undergo an overhaul in a bid to re-introduce a scintilla of authenticity. On the other side, the producers of *Coronation Street* and *The Bill* are changing formats and eagerly adding a strand of topicality amidst news of drifting viewers. All signals suggest that the soap as a genre has lost its way and can no longer bring in the ratings. Clive James once wrote of *Dallas* that "he came to mock but he stayed to pray". The reverse may now be the reason for the continued, but ailing, popularity of British soap opera.

The makeover in *Albert Square* will include the gradual erasure of 10 characters. Whereas the series once produced a cast that had the depth to carry a half-hour two-hander - those Den and Angie battles, for example, or the smouldering dangerous liaison between Sharon and her brother-in-law, Phil Mitchell - the new interns barely warrant a sketch. The most recent addition to *Albert Square*, the di Marco family, are so stereotypically Italian that they could have arrived at their pizzeria by gondola. And in the dewy-eyed Sara Hills we have the most possessed-looking teenager on screen since Linda Blair took to her bed in *The Exorcist*. The series has discovered how to be funny but forgotten how to be a credible drama.

The shrinking of the cast may restore it to the tight ensemble piece that has succeeded by following the first rule of soap: keep it small and simple. A soap's realism is rooted in its ability to condense plausible events into the lives of recognisable characters. It is characterised by the unique ability to explore the quotidian rather than the extreme.

This is in complete contrast to *Brookside* Close, a Garden of Earthly Delights worthy of Hieronymus Bosch. Instead of carnivorous eggs and severed torsos, we find bodies under the patio, incest and the occasional five-night run when someone is put on a life support machine.

Soaps have been at their best when one of their fold has indulged in adultery, promiscuity or attempted to escape the ties that bind. With the emergence of the dystopia that is *Walford*, this approach extended its hand to issues. Race, sexuality, AIDS, drugs, multi-culturalism - all continue to be on the *EastEnders* agenda but they



The depth of casting that saw Den and Angie battle it out in the Queen Vic is missing today

are quickly assimilated into the mix and the series is reduced to introducing Kray-like figures to tie-up and rough-up a regular before disappearing in time for the credits.

Recent attempts to rush to a cliff-hanger without bothering about small things such as plot and character are reputedly a reaction to the success of "docu-soaps". Richard Hanford, executive producer of *The Bill*, was involved in the inception of the docu-soap with *Jimmy's*. "Reality is ultimately stranger than fic-

tion," he says. "The docu-soaps have introduced weird and wonderful characters that viewers would not regard as believable if they were in a soap." If the oddness of the ordinary in fly-on-the-wall documentaries has exposed soap as the stuff of farce, the screening of the new docu-soap *Lakesiders*, beginning tonight, will reveal *Albert Square* as an even greater anachronism. It is set in the Lakeside shopping mall in the hinterland of Thurrock, Essex, a heartland for daytrippers from east and

south London. A community needs a building as a regular haunt in which to casually mull over shared experience. The supermarket, the shopping centre and the DIY store have surpassed the pub as the main port of call for the British.

It was the success of previous docu-soaps *Driving School* and *Animal Hospital* that dented the ratings of *The Bill*. The Friday episode was dropped to make way for the LTV fly-on-the-wall series *Airline*, which clocked up bigger viewing figures.

Now Sunhill police station has been given a probational period to prove that it can once again deliver the big audiences. The series is to move to an occasional longer format. "I see *The Bill* in the tradition of the single drama," says Richard Hanford. "It spans the gap between soaps and the post-watershed drama. But sometimes the 30-minute format means that suspects are few and the villain holds up his hands quite quickly. That's not to say the longer storylines will bring in shock horror tactics."

The re-scheduling is an attempt to break from a saturation that has also contributed to the drop in ratings. The disenchantment began when the gang of four - *The Bill*, *Emmerdale*, *EastEnders* and *Coronation Street* - started churning out three episodes per week. The fourth weekly visit to Weatherfield has pushed the viewer to high satiety, though *Coronation Street* has managed to cling to the top of the ratings.

Although its creator, Tony Warren, envisaged *Coronation Street* as an exploration of "the driving forces behind life in a working-class street in the north of England", rarely in its 38-year history has it felt the need to be topical. In a break with tradition, there is a transsexual in the supermarket and a television in the pub. The soap's World Cup special, next Sunday, will include scenes, recorded earlier that day, in which the regulars react to the match on the screen in the Rover's Return. Brian Parks, the series' executive producer, says: "World Cup fever almost matches Deirdre fever, so we thought we'd mark the occasion by staging something very special."

The exercise reeks of an attempt to bring novelty rather than wit and drama into a genre in which the ideas, like the ratings, appear to be drying up. Such efforts make the script ideas of Marian Chune, the executive producer in Victoria Wood's spoof soap *"Acorn Antiques"*, seem both realistic and prescient. "I'm thinking off the top of my head," she tells the show's writers and director, "but let's go for it - earwax. It's an issue. It's never been done before."

Similar is true of current efforts to re-invent the soap elsewhere. BBC2 offers the late-night *Lost in France*, with former *EastEnders* Gillian Taylor, chronicling the adventures of a British family following the World Cup. Channel Four, meanwhile, is in production with the first gay soap. If public opinion was the point at which *EastEnders* came in, it is probably there that it should return - along with other soaps - in the name of market research, or its future may yet be as bleak as its storylines.

Lakesiders, tonight, BBC1, 8.30pm

Blubbing hysteria and pitiable prats

SOUNDING OFF



TERENCE BLACKER
Confessional TV offers insight into real lives like a circus offers insight into the real life of an elephant - it serves only to legitimise the sleazy tabloid sensibility in us all

guidance on tricky subjects - the *Oprah Winfrey Show* has an honourable record in this area - most of these programmes pander to the least attractive aspects of the contemporary character - exhibitionism, emotional incontinence, fake intimacy and a nasty, judgmental prurience. It is often not the blubbing, hysterical guests who are truly pitiable but the prats in the audience, who are keening with the righteous indignation of good-hearted folk everywhere.

Recently, Suzanne Moore was arguing in this paper that the point of these programmes was that they provided a platform for ordinary people, thus providing a rare break from middle-class media types who normally dominate the airwaves. Was she serious? *Confessional TV* provides an insight into real lives like a circus provides an insight into the real life of a tasselless elephant. The mess of these people's existence - sexual confusion, domestic vendettas, grindingly unhappy marriages - is being served up as entertainment, providing a daily drip-drip of sensation, anger and cruelty - which only legitimises the sleazy tabloid sensibility in us all.

IT WAS an everyday kind of Ricki Lake scene. A sullen, sexy girl sat hand-in-hand with her fiancé as they explained how they planned not to have full sex before they were married, yet enjoyed watching each other at it with gay partners. Now and then, the girl's girlfriend, who held her other hand, argued that there was no such thing as bisexuality, a view shared by a queenly type who swished on to explain that he had once been a husband and father but had been living a lie, honey, before coming out.

A couple of gays then came on and had a row, followed by two rather overweight lesbians, one of whom seemed to be making a pass at a bisexual male a couple of chairs down. Everyone disagreed with everyone, and so what resulted on the stage was a shrieking chorus-line of sexual confusion, while the audience whooped and cheered and our hostess Ricki Lake looked on with her celebrated, hand-on-cheek look of incredulity. The programme ended with Ricki sharing some thoughts on bisexuality which went along the lines of: "Hey, let's respect each other's sexuality, OK?"

Did I watch it? Of course I did. Just as I would eavesdrop on a neighbour's row or listen to a hot tittit of gossip. After all, what could be more reassuring than to be reminded, however messy and difficult your own life might be, there are people out there whose day-to-day existence is in a far worse state?

I like outrageous television. My problem with these programmes, which serve as contemporary versions of the old *raw* shows, is firstly that there are just so many of them. Last Thursday, an average day, over six hours of terrestrial TV were devoted to confessional chat shows, mostly shown during the daytime so that the nation's children can relax after school or on holiday by watching an over-heated discussion about cross-dressing, infidelity and family hatred.

Surely Lady Howe is right to point out that something unhealthy is going on here. Although they occasionally throw up helpful, humane

The old *Brains Trust* avoided 'vague generalisations'. The Nineties version isn't quite so clever. By Robert Hanks

It all depends what you mean by 'dumb'

IF THERE is one phrase the BBC hates, it is "dumbing down". Denials that the Corporation is dumbing down are now issued almost as a matter of routine, like weather forecasts and the latest from FTSE.

Mingled with the flood of more accessible, friendly (but certainly not dumbed down) programmes that now characterise Radio 3 and 4, there are some that seem to have been designed purely for purposes of rebuttal: "How can you say we're dumbing down when we're making programmes like... [fill in name of intellectually demanding programme]?"

The *Brains Trust*, now being broadcast on Saturday nights on Radio 3, looks suspiciously like one of these. *The Brains Trust* began life in 1941 under the slightly confusing title *Any Questions?*

Donald McCullough, the chairman, invited listeners to send in questions to be put to a panel of experts - the philosopher C E M Joad (catchphrase: "It all depends what you mean by..."), old salt Commander A B Campbell



Original panellist C E M Joad

(catchphrase: "When I was in Patagonia...") and scientist Julian Huxley. These three were later joined by other distinguished names, among them the art historian Kenneth Clark and the conductor Malcolm Sargent.

At its peak, the programme was immensely popular, bringing in 12 million listeners and receiving more than 4,000 letters every week.

The panel tackled all sort of ques-

tions on matters of fact, philosophy and opinion: what are the seven wonders of the world, what is time, what are the most beautiful words in the language? They were, however, supposed to steer clear of religion, politics and "vague generalisations about life".

The new version, chaired by Joan Bakewell, has the same outline: listeners' questions are put to a panel of notable thinkers from various disciplines. There are no regulars, but contributors are chosen from a pool which includes the novelist Ben Okri, the historian Theodore Zeldin, the mathematician Ian Stewart and the American poet John Ashbery.

As yet, no dominant personalities or amusing catchphrases have emerged (although the gentle, occasionally rather woolly-minded Okri is a contender with "That is a beautiful question"). But the big difference this time around is that no queries are permitted on matters of fact.

According to the producer, Amanda Hancox, there are too many other sources of information available these



Newcomer, author Ben Okri

days and, in our "less deferential age", people are less prepared to have answers laid down for them. Instead, the panellists consider such posers as: what is imagination, is war part of human nature, and what is luck? "Vague generalisations about life" seem to be the order of the day, in fact.

Now, in one sense - perhaps the most important one - *The Brains Trust* has not been dumbed down. The

panellists talk at length, offering thoughtful responses and not apologising for using difficult words; the listener has to stay on the alert. And, as Hancox warns, one should not fall into the trap of thinking that the old version scintillated invariably.

But, stripped of the boring factual questions, and with no Joad to attack and clarify the questions, the new version slots too easily into the modern culture of opinion, where news and information give way to lifestyle features and unsupported assertion. There may be more sources of information, but too many of those - from cash-hungry publishers to unedited websites - are unreliable, unchecked and unable to distinguish between information and mere rumour.

For all its faults, the old *Brains Trust* encouraged listeners to seek facts as well as ideas; the new one just encourages us to seek our navels. Isn't that some sort of a loss?

'The Brains Trust' is on Saturdays, Radio 3, 11.0pm

THE RATINGS

Terrestrial		CHANNEL 5		SKY		GRANADA BREEZE	
What the statistics below don't tell you is the average weekly viewing hours per person - 23.51. Scary. That includes, by the way, an average of just over half an hour a week spent watching Channel 5. Terrifying.		Speaking of Channel 5, only the documentary <i>Stags and Hens</i> broke the 2m mark.		Figures for Sky make for mildly risible reading - the company's flagship, channel Sky 1, for example, attracts just 4.4 per cent of total viewing. Down below Sky Sports 3, it's a huge sea of zeros.		And in the nether reaches lurk Rosemary Conley and Roddy Llewellyn...	
CHANNEL	TOTAL SHARE	PROGRAMME	TOTAL (MILLIONS)	CHANNEL	TOTAL SHARE	PROGRAMME	TOTAL (MILLIONS)
ALL TV	100%	1 <i>Stags and Hens</i>	2.16	1 <i>Sky 1</i>	4.40%	1 <i>R Conley's Cookbook (Sat)</i>	0.04
BBC1	31%	2 <i>Confessions</i>	1.63	2 <i>Sky Movies Screen 2</i>	1.7%	1 <i>R Llewellyn's Indoor G'den (Sat)</i>	0.04
BBC2	10.3%	3 <i>Deadly Silence</i>	1.50	3 <i>Sky Movies Screen 1</i>	1.4%	3 <i>Style Wars (Sat)</i>	0.03
ALL BBC	41.3%	4 <i>Family Affairs (Fri/Sun)</i>	1.08	4 <i>Sky News</i>	1.3%	4 <i>Sally Jessy Raphael (Fri)</i>	0.02
ALL ITV	34%	5 <i>All She Ever Wanted</i>	1.03	5 <i>Sky Sports 2</i>	1.0%	4 <i>thirtysomething (Thur)</i>	0.02
Channel 4/S4C	9.6%	6 <i>Family Affairs (Thur/Fri)</i>	3.00	6 <i>Sky Sports 1</i>	0.7%	4 <i>R Conley's Cookbook (Sun)</i>	0.02
Channel 5	4.0%	7 <i>Race Against The Dark</i>	0.99	7 <i>Sky Movies Gold</i>	0.5%	7 <i>Sally Jessy Raphael (Sun/16.0)</i>	0.01
ALL commercial TV	47.6%	8 <i>Switched At Birth</i>	0.99	8 <i>Sky Sports 3</i>	0.2%	7 <i>E in Focus</i>	0.01
		9 <i>Family Affairs (Mon/Tue)</i>	0.91			7 <i>Sally Jessy Raphael (Sun/9.0)</i>	0.01
		11 <i>Water Rats</i>	0.90			7 <i>Great British Food</i>	0.01
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NETWORK

Why software billionaires are an endangered species

IN THE future, software is going to be free. No one's ever going to make money selling software again. Get used to it.

There will never be another Microsoft, or at least another monster company that makes billions the way Microsoft did.

Maybe I'm being a little premature – but, then again, the trend is very clear, even if it's a little hard to understand.

Modern software is, after all, one of the most difficult endeavors in the annals of human travail. To make a lowly word processor, by and large, requires something like the same amount of effort that built medieval cathedrals or the Egyptian pyramids.

Millions of hours of labour are involved in major software projects like operating systems: thousands of people have worked for decades to create the ephemeral patterns of electrons and gossamer webs that disappear at the flick of a computer's "off" switch.

For most of human history, skills have been the surest

source of a paycheck there was. Craftsman did far better, remuneration-wise, than common labourers, and greatly skilled artisans were courted by kings and queens.

Computer programmers have an almost frightening depth of skill. Even young ones may have spent 10 years learning a small part of their trade – dedication which harks back to the near-slavery of ancient apprenticeships.

Noire Dame's artisans were raw recruits, in terms of time spent honing skills, compared with today's code writers. Ancient Egypt's hieroglyphs were kid's stuff compared with Java, C, or for that matter, BASIC programming code. Entire ancient dynasties left less-enduring intellectual capital than one of today's short-lived startups.

And, if I'm right, these modern people are expected to work for free, after spending decades learning their trade. What gives? Even an ancient empire's slaves could count on a meal and a



CHRIS GULKER

The 'freeware' software archives, abundant on the Net, offer almost any capability that one could desire from a computer

straw bed at the end of the day.

Marc Andreessen, a founder of Netscape, and, arguably, as good an authority on modern software as there is, has said as much. He believes we all have too much software as it is, and soon we'll get all we need for free.

He should know. Netscape has been giving its browser software away free for years. It has even released its source code free on the Internet. Source code is software's top-secret plans – the Crown Jewels, as it were – that software companies used to guard more carefully than money. Microsoft still does.

Netscape's play was to give away free browsers and then sell the server software that publishers needed to reach the browsers. When Microsoft showed up and started giving their Internet Information Server software away for free, one would have thought the game was over.

But no! A large and loosely organised confederation of Internet-based programmers put a superior product called Apache on the Internet for free. Apache not only has by far the dominant market share, but has even been embraced by IBM, still arguably the world's largest computer company, as the standard for Internet server software.

Apache was pieced together from thousands of individually contributed pieces – software referred to as "patches". It's a "patchy" server, hence "Apache". Mighty Microsoft is one of the very few companies that can put a thousand highly paid engineers to work on a software project: yet Apache can claim tens of thousands of expert, if unpaid, contributors.

Linux, the free clone of the UNIX operating system, has grown from 100,000 seats in 1994 to perhaps 9 million in 1998. Dozens of companies prosper just by packaging and distributing the Linux code on CD-ROM with an instruction manual.

The "freeware" software archives, abundant on the Net, offer almost any capability that one could desire from a computer. There are sophisticated word processors by the dozen, music and video editing software, astronomical simulators, zoological programs, horoscopes, heavy-duty

databases, improvements to major commercial operating systems, screen savers, news-gathering software, sophisticated agent programs that find the least expensive merchandise, suites of business software akin to Microsoft Office, and video-conferencing software, to name but a few.

My hard drive has dozens of programs that I've hardly ever used. Programs I've purchased sit side by side in limbo with a plethora of cool-sounding Internet downloads on my Macintosh's six-gigabyte hard drive. It's not that I'm not a computer-orientated person – I use this computer untold hours every day. I write in a word processor, e-mail dozens, sometimes hundreds of missives, post pages on my personal Web server, surf the Web continuously, telecommute, e-conference with colleagues, book travel arrangements, watch TV, listen to CDs, order those same CDs, and books, and software, and God knows what else, all

from online stores, research topics from online encyclopaedias and dictionaries and otherwise conduct a kind of e-life in front of a glowing 20-inch monitor.

The word processor Microsoft Word bundled with a spreadsheet, presentation software, e-mail package and Web browser cost me \$89 – which I paid mainly because I was used to it and Microsoft has done such a nice job on Office 98 for the Mac. I could have easily gotten all the pieces more cheaply from Corel, which markets WordPerfect, or a half-dozen other companies.

I could have gotten it all completely for free: there's a version of Linux for my computer, and the various distributions include word processors, spreadsheets, e-mail programs, Web browsers, Web servers, etc. free along with the operating system.

Now, if only the computer were free ...

cg@gulker.com

Battle for the sofa surfers

The big players are spending millions trying to get the PC-less connected to the Internet via their televisions. By Cliff Joseph

FOR YEARS, computer industry leaders have been predicting the arrival of set-top boxes that will bring television and the Internet together. It has not happened yet, but billions of pounds are being spent on developing these little black boxes and getting them into our homes.

Bill Gates, the Microsoft chairman, has predicted set-top boxes that allow TVs to connect to the Net will soon outnumber PCs in US homes. "There's no doubt that some time in the next three to 10 years we'll cross over that threshold," he said.

If we do not cross that threshold soon, it is not for lack of trying. Microsoft is just one of the several computer, telecommunications and television companies that are working together to achieve the convergence of television and the Internet.

Microsoft has done a deal with US cable company TCI, itself recently acquired by the telecoms giant AT&T, to supply its Windows CE software for use in five million set-top boxes. Microsoft also owns WebTV, the only set-top box to achieve any success so far, and has a \$1bn investment in another cable company, Comcast. Microsoft and BT are currently trying to get WebTV in the UK, and last week the BBC joined the partnership. In addition, the online service America Online (AOL) recently bought NetChannel, WebTV's only real rival, and media giant Time-Warner is working on a set-top box that will provide both video-on-demand and Internet access.

Microsoft would like to control set-top boxes in the same way that it controls the personal computer industry. However, it has competition from Sun Microsystems' Java, and Perios, an operating system developed by Sony. Along with these there are newcomers such as PowerTV and @Home that are working on their own Internet-TV systems, and General Instrument has orders from a group of 12 smaller cable companies for some 15 million set-top boxes.

The reason for all this furious wheeling and dealing is simple. Only 40 per cent of US homes have a PC, and only half of those have a modem that will allow them to connect to the Internet. Higher telephone

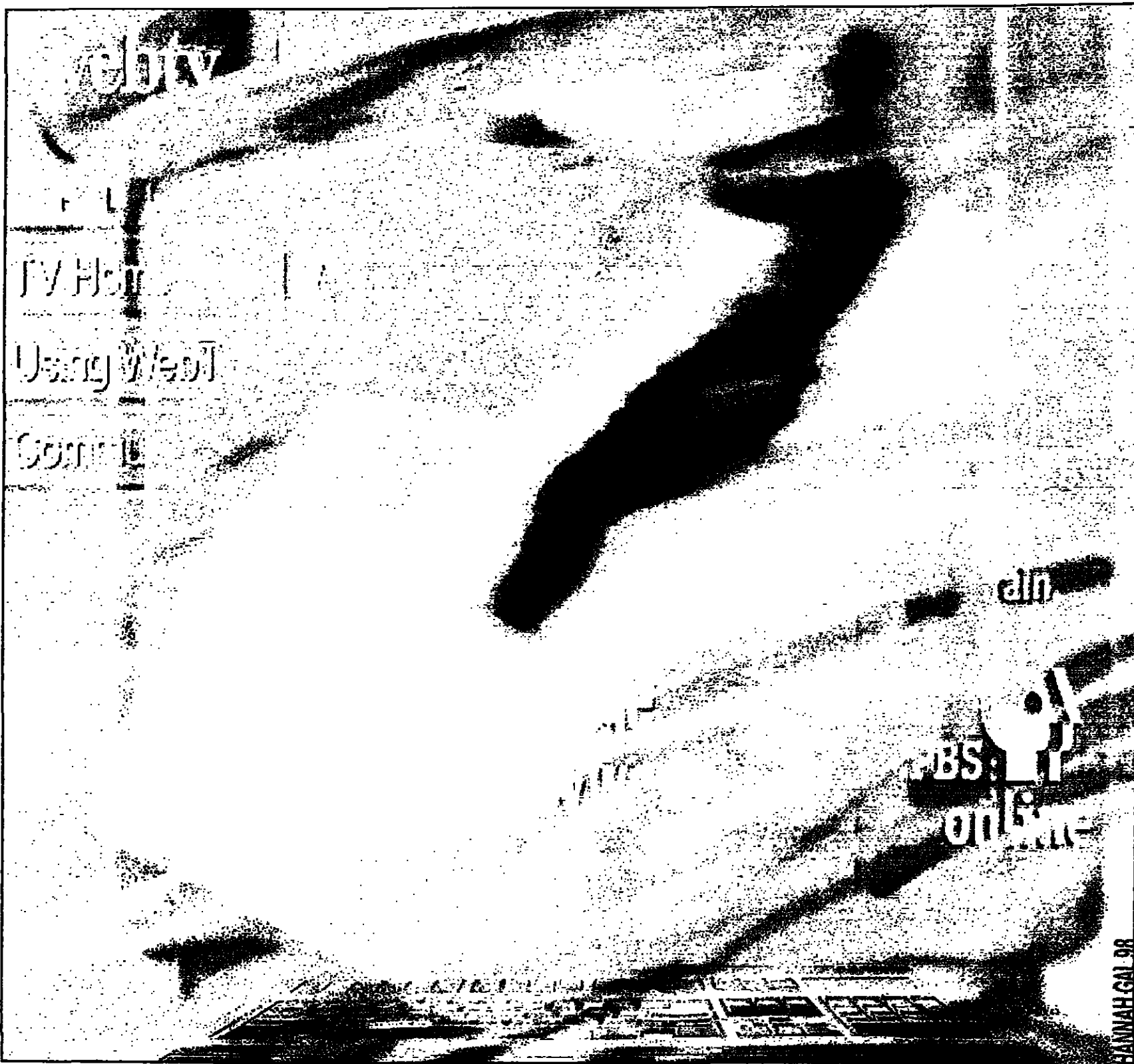
charges mean that Internet use in Europe is even lower. But a set-top box that costs less than \$500 could easily find its way into every home that has a television. That's a huge potential market, representing hundreds of millions of homes worldwide, and it is worth vast amounts of money.

The Internet-TV phenomenon began several years ago when ex-Apple Computer employee Steve Perlman was surfing the Web one evening. He came across some recipes on the Campbell's Soup site and it occurred to him that most of the Internet users he knew were young men who lived on a fast-food diet of pizzas and hamburgers. Those guys wouldn't be interested in soup recipes, and the sort of people who might be interested generally did not have PCs or access to the Internet. So Perlman developed the WebTV set-top box to allow people without computers to view the Internet through their televisions.

It is a nice idea. Unfortunately, it just has not taken off yet. NetChannel was forced to sell out to AOL in May because it had only enlisted around 10,000 subscribers. WebTV has done better. It currently has 300,000 subscribers in the US, and claims to be on target for a million by the end of this year. But even a million subscribers is nowhere near the level that Microsoft needs in order to recoup its vast investment in WebTV and other Internet-TV projects.

The problems are not technical but lie in the nature of the Internet itself. The Net is a new medium, immature and unregulated, and a lot of the material on it is plain rubbish. The WebTV box costs \$300, with a further \$19.95 subscription fee every month. At the moment, the Net, for the average consumer, just does not offer enough interesting content to justify that price.

That is why some of the biggest deals that have been made recently have been about content rather than technology. TCI spent \$2bn buying a stake in Rupert Murdoch's TV Guide magazine so that it can use the TV Guide Web site to develop EPGs – electronic programme guides that can be delivered to televisions via its set-top boxes. WebTV also uses the TV Guide site



to provide programme information to its users, and has strong links with TV companies such as the Discovery Channel, and, now, the BBC. In fact, WebTV's marketing focuses on its links with TV, rather than on the Net itself. "If you're a TV addict, something that gives you a better viewing experience will have an automatic audience," says Tom Bowman of Microsoft UK. WebTV allows television companies to embed "crossover links" within their programmes. These links can be activated by a remote control unit and take you to the broadcaster's Web site, where you can get more information about its programmes,

buy merchandise, or follow other links to related sites on the Net. Sports fans can use WebTV to check statistics on regularly updated Web sites. Soap fans can catch up on show gossip, and followers of cult series such as *Star Trek* or *The X-Files* can join online discussions with other fans. The emphasis is on enhancing your enjoyment of your favourite TV shows, rather than on the Internet for its own sake.

But it is AOL's recent takeover of NetChannel that could point the way forward for Internet-TV. AOL is the world's largest Internet service, with around 12 million subscribers. Its success is largely due

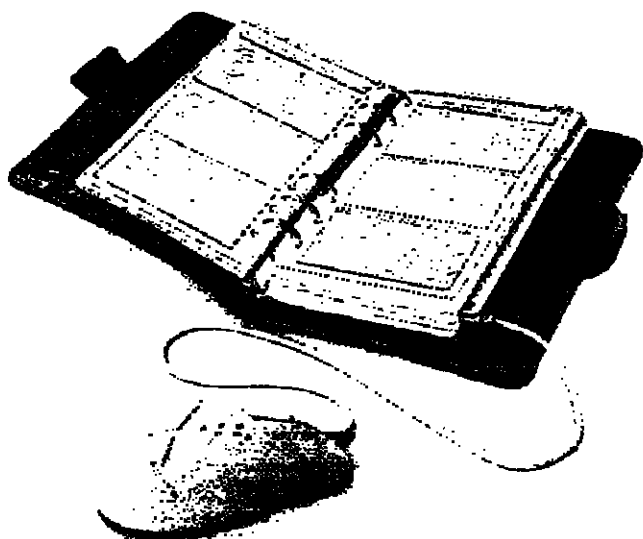
to its content, which includes a wide range of news and entertainment in addition to basic Internet access. At the moment, AOL can only offer its content to users who have a PC, but buying NetChannel's set-top box technology gives it a way of offering that content to anyone who has a television.

"The NetChannel team has done pioneering work," says Barry Schuler, head of AOL's interactive services division. "It will provide valuable insights to extend AOL's features to other interactive platforms."

But, like WebTV, AOL is still trying to find the right way of selling Internet-TV to consumers. "There are a lot of things that have

to happen before we step into interactive TV," says Schuler. "Companies have to figure out how to fiddle with consumers' sacred altar – their TV – without losing them."

In a way, much of the money being spent on developing set-top boxes is being wasted. It is the content that comes through the boxes, rather than the technical details of the hardware, that matters. Until someone comes up with something interesting enough to drag the world's couch potatoes away from the football and film channels, set-top boxes are just so much plastic and wires. Just for once, Bill Gates may have got it wrong.



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IN TODAY'S NETWORK SECTION

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Slipping through the net: the growth of electronic commerce could offer drug barons their nirvana when it comes to money laundering

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THE WEDNESDAY REVIEW, PAGES 17&18

صكنا من الامل

Celebrity has its price on the Net

From tonyblair.com to woodyallen.com to monicalewinsky.com, famous domain names are now up for grabs. By Oliver Burkeman



Tony Blair, Woody Allen and Monica Lewinsky, whose names have all been registered by 'warehousers' for Internet domains, exploiting the fact that there is little or no copyright on the names of famous people

THEY WERE the mercenaries of the online revolution: opportunistic cyber-pirates out to make a quick buck or enterprising pioneers championing a profoundly democratic technology, depending on your point of view. The courts came down hard on them - but they're back.

Known as "warehousers", their stock-in-trade was Internet domain names - the addresses in cyberspace, such as independent.co.uk, at which businesses and individuals house their web sites. An instantly recognisable name is a vital marketing tool, and the warehousers recognised this. They registered the names of major corporations for as little as £80 before demanding up to £100,000 to release them to the businesses concerned. No company, no matter how powerful in conventional terms, was safe.

In recent years, though, it seemed that trademark law had triumphed. When two 23-year-old Londoners, Richard Conway and Julian Nicholson, registered domain names such as burgerking.com and virgin.org, and offered to sell them for tens of thousands of pounds, a legal action by four of the businesses involved, on the grounds that the names were trademarked, forced them to back down. The two men have appealed, and their case is pending. An American, who registered har-

rods.com, surrendered the name when the store threatened action. Numerous other names have been reassigned to trademark holders.

But, if a case heard recently in a Los Angeles court is anything to go by, warehousing is far from dead. It has just diversified away from trademarked corporate names and towards potentially lucrative personal names.

tonyblair.com has been nabbed by an Oregon-based company defiantly calling itself Naughtyya Page

Twenty seven country music artists filed a lawsuit against Jim E Salmon, a Californian businessman, who purchased their names among 400 he bought in 1996. For a brief period, country fans who thought they were accessing their heroes' web sites found themselves confronting pornographic sites instead.

Salmon is not alone. The domain names tonyblair.com and princessdiana.com have

been nabbed by an Oregon-based company defiantly calling itself Naughtyya Page. Nelsonmandela.com, borisyeltsin.com, jereymyrons.com and gwynethpaltrow.com are just a few of hundreds registered by Friend to Friend, a Kansas organisation, while the domain brokers, QConnection, will sell you jameleecurtis.com for \$7,500, tomselleck.com for \$3,000, and szsazsaga-bor.com for a paltry \$2,500.

The country singers won their case after a judge ruled that Salmon's activities had involved infringing a trademark. But most personal names - including those of celebrities - aren't trademarked. And while InterNIC, the US registry which controls the licensing of domains ending in .com, has sided with trademark owners when disputes have arisen, the rules regarding personal names are vague.

InterNIC requires a trademark to put a domain name on hold, so a lot of these names are not going on hold," says Ari Goldberger, a New Jersey lawyer specialising in domain name disputes, and whose own address, esquire.com, elicited the (ultimately fruitless) rage of the Hearst Corporation, publishers of Esquire magazine. "Instead, the people involved have to file a lawsuit in state court, and that can have a negative back-

ing adverse publicity in the conventional media.

There are two huge benefits to be gained by owning a celebrity domain name. One is simply the power to sell it to somebody who wants it - including the celebrity in question. Thus a firm called SiteLeader is generously "reserving" the name monicalewinsky.com "for Monica Lewinsky to convey to the American People the TRUE story of the White House Incident" - presumably at a price.

The second big advantage is the massive increase in "traffic" generated for a site, when people searching for information on a celebrity point their browsers to their name, or type it into a search engine. "The first 90 days that we were on the Net," boasts QConnection, "we received over 100,000 hits to our web site."

That traffic can be used in a variety of profit-making ways. For example, princessdiana.co.uk links to an Internet services company while, with impressively lateral thinking, woodyallen.com offers a pay-to-view porn site entitled 'A Tribute to Oriental Women'.

Strangest of all is the Friend to Friend Foundation, who use their celebrity names to link to a charity fund-raising site full of fire-and-brimstone Christianity. Tap in garrisonkeillor.com and you're two clicks

away from the warning that "by God's standards of righteousness, even the most moral person (is) a desperate sinner on his way to Hell - you must throw yourself altogether at the mercies of God." One way to get into His good books, it seems, is to make a financial contribution. Anyone who wants their name back, the foundation says, can have it for free - but might also like to make a donation.

Owners of the domain name woodyallen.com offer a pay-to-view porn site entitled 'A Tribute to Oriental Women'

For those who object to the usage of their names for such purposes, the potential for redress remains unclear.

"If it's just a shared name, well, lots of people have the same name, and it's first-come, first-served," says Cheryl Regan of Network Solutions Inc, which runs InterNIC on a contract from the US Department of Commerce. "But if it was a pornographic site contrary to someone's

image, then they might have some grounds."

"Should I be able to register robin-williams.com, for example, and put stuff on my site that he might not like?" asks Ari Goldberger. "If, hypothetically, I thought he was a bad influence on society and I wanted to start a national debate, then robin-williams.com would be the address to use. A lot of people in the US are trying to wrap themselves in the Fifth Amendment like that" - basing usage of the name on the constitutional right to free speech.

Sympathy for celebrities may be in understandably short supply - but the trend is hitting other names, too. The Vancouver-based FreeView Inc, for instance, has bought up hundreds of common surnames and offers them for use in e-mail addresses on a subscription basis.

While the law regarding personal names takes time to catch up with activity on the Net, domains are being snapped up fast - at the rate of 100,000 a month, according to one estimate - and the impending expansion of the addressing system will only increase demand.

Yet opportunities do still exist for those entrepreneurs that are willing to take the risk. Tonyblair.com has already been purchased. But williamhague.com remains unclaimed.

Photos by numbers

The digital camera is evolving fast, and you will already get twice as much for your money as you did last year. By Nicola Lynch

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A PICTURE is worth a thousand words in today's modern world, but there are disadvantages in using traditional photography. You usually have to go through a third party to get the picture processed. Then you are left with an image you can't manipulate unless you use a graphic designer. And if you want to send the image to anyone, you have to get a copy and send it through the post.

Digital cameras are the solution to many of these problems. On the market for some time, they have been decreasing in price as well as increasing in functionality. In its August edition, PC Magazine (www.pcmag.co.uk) put seven of the latest digital cameras through their paces. Setting a price limit of £1,000, it looked at the latest cutting-edge digital cameras that can capture images in resolutions of at least 1024 x 768 pixels. The prices ranged from just under £400 for the Konica Q-M100 to a little over £850 for the Olympus Camedia C-1400L. Last year, the same money would have got you a camera with half only the functionality.

All the cameras in the review had integrated LCD panels, except for the Olympus model that had the more traditional through-the-lens (TTL) viewfinder. None of the cameras used a fixed-focus lens and some even had optical zoom capabilities. Accessories like carrying cases, additional storage media and power supplies are increasingly supplied as standard, rather than being optional extras. In addition, features such as flash override, spot metering and automatic white balance help to make the final image capture as true to the original image as possible.

PC Magazine tested the cameras in a variety of conditions, and put them through

rigorous usability testing to see if they really were usable by a consumer as opposed to professional photographers. The results were interesting.

Manufacturers such as Kodak, Konica, Sanyo and Epson all retain the appearance of traditional cameras, while the Agfa, Fujifilm and Olympus diverge considerably. The testers felt that the Olympus was intended for professionals, so the fact that it was bulky was felt to be less of a problem. The Agfa, with its swivel lens, allows you to get unusual shots, such as over a crowd. However, testers felt that it was cumbersome to use.

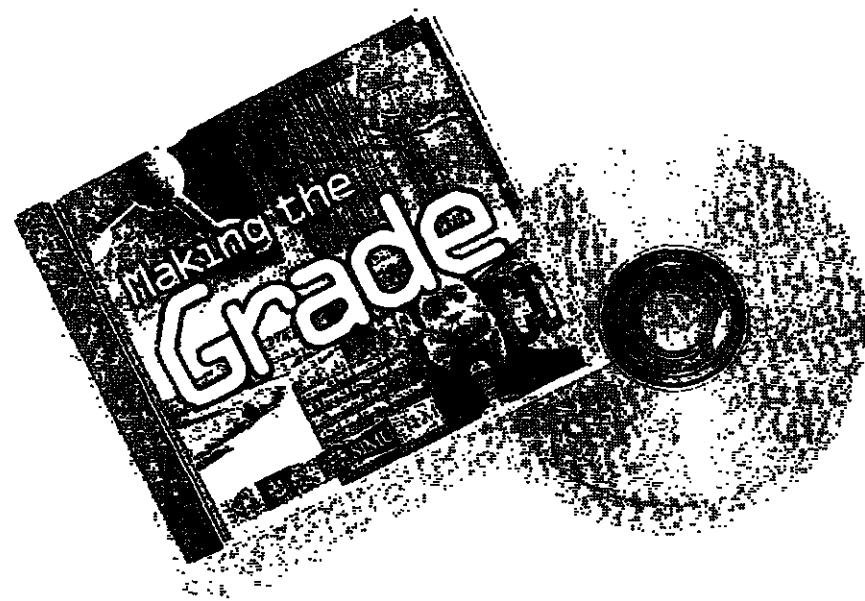
At the other end of the scale Fujifilm's camera was so compact that testers tended to obscure the lens when taking shots, and accidentally pressed buttons. Overall, the testers' satisfaction scores tended to stand at odds with their productivity and intuitiveness scores, indicating that no camera had completely the right balance.

Having to wait 20 seconds between shots while the camera saves the previous image was one of the irritations reported by testers. Battery life can also be very limited: 45 minutes in some cases and less than half of the cameras came with rechargeable batteries.

Taking a balance of features, picture quality and usability scores into account, the Konica Q-M100 was awarded the PC Magazine Editor's Choice award. It was also the least expensive camera in the review, retailing at £399.99 (ex VAT), and including an AC adapter, carrying case and software.

However, if it is pure image quality that you are interested in, then it has to be the Olympus Camedia C-1400L, which earned it a richly deserved recommendation.

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Three lions on the shirt, 22 robots on the pitch

And no jokes about Arsenal v Spurs, either. RoboCup 98 is deadly serious for robotics researchers – and they reckon in 50 years they'll have a team to beat Brazil. By Paul Lavin

ENGLAND HAS a good chance of winning the World Cup in France this week, if only it can overcome the might of Japan and the USA. Sorry, I'm being ridiculous. The Germans will probably win again. As in life, England will do well to finish in the top half in the robot world cup (RoboCup 98), which concludes in Paris on Thursday. Although it does boast probably the best goalkeeper, as David Seaman has shown, that is no guarantee of victory.

England will join some 100 teams in four different leagues, including virtual robots, from more than 20 countries, and involving 1,000 researchers, all seeking to lay the groundwork for an eventual robot triumph over mankind.

RoboCup's primary aim is to give a focus to artificial intelligence and robotics researchers, enabling them to pit their technologies against each other in as realistic a way as possible. Current hardware and software limitations means that they had to simplify football's rules, with no offside and no contact allowed. But, the organisers hope to produce a robotic team capable of beating the human world champions – something they believe is possible within 50 years.

This is a considerable challenge, as a football pitch is such "an unpredictable environment", according to England's team manager, Dr Antony Rowstron, research associate at Cambridge University's laboratory for communications engineering. "We could pick any sort of game, but football's good because people understand what it's about – getting the ball in the back of the net – so you can have simple rules."

Cambridge is playing in the small-size robot league, a five-a-side game played on a table-tennis table using an orange golf ball. The robots are no bigger than about 14cm by 10cm, except for the goalkeeper, which is England's secret weapon. It is T-shaped, catching the ball in its stem (using video tracking to position itself correctly), it swings around through 90 degrees and fires the ball back out from its left-hand side at some three-metres per second using an air cannon.

This allows England to play the sort of long-ball game Jack Charlton would be proud of. Although the goalie is not allowed to score, the team has written special algorithms which enable it to line up with another player and cannon the ball into the opposition net. "As our defence is stronger than our attack, being able to do this helps us significantly. Although we're expecting some low scoring games," Dr Rowstron says.

There are 11 teams in the league, and Dr Rowstron hopes to reach the top half. "We'll be unlikely to win because there are some teams who've been working on it for two years and have played real games," whereas England's nine-month gestation has only involved training matches among its squad. As teams can use different technologies, they will have to cope with a wide variety of tactics.

In this league, they have a camera mounted above the table, which spots two ping pong balls fixed to the robot's heads. One of these is in the



Dr Antony Rowstron, the Glenn Hoddle of robotics, says he tries to make his players as dumb as possible

Grant Norman

team colour: while the others are different for each player, allowing the computers controlling the play to identify each robot and which direction they are pointing. England's spotting computer passes this information to the strategic PC (both standard 300 MHz Pentiums), which then transmits the moves to the robots, which each contain a single PIC processor – except the goalie, which has three.

The positioning software was written in Java, which Dr Rowstron admits "was a gamble". He had been seduced by the promise that Java development would take 20 per cent less time than C or C++, but then found the resulting code was too slow. Luckily, they were able to get a new, pre-release compiler from IBM that makes the code just as quick as if it were written in C++.

"Some of the fun is to try to make each player autonomous, but we're not," Dr Rowstron explains. "Some members of the group are working on this client [network computer] re-

search, and we're trying to make the robots as dumb as possible." Modelled on David Beckham, perhaps? If they put an individual PC on each player, as some other teams do, the robots get slower, heavier and use more power, "whereas we've got lightweight players which are cheap to produce".

This, and sponsorship from Olivetti and Oracle Research Labs, has allowed Cambridge produce 11 players, so that it can also take part in an exhibition tournament with J-Star (the Japanese Sony team) and Carnegie Mellon University (small robot winners of the inaugural RoboCup last year), which should be the first match to feature 22 robots on one pitch (any jibes of the "what about Arsenal v Spurs" variety are greeted by a stony silence – mainly because Dr Rowstron doesn't follow real football, although several of the eight-person research team are "football mad").

As technology allows, the task will get more difficult. The camera above the pitch will soon be outlawed in favour of individual cameras on each robot. The walls around the pitch are also going to be removed, while an offside law will be introduced once the technology can cope with it.

There are three other leagues: for mid-sized and three-legged robots and for simulations, which Dr Rowstron believes is the best league for pure artificial intelligence research. It is also much cheaper to enter and, as a single programmer could create a team, is much more accessible, although they will have to beat the reigning champions, Humboldt University, from Germany.

The simulator league has some 50 teams of 11 individual players (pieces of software) running on a pitch created inside a server. The applications can only talk to the server, not each other, so they have to make their own decisions.

"It is very difficult, because you have no global picture of what is happening. In a way, it is much more like

real football. You can make a player shout, but only other players within 30 metres can hear it," Dr Rowstron says.

The exhibition alongside the competition features one development every real football fan should welcome, with several systems automatically generating commentary for matches (initially in the simulation league).

The software understands what is going on in the game, analyses each player's performance, puts forward hypotheses on various topics and commentates fluently in different languages. Food for thought, perhaps, for Kevin Keegan and his colleagues in the TV commentary box.

RoboCup 98 continues until Thursday at La Cité des Sciences et de l'Industrie, Paris, in conjunction with ICMAS 98 (International Conference on Multiagent Systems) and Agent World 98. More information on the Web: <http://www.robocup.org/>

How to give yourself a kick up the web site

IF YOU have been surfing the Web any time in the past several months then you have more than likely come across the term Dynamic HTML, or DHTML for short. Is this some new form of the Hypertext Markup Language? Some new computer language like JavaScript or Java? No.

I'll let you in on a little secret: there really isn't a DHTML. At least not in the way that there is an HTML or a JavaScript. Dynamic HTML is a marketing term that both Netscape and Microsoft have coined to describe a series of technologies that they introduced in the 4.0 versions of their Web browsers.

Although there is no standard definition of DHTML, there are a few things that DHTML should be. First, DHTML should make use of HTML tags and scripting languages without requiring the use of any software other than the browser. Also, as with HTML, DHTML should work cross browser and cross platform. Finally, DHTML should enhance the interactivity and appearance of the Web page.

So what makes a Web page more dynamic? I think we can agree on a few things:

- Dynamic documents allow the designer control over the layout and visual appearance of the content in the window.

- Dynamic documents can exactly position any element in the window and change that position after the document has loaded.

- Dynamic documents react and change with the actions of the site visitor.

- Dynamic documents hide and show content as needed.

Unfortunately, Netscape and Microsoft don't exactly agree on what technologies should be used to add dynamism to HTML.

The Web was founded on a simple premise: Web documents should display indifferent to the software being used. In order to evolve, however, newer browsers have had to add new technologies not supported by legacy (older) browsers. Think of the two versions of DHTML as two circles. Where those circles overlap is the realm of cross-browser DHTML, which we can use to create dynamic content for both browsers simultaneously.

Cross Browser DHTML The following technologies will run pretty much the same regardless of the DHTML browser being used unless otherwise noted.

- Cascading Style Sheets: Level 1 CSS allows you to define how HTML tags should display their content.

- Positioning CSS-P allows you to position exactly HTML elements anywhere in the screen as well as control the

WEB DESIGN



JASON CRANFORD TEAGUE

Dynamic HTML should enhance the interactivity and appearance of your page

element's visibility. JavaScript: this lets you create simple code to control Web page behaviour. And both browsers can use JavaScript to control positioned elements, allowing you to make them appear and disappear.

Netscape-specific DHTML Netscape has put several new technologies on the table hoping to create more dynamic Web pages.

Unfortunately these will never become standards as CSS does most of the same things and is endorsed by the W3C.

- JavaScript Style Sheets: Like CSS, JSS allows you to define the way in which HTML tags display their content, but uses a JavaScript syntax.

- Layers Like CSS-P, layers allow you to control the position of elements on the screen and whether they are visible or not.

Microsoft-specific DHTML Much of the Microsoft-specific DHTML is based around proprietary Microsoft software such as ActiveX technology, unlikely ever to be a cross-browser technology. Visual Filters: this allows you to perform visual effects on graphics and text in your document.

- Dynamic CSS: unlike Navigator 4, which can only use JavaScript to control CSS-P, Internet Explorer can also use JavaScript to control Cascading Style Sheets. The upshot is that you can change the way text and other content looks even after the document has loaded.

Over the next few months I will be exploring the concepts that make up Dynamic HTML in more detail, and hopefully show you some ways to spruce up your site without sacrificing backwards compatibility.

E-mail comments to Jason at indiewebdesign@mindspring.com

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WEB SITES

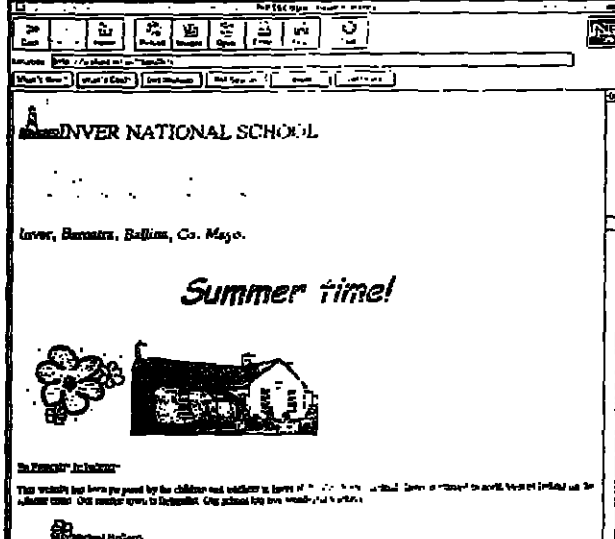
BILL PANNIFER

Coast of Ireland. School was surely never like this: they all love their teachers, for one thing. Individual pupils display their own interests – "Hi! I'm Laura and I like pigs" – while the principal's history lesson covers events since the first Hedge School took place here in 1836. Technically, it's far from naive – music tinkles away in the background and the kids can be heard voicing selected phrases in their native Irish, such as "I don't like porridge" or "I like the Spice Girls". Everything is so relentlessly sunny and foral the occasional road-kill joke, courtesy of the fifth-form, comes as something of a relief. But with its seascapes, lighthouse pictures and cotton-wool clouds, it offers the world a glimpse of a kind of education probably unavailable anywhere else.

A Schools Resource Page <http://www.parkerpen.co.uk/> Those who think the comput-

er keyboard has supplanted traditional writing skills in the classroom might want to look here at the results of Parker's recent handwriting competition, where eight-year-old winners display immaculately scripted passages from *The General Prologue* and *The Owl and the Pussycat*. Elsewhere nib-wielders are granted their own little bits of technospeak – so let's hear it for the feeder capillary groove and the iridium pellet. There's a history of writing, with a timeline from cuneiform to copperplate, and various facts to provoke amazement among young penpushers.

Tortured Norms <http://www.geocities.com/SiliconValley/Park/2495/> "Her name is Slave. After I created her I placed her in a small area, surrounded by five Grendels. I left her there for about 20 minutes, beating her when she attempted to defend herself. After she was sufficiently traumatised, I put her back in the garden. By the time I exported her, she was a quivering mass of fear." This (heavily censored) extract



gives an idea of the flavour of this site. Norms are cyber-characters in a computer game, *Creatures*, which involves the "breeding" and training of customised little artificial "organisms". The oppressively winsome nature of the results has, perhaps inevitably, prompted a reaction, and someone calling himself the AntiNorm has now dedicated a site to treating Norms – whose cuteness quotient

makes Wombles look positively sinister – in a manner most unwholesome. The resultant controversy rages in the news-groups and the pages of *HolWood*, while the AntiNorm has experienced not just vitriolic abuse but also death threats – the defenders of the cuddly creatures thereby exposing themselves as much more lurid and vindictive than their torturer, which seemingly is the AntiNorm's point.

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Practical, full of tricks and very portable, the Newton Pad is a hit with the tennis set. A former Wimbledon champion explains why

(Pat) Cash and carry

I GOT my Newton Pad almost two years ago. I needed something really small that could send faxes and keep names and dates as opposed to putting these things on lots of (lost) pieces of paper. I also wanted a little keypad because I write quite a few articles, especially around tennis time, when people want previews. I can just write it out and fax it through.

It has a really nice format. Paperwork does not have to be type-written, for instance, it can be printed with my own handwriting. Or I can get my boys to draw little pictures which can also be kept in drawing format, keeping the rest of the family sweet when faxed home.

The Newton Pad is also connected to the phone and e-mail. It has pretty much everything.

Most important for me, however, is a separate piece of software that you can get for tennis analysis. I had seen people use them, and a tennis mate of mine from Australia showed me all the software. It seemed perfect.

There are two different types: the "Scout" is used when you are playing and the "Chart Mate" acts as a monitor and will calculate statistics. With the Scout, you write in information about your opponent, their weaknesses, strengths and all sorts of other qualities as notes. The Chart Mate, however, works out the statistics for the match just like the ones you see on television - showing that 75 per cent of the first serves were missed, for instance.

I am not a great one for stats as you can read almost anything into them. Nevertheless, this device on the Newton Pad is more specific than the television statistics. If you miss a forehand shot, for example, you also want to know whether that was a hard shot to return - the Newton works out these finer details.

Tennis coaches carry Newton Pads and I have seen a few tennis players with them, too. I know that Patrick McEnroe, John McEnroe's brother, has one.

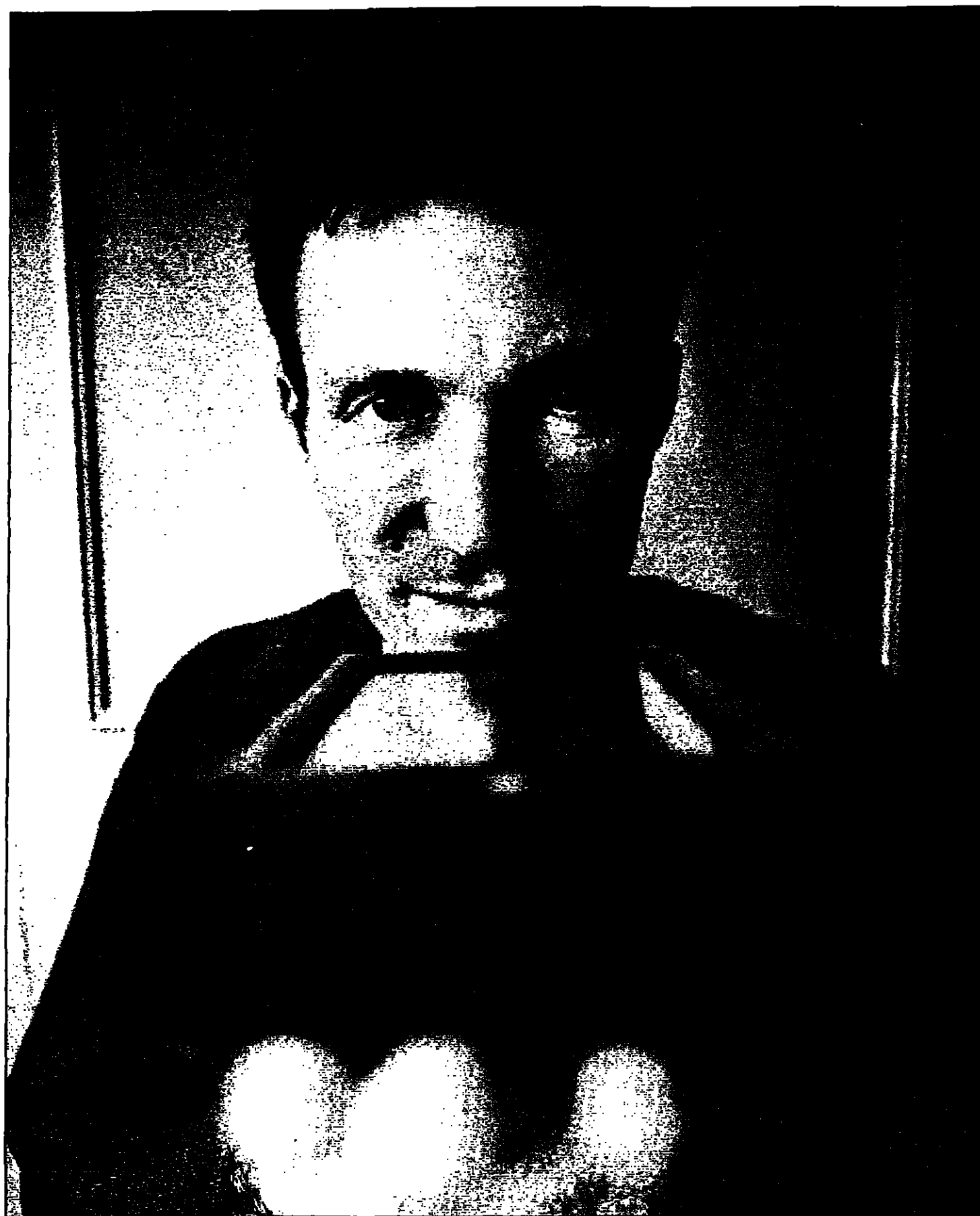
There are other notebook computers on the market but they do not do enough for me. This one has worked out just perfectly, although it is a bit more expensive, costing about £400.

I think they are good value. I use it all the time, writing in notes, checking dates and finding telephone numbers. It has not got a huge memory but enough that I can create different files. Normally, I will download from the pad on to my PC and then save it. I also have a storage card, which is like a PC card and about the same size. This keeps all the information. The Newton has all the other things a normal PC has, too, like an alarm, calculator and clock.

The only worry I have is that they do not make them anymore, so if it breaks down I don't know what I would do.

It is really practical. It only needs two AA batteries, which recharge in a couple of hours. You can send faxes from any phone, as long as you have got all the right connections.

However, like any computer, you



The Newton Pad has proved a smash with Cash: 'Most important for me is the software for tennis analysis'

Philip Meech

need to buy the extras. Here, I have had no problems at all, which is quite surprising considering that it is an Apple. My storage card got broken because I dropped it, but you can't blame that on the technology.

I use plenty of other gadgets. One, which I do not use anymore, saved my career. The Dual Bio Feedback

Machine has sensors which you strap around your knee and it tests the output of the muscles in that area. I have a knee problem, and one knee had to be stronger than another so I would use it to check the muscles a million times a day - otherwise my kneecap would have been pulled in another direction.

I have a normal computer and a mini-music studio at home with all sorts of equipment left, right and centre, yet I would like to know how to use the stuff a bit better. To be honest, I started learning then ran out of time. I just don't have time at the moment.

I am, like most guys, a gadget

person. You have got to use modern technology because it is the way everything is done these days. It makes life easier. Or a little busier - the mobile doesn't stop ringing at this time of year. It's a joke.

Pat Cash was talking to Jennifer Rodger

BYTES

ANDY OLDFIELD

WINDOWS NT 5.0 is slipping further behind schedule. Originally announced for release in late 1997, it may now not appear until the second half of next year. The second beta was expected to ship last week, but a Microsoft spokesman said that it should reach developers before the autumn instead.

Mike Nash, the director of marketing for Windows NT Server, said that a third beta and then a "release candidate" version are planned before the software reaches the market.

"Right now we're managing the product milestone to milestone," he said, adding that Microsoft is in no hurry, given the importance of the networking and security features in Windows NT 5.0 and given the continuing success of the 4.0 version, which was released about two years ago.

In units shipped last year, NT 4.0 outsold its competitors - Novell and various Unix vendors - according to figures from IDC. In terms of revenue from sales of server operating system software, Unix variants won the largest share of the \$5.6bn (£3.5bn) market pie, with 45.8 per cent of total revenue. Microsoft's NT took 34.2 per cent of the total market, while Novell's NetWare had 19 per cent. IBM's OS/2 managed only a 1.1 per cent share.

INTEL HAS lost the first round of its legal battle with the US Federal Trade Commission (FTC).

Intel had asked judge James Timony to reject the FTC anti-trust action or order the commission to clarify the monopoly accusations it had brought against Intel. Last week, however, the judge said that Intel must reply to the commission's complaint by 13 July.

The FTC filed a complaint last month alleging that Intel had violated anti-trust laws, using monopoly power to pressure its competitors and customers to give up trade secrets.

Meanwhile, announcing a new chip intended for high-end workstations and servers, Intel said that a bug found in Xeon, its new Pentium II-style processor, which can utilise four processors at once, was unlikely to affect shipment plans of new products equipped with the chip.

"These errata [bugs] have workarounds, and we are just completing our validation over the next two weeks, and our customers will announce their server products starting later this month and continuing on through the summertime," said Michael Fister, the Intel vice-president who is in charge of microprocessor products group.

MICROSOFT SETTLED a trademark dispute last week by agreeing to pay \$5m for the right to continue using the

name Internet Explorer for its Web browser. On the second day of a jury trial in Chicago, Microsoft reached a settlement with lawyers for SyNet, a defunct Illinois software company that claimed the right to the Internet Explorer trademark.

"We are confident that we would have won the case on the merits, but we are pleased to put this issue behind us and resolve any question about Microsoft's right to use the name Internet Explorer," said Mark Murray, a Microsoft spokesman.

Microsoft had claimed that Internet Explorer is a generic name rather than an actual title and argued that other firms, such as Hayes Microsystems, had used the Internet Explorer name before SyNet. If SyNet had continued the case and won, Microsoft faced spending \$30m to remove the name from its software, packaging and manuals.

COMPUSERVE UK last week followed the example of its North American sister company and introduced a monthly flat-rate pricing plan. Existing members can choose to stay with their current payment plans, paying \$9.95 for five free hours with hourly surcharges for extra use, or opt to pay \$29.50 (charged in sterling at about £17.95, depending on exchange rates) for unlimited use of basic services. Premium services will still attract extra charges, some multi-player games and enhanced chat services will also be charged at \$1.75 per hour.

Such a fee structure still makes CompuServe a relatively expensive way of accessing the Net. However, Martin Turner, UK managing director, said that the subscriber base was a stable one. He added that the company had considered charging a £10 flat rate but decided that such a price was "suicide". He said: "We're not trying to compete with [lower-cost Internet service providers]. Our users are sophisticated, hence our price point is higher."

PORTABLE ELECTRONIC books will be a reality by the autumn. In the US, NuvoMedia and SoftBook have announced their hand-held e-books, the RocketBook and SoftBook. Both are about the size of a hardback book and use encryption software to download entire books over the Net. Text and graphics can be the same as in the printed version, or can be modified.

Thousands of pages can be stored in memory - up to 10 novels in the RocketBook. The devices will cost from \$200 with a monthly charge for online services. NuvoMedia has Bertelsmann and Barnes & Noble among its partners. SoftBook has formed partnerships with Random House, HarperCollins and Simon & Schuster. A UK launch date has not been set.

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A Net profit for dirty money

The electronic revolution is making money laundering spotless. By Paul Gosling

CRIMINALS LAUNDER some £300bn each year through the world's financial system. But if the existing system leaks drug money like a sieve, the future of electronic commerce may resemble a waterfall.

Governments often seem to have only a slight grasp of the digital world, but for once ministers are getting worried. Last month, the United Nations held a special session on drugs and decided to use the Internet to share information on money moving by the drug cartels. And the G7 group of wealthy countries has agreed a package of measures - including information exchanges between tax authorities - to restrict the flow of dirty money.

The UN General Assembly was told that "megabyte money" poses a new and serious threat. There are 61 offshore financial centres that are poorly regulated and the banks of which have full access to the world's markets, according to a report presented to the conference. One of the report's authors, Washington lawyer Jack Blum, added that many of these "banks" were in reality nothing more than a name and computer for recycling dirty money. Of 185 UN member states, only 40 comply with a 10-year-old UN anti-money laundering convention.

Banks have been slow to take the problem seriously - some earn large profits from turning a blind eye to laundering. Many banks and Internet service providers that launder money are thought to be owned by large drug gangs. But with the growth of electronic commerce, in which transactions can be conducted without the involvement of banks, the potential for money laundering is that much greater.

A recent meeting of the Financial Action Task Force, representing major governments, was told: "Electronic money has the potential to make it easier for criminals to hide the source of their proceeds and move them without detection. Instead of a single shipping container or many false-bottomed suitcases, vast amounts of money could be transmitted instantaneously and securely with a few keystrokes."

Mark Tantom, a forensic audit partner at accountants Deloitte Touche, says that the Internet already makes it easier and safer for drug barons to run their operations at a distance. They use e-mail to issue instructions while living in a country without extradition arrangements. Even if messages are intercepted, and they are arrested, they have the opportunity to deny guilt by

arguing that a hacker got into the system. Their safety is abetted, says Mr Tantom, by Internet providers that refuse to co-operate with police.

Some Web sites, such as some Internet casinos and too-good-to-be-true savings accounts, may be nothing more than money laundering activities, warns Sarah Evans, of the fraud investigations group

Some banks are nothing more than a name and computer for laundering cash

at accountants Ernst & Young. An additional threat is coming from the latest generation of personal computers, fitted with devices that can read smart cards, including electronic purses. Using these, it will be possible to purchase goods online by making a deduction from the stored value on an electronic purse. Users will also be able to transfer sums from one electronic purse to another, online, wherever they are. This should not cause crime enforcement problems with those electronic purses,

such as Visa's, where all transactions are routed through the card issuer. However, the rival Mondex card - backed by the NatWest and HSBC bank groups - can be used to transfer money without notifying a bank or leaving an audit trail. Mondex denies this poses a real threat, as no transaction above £500 will be permitted. "People would have to work incredibly hard to move money," says Mondex spokesman Don Brockbank. "There are other ways that are easier." He did not deny, though, that Mondex cards might assist small-time street dealers in moving and concealing illicit earnings.

But one forensic auditor, who did not want to be named, believes Mondex is complacent. "How secure is their encryption methodology that restricts use up to £500?" he asks. "Drug gangs will probably have the expertise to break through that."

Even without the latest technology, the opportunities available to money launderers are worrying, and many believe that agreements that do little more than promise to share information will do next to nothing to put a brake on the problem. Rowan Bosworth-Davies, author of *The Impact of International Money Laundering Legislation* and managing consultant of Unisys's

risk management programme, is not impressed by the UN resolutions. "These resolutions come out because they have to - there is no point having a summit if there are no resolutions. Whether anything practical will follow I don't know." Bosworth-Davies believes governments are naive about the digital world. "Electronic money forces us to challenge our concepts of sovereignty and what money is and does. I no longer talk about money - money is something you and I use down the pub, and the amount of cash I take out of the cash machine now is very small. I talk of units of redeemable value."

Those "units of value" might be swapped as promises to supply goods or services in the future, rather than issued currency, and might bypass governments altogether, Bosworth-Davies believes. "How will we transfer units of value in the future?" he asks. "I am deeply pessimistic about the abilities of governments to do anything about the movements of units of redeemable value. We can't stop people speeding on motorways, so how are we to regulate the Internet?"

Is there a solution? Rowan Bosworth-Davies is temporarily lost for words. "I haven't a clue what to do," he sighs.

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NEW FILMS

SIX DAYS, SEVEN NIGHTS (12)

Director: Ivan Reitman
Starring: Harrison Ford, Anne Heche
Question: what happens to the action hero who is too old to leap from moving trains and cling to the landing gear of a 747? Answer: he reinvents himself as a romantic lead, rolling around with women half his age instead of alligators or ill-tempered Nazis. The latest actor to undergo this inelegant transformation is Harrison Ford.

An absurdly mechanical screenplay throws a booby cargo pilot (Ford) together with a New York magazine editor (Anne Heche), who is holidaying in Malaketa when she gets a call requesting her presence at a photo shoot in Tahiti. She ropes Ford into flying her there, but a thunderstorm forces them to crash-land on a remote island. The director, Ivan Reitman, has adopted an old-fashioned approach which relies on implausible contrivances, but this qualifies as gritty social realism compared with the moment when Ford and Heche laughably recreate the famous *From Here to Eternity* beach scene. CW: Barbican Screen, Elephant & Castle Coronet, Hammersmith Virgin, Notting Hill Coronet, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kennington, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Odeon West End, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea

GREASE (20TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION) (PG)

Director: Randal Kleiser
Starring: John Travolta, Olivia Newton-John
See *The Independent Recommends*, right.
CW: Clapham Picture House, Empire Leicester Square, Hammersmith Virgin, Odeon Marble Arch, Ritz Cinema, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Trocadero

KURT & COURTNEY (15)

Director: Nick Broomfield
There is a tragically pertinent lesson about the sacrifices which fame demands hidden somewhere in the new documentary *Kurt and Courtney*. But it would take a more intuitive filmmaker than Nick Broomfield to wheedle it out. In fact, *Kurt and Courtney* is a voyeuristic freak show, with various

interested parties, each with a stake in the Cobain legend, paraded before us. The film's fatal flaw is that Broomfield places himself above these characters. He can't see that he has become the moiré in this parasites' banquet. CW: Ritz Cinema, Screen on the Green, Virgin Fulham Road, Warner Village West End

LOVE AND DEATH ON LONG ISLAND (15)

Director: Richard Kwietniowski
Starring: John Hurt, Jason Priestley
Film-makers didn't invent obsession, but it's hard to imagine that it would have flourished with quite the same intensity without the careful nurturing administered by cinema. This occurs to you a short way into *Love and Death on Long Island*, just as the film's reclusive widower, Giles De'Ath (John Hurt), wanders into what he believes is a screening of a new E M Forster adaptation. But he has bought the wrong ticket, and finds himself watching *Hotpants College 2*, a crass sex comedy reminiscent of *Porky's*.

This error proves fortuitous, however, for it introduces him to one of the film's stars, Ronnie Bostock (Jason Priestley); a burgeoning obsession with this young actor in turn forces the old man to confront something which he has spent his life ignoring - the 20th century.

This warm, subtle comedy feels ephemeral at first, but gradually its emotional weight becomes apparent. Although it invites comparisons with *Death in Venice*, these are pegs on which the film hangs, rather than its underpinnings. What the movie is essentially concerned with is the tentative relationship between art and life, the watcher and the watched, and the writer-director Richard Kwietniowski takes great care in tracing the areas where each overlaps with the other. CW: Barbican Screen, Chelsea Cinema, Clapham Picture House, Gate Notting Hill, Renior, Richmond Filmhouse, Rio Cinema, Ritz Cinema, Screen on Baker Street, Screen on the Hill, Virgin Haymarket

Ryan Gilbey

GENERAL RELEASE

THE APOSTLE (12)

Director: Robert Duvall plunges into his role in a manner that is both terrifying and entrancing. West End: Clapham Picture House, Empire Leicester Square

THE BIG LEBOWSKI (18)

Jeff Bridges, John Goodman and Steve Buscemi star in one of the most strung-out mysteries ever. West End: ABC Pantons Street, Odeon Camden Town, Virgin Fulham Road, Warner Village West End

THE BIG SWAP (18)

A drab, unconvincing and preachy drama about partner-swapping. West End: Plaza

CITY OF ANGELS (12)

Nicolas Cage plays an angel puzzling over whether or not to exchange his divinity for domestic bliss with a mortal woman (Meg Ryan). West End: ABC Baker St, ABC Tottenham Court Rd, Barbican Screen, Clapham Picture House, Hammersmith Virgin, Notting Hill Coronet, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kennington, Odeon Marble Arch, Ritz Cinema, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Haymarket, Warner Village West End

DREAM WITH THE FISHES (18)

Take a suicidal loser preparing to throw himself off a bridge. Add a junkie with a month to live and give them a few months on the road together before an inevitable tearful farewell. Serve with a sick-bag at the ready. Perhaps it's the realisation that *Dream with the Fishes* could so easily have been a nightmare that makes its success seem refreshing and deserved. West End: Metro

GIRLS' NIGHT (15)

Shameless tearjerker with Brenda Blethyn as a cancer-suffering bingo winner who jets off to Las Vegas for a last-chance holiday with her sister-in-law (Julie Walters). Initially bubbly, the picture soon becomes grossly manipulative. CW: UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Haymarket, Warner Village West End

THE GIRL WITH BRAINS IN HER FEET (15)

Jaunty take on the rites-of-passage genre, set in Leicester in the 1970s. The lively script is complemented by the sparkling performance of Joanna Ward as the film's heroine. West End: Rio Cinema

JACKIE BROWN (15)

The movie's main focus is the desperation of its characters to make something of their lives before it's too late. West End: Plaza

JUNK MAIL (15)

This Norwegian black comedy's portrayal of the Oslo postal service is defamatory at best. Though its mixture of genres isn't entirely successful, *Junk Mail* has enough originality to see it through. West End: Ritz Cinema

THE LAST TIME I COMMITTED SUICIDE (15)

A mannered and vacuous dip into the life of the Beat poet Neal Cassady, played by Thomas Jane. There's lots of fast cutting and theatrical lighting, but the film just amounts to the same old Beat clichés. West End: ABC Piccadilly

LIVE FLESH (18)

A novel by Ruth Rendell is the unlikely origin of Pedro Almodóvar's most accomplished film to date. West End: ABC Shaftesbury Avenue, Gate Notting Hill, Curzon Minima, Odeon Camden Town, Richmond Filmhouse, Ritz Cinema, Screen on Baker Street

MIMIC (15)

Mira Sorvino stars as a doctor who successfully combats a virus that's sweeping New York by developing a rival cockroach species to wipe out the original disease-carriers. The result is an ingenious science-fiction-horror fable. CW: Elephant & Castle Coronet, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Marble Arch, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End

MY SON THE FANATIC (15)

Hani Kureishi establishes an opposition between an agreeable Pakistani taxi driver and his son, who has his sights set on becoming a fundamentalist Muslim. West End: ABC Swiss Centre

THE OBJECT OF MY AFFECTION (15)

Romantic comedy in which Paul Rudd confounds Jennifer Aniston's dreams of a wedding and a joint burial plot by turning out to be gay. CW: ABC Tottenham Court Road, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Odeon West End, Phoenix Cinema, Ritz Cinema, Screen on Baker Street, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea

PALMETTO (15)

Ironic film noir directed by Volker Schlöndorff. Harry Berber (Woody Harrelson) is the ex-con who gets mixed up with a pair of duplicitous women. CW: Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End

POINT BLANK (18)

Re-release of John Boorman's chilling existential thriller starring Lee Marvin. West End: Gate Notting Hill, Ritz Cinema, Screen on the Green

PONETTE (15)

French tale of a precociously intelligent four-year-old girl (Victoire Thivisol) whose mother dies in a car accident. The young Thivisol is superb, yet it's hard to deny discomfort at watching one so young parading emotion this raw and primal. CW: Curzon Mayfair, Metro

RED CORNER (15)

Richard Gere's very public pro-Tibet stance must have blinded him to the failings of this chunky piece of anti-Chinese propaganda. West End: Odeon Marble Arch, Plaza, UCI Whiteleys

THE REPLACEMENT KILLERS (18)

Executive-produced by Hong Kong action director John Woo, this is an attempt to launch the American career of his favourite star, Chow Yun-Fat. West End: Virgin Trocadero

SAVIOR (18)

Politically inept war film set during the Bosnian conflict. Dennis Quaid stars as a man who loses his family in a Paris bomb blast and ends up becoming a hired killer. West End: Virgin Haymarket

SLIDING DOORS (15)

Romantic comedy in which its heroine, Gwyneth Paltrow, is sent off into two separate realities at the same time, with two different suitors. West End: ABC Baker Street, ABC Shaftesbury Avenue, Empire Leicester Square, Hammersmith Virgin, Screen on the Green, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Trocadero

SOUL FOOD (15)

A black version of *Parenthood*, with all the attendant moralising, sentimentality and studied eccentricity which that implies. West End: Clapham Picture House, Ritz Cinema, Virgin Trocadero

STAR KID (PG)

Children's adventure about a young boy who's called upon to save the universe. What it lacks in budget, it makes up for in imagination. West End: Hammersmith Virgin, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Trocadero

STIFF UPPER LIPS (15)

Spoof of the Merchant/Ivory movies from one of the talents responsible for *Leon the Pig Farmer*. West End: Plaza, Virgin Chelsea

THE TASTE OF CHERRY (PG)

The joint winner of last year's Palme d'Or has taken a year to get a release over here, but thanks to highly naturalistic performances, it's a hypnotic and moving experience. West End: Renior

THE WAR AT HOME (15)

Tale of a traumatised Vietnam veteran on his return home to Texas adapted from James Duff's Broadway play. Homefront. CW: Plaza

THE WEDDING SINGER (12)

Dumb but winning comedy about a wedding singer (Adam Sandler) who falls for a waitress (Drew Barrymore), only to find that she's engaged to someone else. West End: ABC Baker Street, ABC Tottenham Court Road, Elephant & Castle Coronet, Hammersmith Virgin, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon West End, Ritz Cinema, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea

THE INDEPENDENT RECOMMENDS

Theatre Dominic Cavendish



STILL GOING strong after six years, Stephen Daldry's landmark staging of *An Inspector Calls* owes its robustness as much to J B Priestley's perennially pertinent assault on hypocrisy and complacency as it does to the emphatic design. Pip Miller stars as the shadowy inspector stepping across a Blitz-blasted landscape to interrogate the smug Birtings - whose braying family pride is built on morally shaky ground. Garrick Theatre, London WC2 (0171-494 5085) 7.45pm

If mirth and laughter are more your cuppa, you couldn't do much better than the National's revival of Edward Ravenscroft's Restoration long-runner, *The London Cuckolds*. Terry Johnson's gag-a-millsecond production makes no attempt to add a third dimension to this romp involving three ill-sorted and unfaithful couples - you are simply required to sit back and enjoy the spot-on carry-on, particularly from Caroline Quentin's (above) Arabelle, coquette supreme. Lyttelton, National Theatre, London SE1 (0171-452 3000) 7.30pm

Film Ryan Gilbey

IN THE TAUT thriller *Breakdown*, Kurt Russell and Kathleen Quinlan are stranded in the barren American Southwest. You know there's trouble in store because the trucker who offers them a lift is played by the late J T Walsh, an actor who conceivably gave his own mother nightmares. What begins as a simple kidnapping threatens to turn into a cosmic conspiracy - but to reveal any more of the plot would be to jeopardise its tightly interlocked chain of surprises. Prince Charles Cinema, London WC2 (0171-437 8181) 1pm
Grease (above) hasn't improved with age, but at least it hasn't dated either. And it does provide yet more proof, as if we needed it, that John Travolta is a volcano of charisma. It isn't his best performance (the came closer in *Saturday Night Fever* and *Brian De Palma's Blow Out*), though he does make this dumb film feel like fun. On general release



Visual Art Richard Ingleby

THE NPG'S ANNUAL showcase for young British portrait painters, the *BP Portrait Award 1998* (right) features 62 works selected from nearly 700 submissions, and suggests that the unfashionable art of portraiture has a healthy future. In particular, look out for Lewis Chamberlain's *Interior with a Seated Figure*, self-portraits by Frances Borden and Julia Wilson and Ben Henriques' *JC & JH*. National Portrait Gallery, St Martin's Place, London WC2 (0171-306 0055) to 26 Jul



Ecstasies: Roman Baroque Sculpture and Design in the Age of Bernini, is the first-ever British exhibition devoted to the Italian Baroque's finest figure. Gianlorenzo Bernini's career stretched across the 16th century, from brilliant child prodigy to grand old man of western sculpture, whose life's work defined much of the way that Rome looks today. National Gallery of Scotland, The Mound, Edinburgh (0131-556 8921) to 20 Sept

Classical Music Duncan Hadfield

THE FIRST OPERA by John Harle, and the first ever Proms opera commission, *Angel Magic*, gets its Royal Albert Hall premiere on 21 Jul. In the meantime, Harle's talents evince him in his customary role as one of the world's greatest saxophonists when he teams up with composer/pianist Richard Rodney Bennett in a line-up which includes music by Poulenc, Britten, Chick Corea and the pair themselves. Ironmonger's Hall, Shaftesbury Place, London EC2 (0171-638 8891) 8pm
The expert Fitzwilliam String Quartet definitely has the ideal period setting for a concert of Purcell, Boccherini and Rosetti Quartets in the Gallery of Harewood House. Plus, after the interval, the foursome is joined by second cellist Moray Welsh for Schubert's transcendental late Quintet D956. The Gallery, Harewood House, York (01937 584123) 6pm



CINEMA

WEST END

ABC BAKER STREET

(0171-935 9772) @ Baker Street City Of Angels 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm Sliding Doors 1.30pm, 3.40pm, 8.40pm

ABC PANTON STREET

(0171-430 0631) @ Piccadilly Circus As Good As It Gets 2pm, 5pm, 8pm The Big Lebowski 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm Good Will Hunting 1.10pm, 5.15pm, 7.40pm, 9.10pm Washington Square 2.40pm, 5.40pm, 8.25pm

ABC PICCADILLY

(0171-437 3561) @ Piccadilly Circus The Last Time I Committed Suicide 1.35pm, 3.50pm, 6.10pm, 8.45pm Mrs Brown 1.20pm, 3.40pm, 6pm, 8.30pm

ABC SHAFESBURY AVENUE

(0171-436 6279) @ Leicester Square/Tottenham Court Road Live Flesh 1.10pm, 3.35pm, 6pm, 8.25pm Sliding Doors 1.30pm, 3.55pm, 6.20pm, 8.45pm

ABC SWISS CENTRE

(0171-439 4470) @ Leicester Square/Piccadilly Circus Deconstructing Harry 1.10pm, 3.20pm, 6.10pm, 8.40pm Happy Together 6.20pm Kundun 1.10pm, 3.45pm, 6.20pm Marha - Meet Frank, Daniel & Laurence 2.10pm, 7.10pm, 9.10pm My Son The Fanatic 1.10pm, 5.10pm Shall We Dance? 1.10pm, 3.35pm, 6pm, 8.40pm

ABC TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD

(0171-636 6148) @ Tottenham Court Road City Of Angels 1.15pm, 3.35pm, 6.55pm, 9.15pm The Object Of My Affection 1.25pm, 4.05pm, 6.45pm, 9.20pm The Wedding Singer 1.50pm, 4.20pm, 6.50pm, 9.25pm

BARBICAN SCREEN

(0171-382 7000) @ Moorgate/Barbican Love And Death On Long Island 3pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm Six Days, Seven Nights 6.15pm, 8.40pm

CHELSEA CINEMA

(0171-351 3742) @ Sloane Square Love And Death On Long Island 2.35pm, 4.40pm, 6.50pm, 9pm

CLAPHAM PICTURE HOUSE

(0171-496 2243) @ Clapham Common City Of Angels 2pm, 4.30pm, 7pm, 9.30pm Grease (20th Anniversary Edition) 1.30pm, 4pm, 6.30pm, 9pm Love And Death On Long Island 1.15pm, 3.15pm, 5.15pm, 7.15pm, 9.15pm

CURZON MAYFAIR

(0171-369 1730) @ Green Park/Pantheon 1.05pm, 3.35pm, 6.05pm, 8.35pm (A Short Story) 1.05pm

ELEPHANT & CASTLE CORONET

(0171-703 4968) @ Elephant & Castle Mimic 3.40pm, 5.55pm, 8.30pm Six Days, Seven Nights 3.45pm, 6.20pm, 8.40pm The Wedding Singer 4pm, 6.10pm, 8.50pm

EMPIRE LEICESTER SQUARE

(0171-437 1234) @ Leicester Square The Apostle 3pm, 5.45pm, 8.30pm Grease (20th Anniversary Edition) 12.50pm, 3.20pm, 6pm, 8.40pm Sliding Doors 1pm, 3.20pm, 5.40pm, 8pm

GATE NOTTING HILL

(0171-727 4043) @ Notting Hill Gate Love And Death On Long Island 1.55pm, 4.15pm, 6.35pm, 8.55pm

METRO

(0171-437 0757) @ Piccadilly Circus/Leicester Square Dragon Town Story 7pm, 9pm Panette 2pm, 4.15pm, 6.30pm, 8.45pm

CURZON MINIMA

(0171-369 1730) @ Knightsbridge Live Flesh 3pm, 5pm, 7pm, 9pm

NOTTING HILL CORONET

(0171-727 6705) @ Notting Hill Gate Six Days, Seven Nights 3pm, 6pm, 8.30pm

ODEON CAMDEN TOWN

(0181-315 4239) @ Camden Town City Of Angels 12.50pm, 5.45pm, 8.15pm, 10.45pm Live Flesh 12.20pm, 5.55pm Mimic 3.20pm, 8.40pm The Object Of My Affection 1.15pm, 3.45pm, 6.20pm, 8.50pm Six Days, Seven Nights 12.15pm, 3.15pm, 6pm, 8.35pm The Wedding Singer 12.05pm, 2.20pm, 4.35pm, 6.50pm, 9.15pm

ODEON HAYMARKET

(0181-315 4213) @ Piccadilly Circus The Wedding Singer 1.30pm, 3.55pm, 6.25pm, 8.45pm

ODEON KENSINGTON

(0181-315 4214) @ High Street Kensington Six Days, Seven Nights 7pm, 9.35pm

ODEON MARBLE ARCH

(0181-315 4216) @ Marble Arch City Of Angels 12.15pm, 3.05pm, 5.55pm, 8.45pm Grease (20th Anniversary Edition) 12.15pm, 3.05pm, 5.55pm, 8.45pm Mimic 12.25pm, 3.15pm, 6.05pm, 9pm The Object Of My Affection 12.25pm, 3.15pm, 6.05pm, 9pm Six Days, Seven Nights 1pm, 3.45pm, 6.30pm, 9.15pm

ODEON MEZZANINE

(0181-315 4215) @ Leicester Square As Good As It Gets 5.45pm, 8.25pm Lolita 5.40pm, 8.20pm Marha - Meet Frank, Daniel & Laurence 5.40pm, 8.20pm Point Blank 6.30pm, 8.55pm

ODEON SWISS COTTAGE

(0181-315 4220) @ Swiss Cottage The Big Lebowski 6.05pm, 8.35pm City Of Angels 6pm, 8.35pm The Object Of My Affection 5.55pm, 8.30pm Six Days, Seven Nights 6.15pm, 8.45pm

ODEON WEST END

(0181-315 4221) @ Leicester Square The Object Of My Affection 1.40pm, 4pm, 6.20pm, 8.45pm

PHOENIX CINEMA

(0181-444 6789) @ East Finchley The Object Of My Affection 1.40pm, 4pm, 6.20pm, 8.45pm

PLAZA

(0171-437 1234) @ Piccadilly Circus The Big Swap 1.15pm, 3.45pm, 6.25pm Deep Impact 1.10pm, 5.50pm, 8.30pm Jackie Brown 4.15pm, 7.40pm, 10.10pm The War At Home 3.30pm, 6.10pm, 8.35pm

RENOIR

(0171-837 8402) @ Russell Square Love And Death On Long Island 2.35pm, 4.40pm, 6.50pm, 9pm The Taste Of Cherry 2.30pm, 4.30pm, 6.40pm, 8.50pm

RITZY CINEMA

(0171-737 2121/735 3229) BR @ Brompton French Twist 2.05pm Grease (20th Anniversary Edition) 2pm, 4.25pm, 6.45pm, 9.05pm Kurt & Courtney 3pm, 5.10pm, 7.20pm, 9.30pm Live Flesh 7.05pm Love And Death On Long Island 2.10pm, 4.30pm, 6.50pm, 9.15pm The Object Of My Affection 4.10pm, 6.35pm, 9pm The Wedding Singer 2.25pm, 4.35pm, 6.50pm, 9.20pm

SCREEN ON BAKER STREET

(0171-437 0036) @ Baker Street Love And Death On Long Island 2.35pm, 4.40pm, 6.50pm, 9pm The Object Of My Affection 2.30pm, 6.20pm, 8.45pm

SCREEN ON THE GREEN

(0171-226 3520) @ Angel/Highbury & Islington Kurt & Courtney 3pm, 5pm, 7pm, 9pm

SCREEN ON THE HILL

(0171-435 3366) @ Belgrave Park Love And Death On Long Island 3.10pm, 6.30pm, 8.50pm (A Short Story) 1.05pm, 4.05pm, 6.35pm, 8.55pm

UCI WHITELEYS

(0171-792 3332) @ Bayswater/Queensway City Of Angels 3.15pm, 6pm, 8.45pm Deep Impact 9.25pm Girls' Night 2.40pm, 4.50pm, 7pm Grease (20th Anniversary Edition) 3.25pm, 6.15pm, 9pm Mimic 4.40pm, 7.15pm, 9.45pm The Object Of My Affection 4pm, 6.45pm, 9.30pm Six Days, Seven Nights 3.45pm, 6.30pm, 9.10pm Sliding Doors 3.35pm, 6.05pm, 8.35pm The Wedding Singer 4.20pm, 6.55pm, 9.20pm

VIRGIN CHELSEA

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KINGSTON
ABC OPTIONS (0870-9020409) BR: Kingston City Of Angels 2.10pm, 5.45pm, 8.20pm The Ice Storm 1.10pm, 3.35pm, 6pm, 8.25pm Six Days, Seven Nights 2.30pm, 6pm, 8.25pm

MUSWELL HILL
ODEON (0151-4217) BR: Highgate City Of Angels 1.30pm, 3.50pm, 6.10pm, 8.30pm The Object Of My Affection 1.40pm, 4pm, 6.15pm, 8.35pm Six Days, Seven Nights 2.20pm, 4.30pm, 6.40pm, 8.55pm

PECKHAM
PREMIER (0181-235 3008) BR: Peckham Rye City Of Angels 4.10pm, 6.30pm, 8.50pm Grease (20th Anniversary Edition) 4pm, 6.30pm, 8.55pm Mimic 3.35pm, 6.05pm, 8.45pm The Object Of My Affection 4.05pm, 6.30pm, 8.45pm Six Days, Seven Nights 4.30pm, 6.45pm, 9pm Soul Food 3.50pm, 6.25pm, 8.50pm

PURLEY
ABC (0870-9020407) BR: Purley The Object Of My Affection 5.40pm, 8.30pm Six Days, Seven Nights 5.10pm, 8.10pm Sliding Doors 5.50pm, 8.40pm

PUTNEY
ABC (0870-9020401) BR: Putney Bridge BR: Putney City Of Angels 1pm, 3.30pm, 6pm, 8.30pm The Object Of My Affection 1pm, 6pm Six Days, Seven Nights 1.15pm, 3.45pm, 6.15pm, 8.45pm The Wedding Singer 3.30pm, 8.30pm

RICHMOND
ODEON STUDIO (0181-315 4218) BR: Richmond City Of Angels 1.10pm, 3.50pm, 6.30pm, 8.50pm The Object Of My Affection 1.10pm, 3.50pm, 6.30pm, 8.50pm Grease (20th Anniversary Edition) 1.10pm, 3.50pm, 6.30pm, 8.50pm Mimic 1.10pm, 3.50pm, 6.15pm, 8.50pm The Object Of My Affection 1.2.50pm, 3.35pm, 6.10pm, 8.30pm Six Days, Seven Nights 1.20pm, 4pm, 6.30pm, 8.45pm

ROMFORD
ABC (0870-9020419) BR: Romford City Of Angels 2.25pm, 5.40pm, 8.15pm Grease (20th Anniversary Edition) 2.20pm, 5.50pm, 8.20pm Six Days, Seven Nights 2.10pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm

ODEON LIBERTY 2 (01708-79040) BR: Romford City Of Angels 12.40pm, 3.15pm, 5.50pm, 8.20pm Deep Impact 12.30pm, 3pm, 5.30pm, 8.10pm Grease (20th Anniversary Edition) 1pm, 3.30pm, 6pm, 8.30pm Mimic 1.10pm, 3.50pm, 6.15pm, 8.50pm The Object Of My Affection 1.2.50pm, 3.35pm, 6.10pm, 8.30pm Six Days, Seven Nights 1.20pm, 4pm, 6.30pm, 8.45pm Sliding Doors 1.2.50pm, 2.20pm, 4.30pm, 6.40pm, 8.50pm The Wedding Singer 1.30pm, 3.40pm, 6.20pm, 8.40pm

SIDCUP
ABC (0541-555131) BR: Sidcup City Of Angels 2.20pm, 5.20pm, 8.20pm Six Days, Seven Nights 2.30pm, 6pm, 8.30pm

STAPLES CORNER
VIRGIN (0870-9070717) BR: Crickwood City Of Angels 1.30pm, 3.30pm, 6.20pm, 8.20pm Grease (20th Anniversary Edition) 2.45pm, 5.40pm, 8.15pm Mimic 2.15pm, 4.30pm, 6.45pm, 9.15pm The Object Of My Affection 2.15pm, 5.15pm, 8.30pm Six Days, Seven Nights 4.15pm, 6.30pm, 8.40pm The Wedding Singer 2pm, 5.20pm, 8pm

STREATHAM
ABC (0870-9020415) BR: Streatham Hill City Of Angels 2.30pm, 5.55pm, 8.40pm Grease (20th Anniversary Edition) 2.25pm, 5.55pm, 8.30pm Sliding Doors 2.25pm, 5.55pm, 8.45pm

ODEON (0181-315 4219) BR: Streatham Hill/Brook/Clapham Common Mimic 2.20pm, 4.30pm, 6.40pm, 8.50pm The Object Of My Affection 1.10pm, 3.30pm, 6.10pm, 8.40pm Six Days, Seven Nights 1.40pm, 4pm, 6.20pm, 8.50pm Sliding Doors 1.40pm, 4pm, 6.20pm, 8.50pm The Wedding Singer 1.40pm, 4pm, 6.20pm, 8.50pm

STRATFORD
NEW STRATFORD PICTURE HOUSE (0555 3366) BR: Stratford East City Of Angels 3.55pm, 9pm The Girl With Brains In Her Feet 3pm, 6.30pm Girls' Night 1.30pm, 6.30pm Grease (20th Anniversary Edition) 1.40pm, 4.10pm, 6.40pm, 9.10pm The Object Of My Affection 4.20pm, 6.50pm Six Days, Seven Nights 3.15pm, 4.35pm, 6.55pm, 9.15pm

SUTTON
UCI (01990-889890) BR: Sutton/Morden City Of Angels 4.15pm, 6.45pm, 9.15pm Grease (20th Anniversary Edition) 4pm, 6.30pm, 8.50pm Mimic 4.45pm, 7.15pm Six Days, Seven Nights 4.30pm, 7pm, 8.30pm Sliding Doors 1.45pm, 4pm, 6.15pm, 8.45pm

TURNPIKE LANE
CORONET (0181-888 2519) BR: Turnpike Lane Grease (20th Anniversary Edition) 3.50pm, 6.30pm, 8.35pm Mimic 3.40pm, 5.55pm, 8.35pm Six Days, Seven Nights 3.45pm, 6.20pm, 8.40pm

UXBRIDGE
ODEON (01895-813139) BR: Uxbridge City Of Angels 1.30pm, 5.10pm, 8.30pm Six Days, Seven Nights 1.10pm, 3.45pm, 6.10pm, 8.35pm

WALTHAMSTOW
ABC (0870-9020424) BR: Walthamstow Central Mimic 1.25pm, 3.40pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm The Object Of My Affection 1.20pm, 3.40pm, 6pm, 8.20pm Six Days, Seven Nights 1.45pm, 4pm, 6.15pm, 8.30pm

WALTON ON THAMES
THE SCREEN AT WALTON (01932-252825) BR: Walton on Thames Grease (20th Anniversary Edition) 3.05pm, 6.05pm, 8.25pm Six Days, Seven Nights 3.45pm, 6.30pm, 8.45pm

WELL HALL
CORONET (0181-850 3381) BR: Eltham Mimic 3.40pm, 5.55pm, 8.30pm Six Days, Seven Nights 3.45pm, 6.20pm, 8.40pm

WILLESDEN
BELLE-VUE (0181-830 0822) BR: Willesden Green City Of Angels 4pm, 6.30pm, 9pm

WIMBLEDON
ODEON (0181-315 4222) BR: Wimbledon/South Wimbledon City Of Angels 1pm, 3.30pm, 6pm, 8.30pm Grease (20th Anniversary Edition) 1pm, 3.30pm, 6pm, 8.30pm

The Object Of My Affection 1.10pm, 3.30pm, 6pm, 8.30pm Six Days, Seven Nights 1.30pm, 3.50pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm Sliding Doors 4.30pm, 6.45pm The Wedding Singer 2.30pm, 6.45pm

WOODFORD
ABC (0181-989 3463) BR: South Woodford City Of Angels 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6pm, 8.25pm The Object Of My Affection 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.10pm, 8.30pm Six Days, Seven Nights 1.30pm, 3.50pm, 6.15pm, 8.35pm

WOOLWICH
CORONET (0181-854 5043) BR: Woolwich Arsenal Grease (20th Anniversary Edition) 3.50pm, 6.20pm, 8.35pm Six Days, Seven Nights 3.45pm, 6.20pm, 8.40pm

CINEMA REPERTORY

LONDON
CINE LUMIERE AT THE INSTITUT FRANCAIS Queensberry Place SW7 (0171-838 2144/2146) Un Divan A New York: British Premiere (NC) 7.30pm

ICA The Mall SW1 (0171-930 3647) Full Alert (NC) 5pm, 7pm, 9pm (NC) 8.30pm Mad Phoenix (NC) 9pm

NFT South Bank SE1 (0171-633 0274/cx 928 3232) Wag The Dog (15) 2.30pm, 8.30pm Days Of Youth (NC) 6.15pm The Day The Earth Caught Fire (NC) 6.30pm The Guardian Interview With Val Guest: NFT Special Event (NC) 8.45pm

PEPSI IMAX The Trocadero, Piccadilly Circus W1 (0171-494 4153) Across The Sea Of Time - A New York Adventure (3-D) (U) 11am, 1.05pm, 5.20pm L5-City In Space (NC) 12.10pm, 2.15pm, 4.25pm, 7.50pm 21:20pm Everest (U) 3.20pm, 7.50pm

PRINCE CHARLES Leicester Place WC2 (0171-437 8181) Breakdown (15) 10m L'Appartement (15) 3.45pm The Real Blonde (15) 6pm Midnight In The Garden Of Good And Evil (15) 8.45pm

RIO Kingsland High Street E8 (0171-254 6677) Love And Death On Long Island (15) 4.45pm, 7pm, 9.10pm

RIVERSIDE STUDIOS Crisp Road W5 (0171-237 1111/cx 420 0100) East Drunk Man Woman/The Ice Storm (PG) 6.30pm The Ice Storm (15) 8.55pm

BRISTOL
WATERSHED (0117-925 3845) Love And Death On Long Island (15) 6pm, 8.25pm Journey To The Beginning Of The World (U) 6.05pm The Big Lebowski (18) 8.15pm

CAMBRIDGE
ARTS CINEMA (01223-504444) Good Will Hunting (15) 12.30pm Love And Death On Long Island (15) 2.45pm, 9.20pm Afterglow (15) 4.50pm Salut Cousin! (15) 7.10pm

CARDIFF
CHAPTER ARTS CENTRE (01222-399666) The Real Blonde (15) 7.30pm Love And Death On Long Island (15) 8pm

CHICHESTER
ARTS CINEMA (01243-504444) Titanic (12) 2pm Washington Square (PG) 6.15pm Nil By Mouth (18) 8.45pm

NORWICH
CINEMA CITY (01603-622047) Wag The Dog (15) 5.45pm Live Flesh (18) 8.15pm

CINEMA COUNTRYWIDE

BRIGHTON
ABC EAST STREET (01273-327010) The Object Of My Affection (15), Sliding Doors (15), Six Days, Seven Nights (12)

ODEON (01273-207977) Six Days, Seven Nights (12), The Wedding Singer (12), The Object Of My Affection (15), The Big Lebowski (18), Mouseshunt (PG), City Of Angels (12), Mimic (15)

VIRGIN (0541-555145) The Wedding Singer (12), City Of Angels (12), Star Kid (PG), Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles 2 (PG), Six Days, Seven Nights (12), Deep Impact (12), Mouseshunt (PG), Mimic (15), The Object Of My Affection (15), Grease (20th Anniversary Edition) (PG), Sliding Doors (15)

BRISTOL
ARNOLFINI (0117-929 9191) The Wedding Banquet (15), The Ice Storm (15)

CINEMAWORLD THE MOVIES (01275-1099) Six Days, Seven Nights (12), Grease (20th Anniversary Edition) (PG), Wisniewski (18), 101 Dalmatians (U), Mouseshunt (PG), As Good As It Gets (15), Deep Impact (12), Jah Pyar Kissie Hota Hai (PG), City Of Angels (12), Blues Brothers 2000 (PG), Sliding Doors (15), Star Kid (PG), Mimic (15), Scram 2 (18), Anastasia (U), Bean (PG), The Big Lebowski (18), The Wedding Singer (12), Desperate (15), The Object Of My Affection (15), Titanic (12), Dark City (15)

ORPHEUS HENLEAZE (0117-962 1641), Loftia (18), The Wedding Singer (12), Six Days, Seven Nights (12), Amy Foster (12)

ODEON (0117-929 0882) George Of The Jungle (U), Flubber (U), The Object Of My Affection (15), Good Will Hunting (15), Paws (PG), The Wedding Singer (12), Six Days, Seven Nights (12)

ABC WHITEHALLS ROAD (0117-973 3640), Mimic (15), Sliding Doors (15), Grease (20th Anniversary Edition) (PG), City Of Angels (12)

WATERSHED (0117-925 3845) Ugetsu Monogatari (NC), Kaitenkyoku Shiroi Fune + Ina (18), Love And Death On Long Island (15), The Big Lebowski (18), Flats In The Pocket (U) Pugn In Tassa (NC), Exploitation Double Bill (18), Journey To The Beginning Of The World (U)

HENLEY-ON-THAMES
REGAL HENLEY (01491-414150) Sliding Doors (15), Panette (15), The Object Of My Affection (15), Six Days, Seven Nights (12)

THEATRE WEST END

Ticket availability details are for today; times and prices for the week; running times include intervals. ● - Seats at all prices. ● - Seats at some prices. ● - Returns only Matinees - (1): Sun, (3): Tue, (4): Wed, (5): Thu, (6): Fri, (7): Sat

ANIMAL CRACKERS
Three actors recreate the wild antics of the Marx Brothers. Barburian Sculpture Court Silk Street, EC2 (0171-638 4141) ● Barburian/Moorgate, Mon-Sat 7.30pm, mats Sat 2pm, ends 11 Jul, £10-£19

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
Lavish family musical based on Disney's cartoon version of the favourite fairy tale. Dominion Theatre Tottenham Court Road, W1 (0171-656 1888) ● Tottenham Court Road, Mon-Sat 7.30pm, mats Wed & Sat 2.30pm, £17.50-£32.50, 150 mins

BLOOD BROTHERS
Willy Russell's long-running Liverpool musical melodrama about twins separated at birth. Phoenix Theatre Charing Cross Road, WC2 (0171-369 1733) ● Leicester Square/Tottenham Court Road, Mon-Sat 7.45pm, mats Wed & Sat 3pm, Sat 4pm, £10.50-£29.50, 165 mins

CATS
Lloyd Webber's musical version of T S Eliot's poems. New London Theatre Parker Street, WC2 (0171-405 0072/cx 0171-404 4079) ● Covent Garden/Holborn, Mon-Sat 7.45pm, mats Tue & Sat 3pm, £12.50-£32.50, 165 mins

CHICAGO
Ruthie Henshall stars in this hit Broadway musical about a pair of murderous women. Adelphi Theatre Maiden Lane, WC2 (0171-344 0055) ● Charing Cross, Mon-Sat 8pm, mats Wed & Sat 2.30pm, £16-£36 (inc booking fee), 130 mins

CLASS
Season of plays written by London schoolchildren, and directed by Mark Ravenhill, amongst others. Royal Court Theatre Upstairs (at The Ambassadors) West Street, WC2 (0171-565 5000) ● Leicester Square, Tonight 7.45pm, ends 9 Jul, £5, concs £2

CLOSER
Superb study of contemporary sexual relationships in Dealer's Choice author Patrick Marber. Lyric Theatre Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-434 5045) ● Piccadilly Circus, Mon-Sat 7.30pm, mats Wed & Sat 3pm, £5-£27.50, 140 mins

DR DOLITTLE
Philip Schotteloff talks to the animals in this new stage adaptation featuring Jim Henson Puppets. Labatt's Apollo Hammersmith Lane, W6 (0171-416 0022) ● Hamersmith, Mon-Sat 7.30pm, mats Wed & Sat 2.30pm, £10-£32.50, 150 mins

ELTON JOHN'S GLASSES
David Farr's comedy about one man's obsession with Walford Football Club and their failure to win the Cup Final in 1984. Queen's Theatre Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-494 5590/cx 0171-344 4444) ● Piccadilly Circus, Mon-Fri 7.45pm, Sat 8pm, Sat 4pm, ends 11 Jul, £10.50-£27.50, 120 mins

GREASE
Marissa Dunlop stars in the stage version of the hit film. Cambridge Theatre Earlham Street, WC2 (0171-494 5080) ● Covent Garden, Mon-Sat 7.30pm, mats Wed & Sat 3pm, £10-£30, 150 mins

HOW I LEARNED TO DRIVE
Paula Vogel's drama about the incestuous relationship between a teenager and her uncle. Donmar Warehouse Earlham Street, WC2 (0171-369 1732) ● Covent Garden, Mon-Sat 8pm, mats Thu & Sat 4pm, £12-£16, concs available, 95 mins

THE ICEMAN COMETH
Kevin Spacey stars in Eugene O'Neill's classic testimony to the power of dreams. Old Vic The Old Vic, SE1 (0171-928 7616/cx 420 0000) BR: Waterloo, Mon-Sat 7pm, mats Sat 1.30pm, ends 1 Aug, £5-£30, 180 mins

AN IDEAL HUSBAND
Christopher Cazenove and Kate O'Mara in Peter Hall's acclaimed production of Wilde's comedy. Albany Theatre St Martin's Lane, WC2 (0171-369 1730/cx 0171-867 1111) ● Leicester Square, Mon-Sat 7.45pm, mats Thu 3pm, Sat 4pm, booking to 11 Jul, £7.50-£29.50, 165 mins

AN INSPECTOR CALLS
Stephen Daldry's widely acclaimed production of J R Prentiss's thriller. Garrick Theatre Charing Cross Road, WC2 (0171-494 5085) ● Leicester Square, Mon-Fri 7.45pm, Sat 8.15pm, mats Wed 2.30pm, Sat 5pm, £10.50-£25, 110 mins

KAT AND THE KINGS
Musical about a band set in 1950s Cape Town. Vaudeville Theatre Strand, WC2 (0171-836 9987) BR: Charing Cross, Mon-Thu 8pm, Fri-Sat 5.30pm & 8.30pm, £6.25-£27.50, 130 mins

A LETTER OF RESIGNATION
Hugh Whitemore's play about the Putnam affair and political morality. Savoy Theatre Strand, WC2 (0171-836 8888/cx 0171-836 0479) ● Charing Cross/Embankment, Mon-Sat 7.45pm, mats Wed 3pm, Sat 4pm, £12.50-£25, 135 mins

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
Classic tale of love and confusion set in the fairy kingdom. Open Air Theatre Regent's Park, NW1 (0171-486 2431/cx 0171-486 1933) ● Baker Street, in rep, tonight 8pm, ends 5 Sep, £8-£20, 165 mins

LES MISERABLES
Musical dramatisation of Victor Hugo's sprawling 19th-century masterpiece. Palace Theatre Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-434 0090) ● Piccadilly Circus, Mon-Sat 7.30pm, mats Thu & Sat 2.30pm, £7-£32.50, 195 mins

THE MISANTHROPE
Elaine Paige, Michael Pennington, Peter Bowles and Anna Carter star in Ramin Bahrani's new translation of Moliere's comedy. Piccadilly Theatre Denham Street, W1 (0171-369 1734) ● Piccadilly Circus, in rep, tonight 7.45pm, continuing, £8.50-£27.50, concs £12.50, 140 mins

MISS SAIGON
Musical which reverts the Madam Butterfly tragedy to Vietnam. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane Catherine Street, WC2 (0171-494 5060) ● Covent Garden, Mon-Sat 7.45pm, mats Wed & Sat 3pm, £5.75-£32.50, 165 mins

THE MOUSETRAP
Agatha Christie's whodunnit. St Martin's Theatre West Street, WC2 (0171-836 1443) ● Leicester Square, Mon-Sat 8pm, mats Tue 2.45pm, Sat 5pm, £9-£23, 135 mins

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING
Dedon Donnellan directs Cheek By Jowl in a new production of Shakespeare's dark comedy of intrigue and deceit. Playhouse Theatre Northumberland Avenue, WC2 (0171-839 4401/cx 318 4747) ● Embankment, Mon-Sat 7.30pm, mats Thu & Sat 2.30pm, ends 25 Jul, £10-£22, 120 mins

THE OLD NEIGHBOURHOOD
David Mamet's new play is directed by Patrick Marber. Royal Court Theatre (at the Duke of York's) St Martin's Lane, WC2 (0171-565 5000) ● Leicester Square/Charing Cross, Mon-Sat 7.30pm, mats Sat 3.30pm, £5-£19.50, benches 10p, Mon-all seats £5, 90 mins

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA
Andrew Lloyd Webber's Gothic musical. Her Majesty's Theatre Haymarket, SW1 (0171-494 5400/cx 0171-344 4444) ● Piccadilly Circus, Mon-Sat 7.45pm, mats Wed & Sat 3pm, £10-£32.50, 150 mins

POPCORN
Lawrence Boswell directs Ben Elton's satire on cinema violence. Apollo Theatre Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-494 5070) ● Piccadilly Circus, Mon-Sat 8pm, mats Wed 3pm, Sat 4pm, £5.50-£23.50, 150 mins

THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND & BLACK COMEDY
Double bill of drama from Tom Stoppard and Peter Schaffer, directed by Gregory Doran. Piccadilly Theatre Pantion Street, SW1 (0171-369 1731) ● Piccadilly Circus/Leicester Square, Mon-Sat 7.30pm, mats Wed & Sat 3pm, £7.50-£27.50, 165 mins

RENT
Musical inspired by La Bohème and set in modern-day New York. Shaftesbury Theatre Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2 (0171-379 5399) ● Holborn/Tottenham Court Road, Mon-Sat 7.30pm, mats Wed & Sat 3pm, £12.50-£32.50, 160 mins

ROYAL NATIONAL THEATRE
"OLIVER!": Oklahoma! Classic musical from Rodgers and Hammerstein, featuring the song "Oh What A Beautiful Morning". In rep, tonight 7.15pm, ends 30 Oct

LYTTELTON
The London Cuckoos! Ravenscroft's Restoration comedy. In rep, tonight 7.30pm, ends 11 Aug, 1.95 mins

"COTTESLOE"
Copenhagen New drama from Michael Frayn about the discovery of the atom. In rep, tonight 7.30pm, continuing, 145 mins. Oklahoma! £12-£32.50. Oliver & Lytton: £8-£27. Cottesloe: £12-£18. South Bank, SE1 (0171-452 3000) ● Embankment

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER
Hit 1970s musical featuring songs by the Bee Gees, including three new tracks. London Palladium Argyll Street, W1 (0171-494 5020) ● Oxford Circus, Mon-Sat 7.30pm, mats Wed & Sat 2.30pm, £10-£32.50, 135 mins

SHOW BOAT
Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein's musical set on the Mississippi. Prince Edward Theatre Old Compton Street, W1 (0171-447 5400) ● Leicester Square/Tottenham Court Road, Mon-Sat 7.30pm, mats Thu & Sat 2.30pm, £10-£35, 180 mins

SNOKEY JOE'S CAFE - THE SONGS OF LEIBER AND STOLLER
The rock-and-roll hitmakers celebrated in a musical revue that includes "Jailhouse Rock". Prince of Wales Theatre Coventry Street, W1 (0171-839 5972) ● Leicester Square/Piccadilly Circus, Mon-Thu 8pm, Fri 5.45pm & 8.30pm, Sat 3pm & 8pm, £15-£32.50, Fri mats £10-£25, 135 mins

STARLIGHT EXPRESS
Andrew Lloyd Webber's hi-tech rock-musical. Apollo Victoria Theatre Strand, SW1 (0171-416 6070) BR: Victoria, Mon-Sat 7.45pm, mats Tue & Sat 3pm, £12.50-£30, 150 mins

SWEET CHARITY
Bonnie Langford stars in this classic musical, featuring the numbers "Hey Big Spender" and "The Rhythm Of Life". Victoria Palace Theatre Strand, SW1 (0171-834 1317) BR: Victoria, Mon-Sat 7.30pm, mats Wed & Sat 3pm, £15-£30, 160 mins

THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE
Jane Asher stars in Alan Ayckbourn's comedy. Gielgud Theatre Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171-494 5065) ● Piccadilly Circus, Mon-Sat 7.45pm, mats Thu & Sat 3pm, £10.50-£27.50, 140 mins

THE UNEXPECTED MAN
Yasmin Reza's follow-up to 1995's Cape Town. Vaudeville Theatre Strand, WC2 (0171-836 9987) BR: Charing Cross, Mon-Thu 8pm, Fri-Sat 5.30pm & 8.30pm, £6.25-£27.50, 130 mins

WHISTLE DOWN THE WIND
Lloyd Webber's new musical based on the film of the same name. Aldwych Theatre Aldwych, WC2 (0171-416 6003/cx 0171-836 2428) ● Holborn, Mon-Sat 7.30pm, mats Thu & Sat 3pm, £10-£32.50, 120 mins

THE WOMAN IN BLACK
Susan Hill's chillingly effective ghost story. Fortune Theatre Russell Street, WC2 (0171-836 2238/cx 0171-344 4444) ● Covent Garden/Holborn, Mon-Sat 8pm, mats Tue 3pm, Sat 4pm, £8.50-£23.50, 110 mins

WINDSOR
Theatre Royal A Tale Of Two Cities New musical adaptation of the Charles Dickens novel. Mon-Sat 8pm, mats Thu 2.30pm, Sat 4.45pm, ends 1 Aug, £5-£20, concs available. Thames Street (01753-853888)

WOKING
NEW VICTORIA THEATRE Kind Hearts And Coronets Story about a ninth-in-the-line aristocrat determined to claim his title by murderous means. Mon-Fri 8pm, ends 11 Jul £8-£15, concs available. Peacock Arts & Entertainment Centre (01483-761144)

THEATRE COUNTRYWIDE
BRIGHTON
BRIGHTON MUSEUM & ART GALLERY A Surreal Life: Edward James Surrealist work from this major patron of contemporary art's collection. Mon, Tue, Thu-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2pm-5pm, ends 25 Jul, free. Church Street (01273-290900)

BRISTOL
ARNOLFINI Tracey Moffatt: An Exhibition Of Photographs

MONDAY RADIO

PICK OF THE DAY

LAST YEAR'S *The Coroner* was one of the better examples of that overstretched genre, the fly-on-the-wall job documentary, and Cate Foster, a policewoman working as coroner's assistant, was its down-to-earth, gentle star. She returns to her old job in *The Beat* (8pm R4), four programmes on the daily grind of policing in and around Bradford, today dealing with a teenager found sleeping rough in a coal bunker. It's a good day for

pianists: in Performance on 3 (7.30pm) Alfred Brendel (right), one of the unquestioned greats, begins a series of three concerts from the Cheltenham Festival in which he plays all of Beethoven's piano concertos - tonight, the first and fourth. The Radio 3 Lunchtime Concert (1pm) features Stephen Kovacevich, starting to look like he could be one of the greats, in a programme of Brahms and Schubert.



ROBERT HANKS

composers who came under his spell, including Fauré, Duparc, Debussy and Berg. **10.45** Minding It. Presented by Mark Russell and Robert Sandall. Saxophonist John Lurie - the quintessential bohemian hipster with a voice to die for - is in session. With him are two of his Lizard Lounge, Mauro Refosco on percussion and Calvin Weston on drums. **11.30** Jazz Notes. **12.00** Composer of the Week: Samuel Barber. (R) **1.00** - **6.00** Through the Night. **RADIO 4** (92.4-94.5MHz FM) **6.00** Today. **9.00** Start the Week. **9.45** Serial: Reflections. **10.00** NEWS; Woman's Hour. **11.00** NEWS; Impostors. (R) **11.30** Ballylenon. **12.00** NEWS; You and Yours. **12.57** Weather. **1.00** The World at One. **1.30** Words in Music. **2.00** NEWS; The Archers. **2.15** NEWS; Afternoon Play: London Particulars. (R) **3.00** Money Box Live: (0171) 580 4444. **3.30** The Great Outdoors. (R) **3.45** Fictional Families. **4.00** NEWS; The Food Programme. **4.30** Four Corners. **5.00** PM. **6.00** Six O'Clock News. **6.30** Just a Minute. **7.00** NEWS; The Archers. **7.15** Front Row. Mark Lawson

chairs the arts programme. **7.45** Under One Roof: What's Inside a Girl? By Mike Walker, based on the original story by Michele Hanson. Gillian and her friends tackle middle age head-on with varying degrees of damage - as they wrestle with VPL and HRT. With Paola Dionisotti, Edna Dore and Luisa Bradshaw-White. Director Marilyn Irmie (1/5). **8.00** NEWS; The Beat. A series following community police officers at work in West Yorkshire. 1: The plight of a teenager found living in a coal bunker. See *Pick of the Day*. **8.30** Analysis. "Boom or Bust?" Is the economy booming, or on the brink of recession? Each month, the Bank of England agonises about interest rates in the face of conflicting information from different sectors of the economy. But does the data still give us an accurate picture? Bridget Rosewell asks if policy is based on an outdated view of the economy. **9.00** NEWS; Life on the Edge. In the second of two programmes about life in extreme environments, Geoff Watts gets lost in the desert and finds out what it takes to survive the searing heat and lack of water. **9.30** Start the Week. Conversation with Melvyn Bragg and guests. **10.00** The World Tonight. **10.45** Book at Bedtime: Setting the World on Fire. Simon Russell Beale reads Angus Wilson's social comedy about postwar aristocracy, theatre, architecture and anarchy. Abridged in ten parts

by Neville Teller. Part 1. **11.00** Radio 4 Appeal. Martin Bell speaks on behalf of Asylum Aid. **11.02** Our Man at Wimbledon. **11.30** A Life with Bird. **12.00** News. **12.30** The Late Book: Bombay Ice. **12.48** Shipping Forecast. **1.00** As World Service. **5.30** World News. **5.35** Shipping Forecast. **5.40** Inshore Forecast. **5.45** Prayer for the Day. **5.47** - **6.00** Farming Today. **RADIO 4 LW** (168kHz) **9.45** - **10.00** Daily Service. **11.00** Test Match Special. **12.00** News Headlines; Shipping Forecast. **12.04** - **1.00** Test Match Special. **1.30** Test Match Special. **5.54** Shipping Forecast. **5.57** Test Match Special. **11.30** - **12.00** Today in Parliament. **RADIO 5 LIVE** (693, 909kHz MW) **6.00** The Breakfast Programme. **9.00** Nicky Campbell. **12.00** The Midday News. **1.00** Ruscoe and Co. **4.00** Nationwide. **7.00** News Extra. **7.30** Cricket Legends. David Rayvern Allen presents profiles of cricketers. 1: Sir Garfield Sobers. **8.00** Interesting. Very Interesting. Sporting comedy and chat with Garry Richardson, Peter Brackley and their guests. If you have an amusing tale to tell, call 0500 909693.

INDEPENDENT PURSUITS

CHESS

WILLIAM HARTSTON

ONE OF the things most impressive about Michael Adams is his skill in creating problems for opponents when they are short of time. The way he defeated Alexander Belyavsky in the sixth round at Dortmund bears all the hallmarks of a high-level piece of Adams bamboozling. The result leaves Adams clear in second place, half a point behind Vladimir Kramnik, who stayed on top by beating Artur Yusupov.

In the early middlegame of the Belyavsky-Adams game, it was the Belarussian who seemed to have a slight advantage. His slight pressure against the Q-side black squares held promise of a useful invasion on b6, or perhaps establishing a knight at c5 or a5 to put the pawns under pressure. Belyavsky tried both those plans, but sensible play by Adams kept the game balanced.

Until move 30, the game looked level, but Adams began to create problems for his opponent with 30...b5. The resulting exchange of the pawns on d4 and e2, left Black's queen in a threatening position and created the conditions for Black to play 36...b4! White's

response looks like sheer panic, probably induced by time shortage. With tactical problems suddenly thrust on him, he lost the threat of the game completely. When 37...f4 threatened both Qx4 and a mating attack with B3+, White was already lost.

White: Alexander Belyavsky
Black: Michael Adams
Dortmund 1998

1 d4 Nf5	21 Nb6 Rf6
2 c4 e6	22 c5 Be6
3 g3 c5	23 Qg5 Bd5
4 Nf3 cxd4	24 Rf1 Bxg2
5 Nxd4 Bb4+	25 Kxg2 Qe7
6 Bd2 Qb6	26 Rxd8 Rxd8
7 Bxb4 Qxb4+	27 Rcl Rd4
8 Nc3 0-0	28 Nc6 Qe6
9 Qb3 Qc5	29 Nd6 g5
10 Rd1 a6	30 Rcl b5
11 Bg2 Nc6	31 Rxd4 exd4
12 Nxc6 dxc6	32 Qf4 Nd5
13 0-0 e5	33 Qxd4 Qxe2
14 Na4 Qe7	34 a4 bxa4
15 Qb6 Be6	35 bxa4 f5
16 b3 Rad8	36 Nc4 b4
17 h3 h5	37 Qd4 f4
18 Qe3 Bf5	38 Qd8+ Kh7
19 Nc5 a5	39 Qd7+ Kh6
20 Na4 Qe7	40 gxf4 0-1

BRIDGE

ALAN HIRON

Four Hearts would have been an easy contract for North on this deal but East's pre-emptive opening steered his opponents into an inferior resting spot. As often seems to happen, declarer now chose an inferior line of play and went down. Indeed, North (not a tolerant partner) described it in terms rather stronger than "inferior".

East opened Three Clubs and South overcalled with Three Spades. This left North with a problem: would it be wise to introduce his broken heart suit at this point? Eventually he settles for a raise to Four Spades, judging that South was very likely to hold a six-card suit.

West led ♠2 against the spade game and ruffed the club return. Then he exited with ♠K to dummy's ace. Declarer played ♠A and a spade to the king to reveal the bad news that East still held a trump trick. The problem now was for South to dispose of his diamond loser.

Without too much thought, he decided that his best bet was to hope that East had started with three hearts; then the diamond loser would go away while East ruffed.

Obsessed with this plan, South started on the hearts but East

Game all; dealer East

North	East
♠A 2	♥K 9 8 5 2
♦A 10	♠9 6 3
West	East
♥Q 3	♥J 10 4
♥J 7	♥J 10 3
♦K Q 9 8 6 4 3 2	♦7
♠2	♠AQJ 10 8 7 5
South	East
♥K 9 8 7 6 5	♥A Q 6
♦J 5	♦K 4

ruffed the third round and exited with a club to leave declarer a trick short.

At the critical stage of the hand, East had proven to hold seven clubs, three spades and a diamond, so he could not possibly hold three hearts. The only chance was that he held only a singleton diamond when the winning play would have been simply to concede him his trump trick.

What annoyed North most, however, was that when all followed to ♠A and ♠Q, it was a distinctly poor bet to hope that East held a 14th heart.

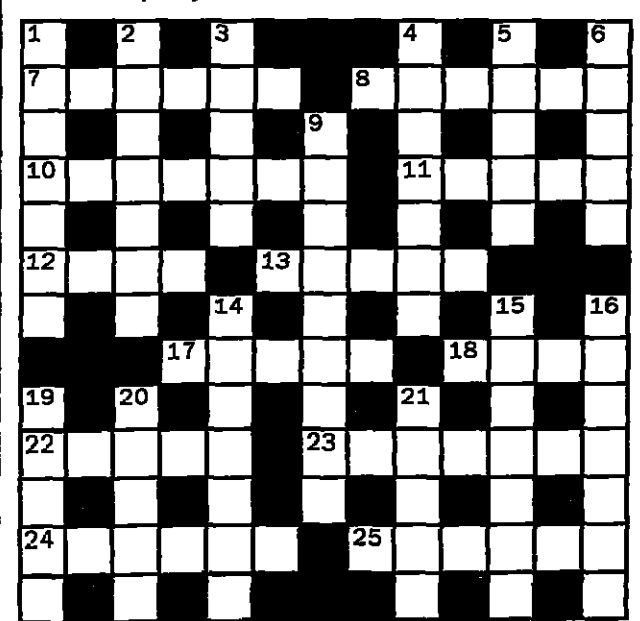
PUZZLE

Today's two puzzles have a common theme. Once you have solved one, you should get the other quickly. What are the next items in the following series:
1. R, X, F, S, U, Z, V, J...?
2. 21, 35, 33, 23, 13, 24, 25, 26, 18...? (answers tomorrow)

Answer to Friday's puzzle: The letters on the tetrahedron are as follows: C, F, N, R, A, D, G, W, E, I, O, T (Start with CAT, then working through APE, TAP and PEG quickly gives C R A G and E T together, and the others follow by a process of elimination.)

CONCISE CROSSWORD

No.3855 Monday 6 July



ACROSS

- Member of Germanic tribe (6)
- Bizet opera (6)
- Material with small checks (7)
- Correct (5)
- Level (4)
- Cost (5)
- Card game (5)
- Engrave (4)
- Sweet American alcoholic drink (5)
- Mug (7)
- Fondle (6)
- Riddle (6)

DOWN

- Walk unsteadily (7)
- Schubert's "Trout", e.g. (7)
- Nocturnal insects (5)
- Competitive modern life (3-4)
- Picture (5)
- Make one (5)
- Unrehearsed (9)
- Remote station (7)
- Odd (7)
- Type of cheese (7)
- Throw out (5)
- Watchful (5)
- Foolish (5)

Solution to last Saturday's Concise Crossword:

ACROSS: 1 Fawcett, 4 Hughes (Fondles), 7 Episcopal, 9 Lacc, 10 Rank, 11 Tween, 13 Deepen, 14 Hinder, 15 Nitwit, 17 Stucco, 19 Daily, 20 Glib, 22 Ape, 23 Centipede, 34 Tringle, 25 Domain. DOWN: 1 Fabled, 2 Nape, 3 Disown, 4 Hookah, 5 Gear, 6 Seeker, 7 Eccentric, 8 Landscape, 11 Tepid, 12 Killy, 15 Nugget, 16 Tacit, 17 Sloped, 18 Ordain, 21 Berg, 22 Adam.

SATELLITE AND CABLE

PICK OF THE DAY

SLITHER (9pm, TNT) was made in 1973, two years after James Caan (right) appeared in the ground-breaking film *The Godfather*, but as the versatile actor demonstrates here, there is more to his repertoire than Mafia hoods. In an amiably off-beat road-movie - not to be confused with the execrable *Sliver* - he plays a parolee car thief searching for an embezzled fortune with a caravan

enthusiast, played by Peter Boyle. A strong night for the vintage picture channel continues with Adam's Rib (11pm TNT), a cracking 1949 George Cukor comedy starring Katherine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy as a pair of married lawyers, he defending, she prosecuting a dizzy blonde accused of shooting her unfaithful husband - a case that drives a wedge between them.



PETER CONCHIE

Adventures of the Quest (810893), 9.00
Star Weather: Volcano - Ring of Fire (812457), 10.00
Bear Necessities: River of Bears (812544), 11.00
Flightpath (211709), 12.00
First Flights (781375), 12.30
Top Marques (822857), 1.00
Extreme Machines (890145), 2.00
Close.
SKY 1 **7.00** Tattooed Teenage Alien Fighters from Beverly Hills (7027), 7.30
Games World (44182), 7.45
The Simpsons (8302), 8.45
The Oprah Winfrey Show (826438), 9.00
Holt (3305), 10.00
Another World (65964), 10.00
Days of Our Lives (7572), 12.00
Married with Children (82893), 12.30
M*A*S*H (827887), 12.45
The Special K Collection (817283), 1.00
Gerardo (89224), 1.15
The Special K Collection (827264), 2.00
Bally Jessy Raphael (852813), 2.15
The Special K Collection (817893), 4.00
Oprah Winfrey (1730), 5.00
Star Trek: Voyager (8902), 6.00
The Nanny (6851), 6.30
Hunted With Children (495), 7.00
The Simpsons (8301), 7.30
The Simpsons (802), 8.00
Star Trek: Voyager (7032), 8.30
Sisters (7886), 10.00
Friends (8332), 10.30
Friends (7207), 11.00
Star Trek: Voyager (8993), 12.00
Hush Bridges (8949), 1.00
7.00 Long Play (85499).

SKY SPORTS 1 **7.00** Superbites - South Africa (4943), 9.00
Racing News (7726), 9.30
Aerobics (81315), 10.00
Super League Classics Wigan v St Helens (3265), 12.00
Aerobics - Oz Style (7949), 12.30
Motocycling (79594), 2.00
Superbites - South Africa (82728), 2.00
Tennis Bowling Masters (2506), 6.00
Sky Sports Centre (7167), 6.30
Survival of the Fittest (8141), 7.00
Motocycling (8124), 8.00
International Cricket England v South Africa (8149), 10.00
World Cup Phone-In (8177), 10.45
Sports Centre (84949), 11.00
World Tennis Bowling Masters (2273), 12.00
Sports Centre (86619), 12.15
Bovis Australia v Wales (46823), 2.15
Survival of the Fittest (8121), 2.45
World Cup Phone-In (21773), 3.30
Sky Sports Centre (89042), 3.45
Close.

UK GOLD **7.00** Crossroads (21044), 7.30
Neighbours (242877), 7.55
EastEnders (802877), 8.30
The Bill (220594), 9.00
The Bill (220544), 9.30
Stay Lucky (887438), 10.30
The Sullivan (222728), 11.00
Dallas (878273), 11.55
Neighbours (895728), 12.25
EastEnders (875438), 1.00
All Creatures Great and Small (780633), 2.00
Dallas (831061), 2.55
The Bill (834709), 3.55
Danglefield (810305), 4.55
EastEnders (825457), 5.30
Woolfgramm (895923), 6.00
All Creatures Great and Small (780633), 7.00
The Comedy Alternative: Last of the Summer Wine (248933), 7.40
The Comedy Alternative: Waiting for God (862703), 8.20
Comedy Alternative: Dad's Army (802034), 9.00
Casualty (8952243).

REGIONAL TELEVISION VARIATIONS

BBC **IRELAND** As BBC1 London except: **1.30** - **7.00** Newsline **6.30**
SCOTLAND As BBC1 London except: **5.00** - **7.00** News
WALES As BBC1 London except: **6.30** - **7.00** Wales Today
ENGLAND As BBC1 London except: **12.30** News and Weather (447767), 1.00
Top and Gloria (7780), 1.30
Home and Away (858725), 6.00
Home and Away (858707), 6.25
Central News and Weather (828051), 10.30
Central News and Travel (79018), 11.40
Baywatch Nights (829531), 12.00
Asian Eye (798533).

CENTRAL As Carlton except: **12.30** Central News and Weather (447767), 1.00
Country Practice (7780), 2.45
High Road (54489), 3.20
Central News (783612), 5.40
Shortland Street (596725), 6.00
Home and Away (858707), 6.25
Central News and Weather (828051), 10.30
Central News and Travel (79018), 11.40
Baywatch Nights (829531), 12.00
Asian Eye (798533).

HTV WALES As Carlton except: **10.30** This Morning (865325), 12.15
Meridian News and Weather (210322), 1.00
Shortland Street (7780), 1.30
Home and Away (858725), 6.00
Home and Away (858707), 6.25
Meridian News and Weather (828051), 10.30
Meridian News and Travel (79018), 11.40
Baywatch Nights (829531), 12.00
Asian Eye (798533).

WESTCOUNTRY As Carlton except: **10.30** This Morning (865325), 12.15
Westcountry News (210322), 1.00
High Road (7780), 1.30
Gardeners' Diary (54489), 3.20
Westcountry News (857361), 5.00
Westcountry News (857361), 5.30
Westcountry News (78167), 10.45
The View from Here (300983), 11.45
Watching Louise - Trial by Television (89167), 12.15
Clubvision (152410), 1.00
Vancassa (812415), 3.45
House of Horrors (80484), 4.15
Judge Judy (5979262), 4.40
TV Nightscreen (8943575), 5.00
Coronation St (20113).

TYNE TEES As Yorkshire except: **12.15** North East News and Weather (210322), 3.20
North East News and Weather (873612), 5.55
North East News and Weather (790815), 10.30
North East News and Weather (790815), 10.40
Get Real (850457).

S4C As Channel 4 except: **12.00** Rex Hunt's Fishing Adventures (48099), 12.30
Sesame Street (6712), 1.00
Slot Methrin: ABC a Ding Dong (15322), 1.30
Cradle to Grave: No Waiting Room (66983), 3.00
Hampson Court Flower Show (2101), 3.00
Real Gardens (7490), 4.30
Countdown (772), 5.00
5PM: Mynd Drot Drot (878883), 5.45
5PM: Ffili (834023), 6.00
Newyddion 6 (308323), 6.40
Heno (485273), 7.00
Pobol y Cwm (132235), 7.25
1: Di Gwel? (579631), 8.00
Clwb Garddio (5419), 8.30
Newyddion (7254), 9.00
Y Byd ar Bedwar (448), 9.30
Ffilm: House of Cards (38051), 11.30
NYPD Buo (702235), 12.25
Secret History (290216), 1.25
Trackside (819042), 2.00
Close.

YORKSHIRE As Carlton except: **10.30** This Morning (865325), 12.15
Calendar News and Weather (210322), 1.00
Home and Away (858725), 6.00
Home and Away (858707), 6.25
Meridian News and Weather (828051), 10.30
Meridian News and Travel (79018), 11.40
Baywatch Nights (829531), 12.00
Asian Eye (798533).



THOMAS SUTCLIFFE

TELEVISION REVIEW

The Gift (BBC1) began with the kind of in-joke, jolly, that almost always precedes a fatal accident on television - mother and daughter strolling over the road by this warm family insouciance. But the impact wasn't around the corner - it was at home, sealed inside a brown envelope - an appointment card from the local oncology department which tells Lynn that her remission may be over. The first three minutes had offered the unusual prospect of Amanda Burton smiling without tension - but she was soon back on more familiar ground, exploiting her talent for the weathering of those that lock the mouth open. When it became clear that her cancer has spread to the bone she decides not to fight for every inch of ground but to beat the cancer to the finish - as a last-ditch effort, she is determined that her daughter's memories won't be as tarnished as her own recollections of her own mother, who died only after cancer had undid the ties of affection, quite what Lucy Gannon's drama was for wasn't very clear. A moment to think of a contribution to the inimitable debate? A plea for understanding? By all accounts commissioning editors found the studied politeness equally unsettling, so that it has taken seven years for Gannon to bring it to the screen, a long time for a writer with such box-office pedigree. And though the absence of ulterior motive was one of its strengths, the delay had had its effects. In the last month alone we have seen two documentaries that looked similar facts in the face - *Diagnosis* and the final episode of *The Human Body*, which filmed a cancer sufferer's end. In print, the early prognosis of a mother dying before her children are grown was explored by Ruth Fierman in a series of articles about her own approaching death. So the matter of Gannon's film now feels like a bold invention, rather than a bold invention. What can fiction add to fact in such circumstances? Only a candour that cannot discount us - invented characters having no right to privacy. And

that was where Gannon's drama was at its best. Lynn's husband wants to comfort her with sex but finds himself unmoved by the thought of death; Lynn herself wants to say a meaningful goodbye to her daughter but has to pretend to be normally so that the child says her last ever goodnight with a wincing carelessness, casually pulling the door behind her as she slips into bed. The direction here offered a mercy that life does not - replaying the scene in slow motion so that a brutally short moment was artificially extended - and at the end, too, the drama capitulated a little on its general refusal of easy consolation. It had a sombre ending - the automatic dyes of the crematorium closing on the image of the congregation until the screen went entirely black. But it followed that initial final curtain with a life-giving montage that had no purpose but, nevertheless, something to do with death's sting. Perhaps it is fanciful to imagine popular television denying the audience's appetite for resolution so fully but *The Gift* would have been truer to its central character - the fact that she was never going to find out what she happened next - had it been a minute shorter.

Ray Gossling, a presenter, one sometimes associates with leak-giving competitions and pique-fanciful, deployed his unique manner on a very different pastime in *Sex, Guys and Videotape* (C4) - a programme that was hilarious and depressing by turns. It concerned the trial of seven Bolton men who had videoed themselves having sex in the privacy of their homes. How the jury managed to keep a straight face while viewing the can't quite imagine - because it was clear that at one point it featured a kind of genital member of which was preoccupied with that night's episode of *Coronation Street*. Casting was highly scornful of this abuse of taxpayer's money but his emotional commitment to the story - he became fearful that now select - many have blushed him to the white of exploitation it gave off. If the acts involved had been heterosexual they would have been legal, but they would still have been shabby and sad.

BBC1

BBC2

ITV Carlton

Channel 4

Channel 5

- 6.00 Business Breakfast** (2051). **7.00 News** (7) (2525).
8.00 All over the Shop (R) (S) (332254). **8.30** *Kinky* (S) (7) (351032). **10.00** *Meet the Challenge* (S) (337063). **10.25** *Good Neighbours* (S) (7) (271823). **10.35** *Comedians' Collection* (R) (S) (322576). **10.40** *News: Regional News: Weather* (R) (S) (324627).
10.50 *Crickets - Third Test England vs South Africa*. Coverage of the final morning's play from Old Trafford (S) (364670).
1.00 *News: Weather* (7) (22912). **1.30** *Regional News* (323387). **1.40** *Neighbours* (S) (7) (466083). **2.05** *Perry Mason Returns* (S) (338443).
3.25 *Children's BBC: Noddy* (R) (S) (729427). **3.45** *Piccadilly* (R) (S) (322832). **4.05** *Poppy* (202918). **4.10** *Caesar* (S) (7) (353070). **4.35** *50/50* (S) (7) (348005). **5.00** *Newsround* (S) (7) (333460). **5.10** *Blue Peter* (S) (7) (333383).
5.25 *Neighbours*. Darren tries to make up with Libby, blows his cotton socks (S) (7) (338389).
6.00 *News: Weather* (7) (25).
6.30 *Regional News*. Local round-up (7) (367).
7.00 *Telly Addicts*. Noel Edmonds presents the quiz for the strident-out-more generation (S) (7) (367).
7.30 *Here and Now*. The *Yellowstone*-style (re)member, their current affairs show, which tonight examines the rise in private health care companies (S) (7) (367).
8.00 *Eastenders*. Phil offers Grant some advice on his marriage - his car, perhaps, but surely not his marriage... (S) (7) (2705).
8.30 *60/60* *Lakeview*. An liberal in Thurrock - the setting for the latest docu-serial (S) (4544). See *Documentary of the Day*, below.
9.00 *News: Regional News: Weather* (7) (438).
9.30 *Men Behaving Badly*. Deacon and Dorothy are away for the weekend so Gary and Tony attempt to serve the girls next door with a barbecue (S) (5) (3438).
10.00 *Panorama*. 'The Car Career'. The last Panorama of a particularly party series investigates the artificially-high prices in the British car industry. Slightly is deviously nicknamed 'Treasure Island' because of the profits involved in collecting car manufacturers (7) (3035).
10.40 *ELLE Come Dine with Me* (Armand Mastroianni 1984 US). 'Hohum detective thriller in the Mike Hammer series, with Rob Esler as Mickey Spillane's private eye hero' (S) (7) (363312).
12.00 *Crickets*. Highlights, weather, painting (S) (339515).
12.50 *ELLE Marlowe* (Paul Bogart 1989 US). Enigmatic version of Charles Sanders Lewis's *The Little Sister*, with James Garner as the phlegmatic private eye, featuring a cameo from Bruce Lee as a martial-arts badde (7) (34229).
2.25 *Johns BBC News* 24 (359444). To beam.
- 6.00** *Musical Prodigious* (7) (220549). **6.35** *Bridging the Gap* (373883).
7.00 *Children's BBC: Teletubbies* (S) (72278). **7.25** *Godfather and the Ghost Chasers* (7) (37815). **7.50** *Get Your Own Back* (R) (S) (7) (363225). **8.45** *Why Fop* (R) (276970). **8.55** *Teddy Trucks* (R) (332325). **9.45** *Henry and the Hensons* (R) (S) (7) (344549). **9.50** *Howiey* (R) (323493). **9.50** *Cartoon* (333383). **10.00** *Teletubbies* (S) (32505).
10.30 *ELLE Who's Minding the Mint?* (Howard Morris 1986 US). Jim Hutton plays a US Mint employee who accidentally destroys \$50,000 (as you do) (7) (457676).
12.05 *The Phil Silvers Show* (R) (332032). **12.30** *Working Lunch* (7254). **1.00** *Top Gear* (Microport) (S) (726254).
1.35 *Crickets - Third Test England vs South Africa*. Live coverage of the afternoon and evening sessions of the final day. There are four typical scenarios: one of the teams actually won several days ago, or (and this rarely happens) the match comes to an exciting conclusion. *Flights crossed* for the latter (333400).
6.00 *The Simpsons*. Homer is given 24 hours to live (R) (S) (7) (32344).
6.25 *Space 1998*. Commander Keating finds himself transported to a beautiful world (7) (480728).
7.00 *Top Gear Take Two*. A new eight-part series made up of highlights of the last series - repeat, to use the more common term (R) (S) (480728).
7.30 *Investing for All with Alvin Hall*. Wall Street guru Alvin Hall meets some scads from Lanchester Spa, differing over an investment. New series (S) (7) (363).
8.00 *War Walks II*. Return of military pantheism: Professor Richard Holmes shows how close William the Conqueror came to defeat at Hastings (R) (S) (7) (3351).
8.30 *The Travel Show*. F. Glover and The Independent's Simon Calder take a look at Hong Kong as a holiday destination (S) (7) (2169).
9.00 *Reputations*. A profile of Hitler's foreign minister, Joachim von Ribbentrop, a former champagne salesman who believed that the connections with the British aristocracy and royal family would bring about an alliance with the Nazis. When Plan A failed, he took it badly and turned to Plan B - full-scale conflict (S) (7) (3039).
10.00 *Have I Got Old News for You*. Anne Dwyer with another *debutante* of Help and Me (R) (7) (4332).
10.30 *Newsnight*. Jeremy Paxman (7) (35877).
11.15 *Ruby*. La Mox returns with the second series of her solo-style chat, joined by Joanna Lumley, Jeanne Moreau and Boy George (S) (7) (36358).
12.00 *The Midnight Hour* (4482). **12.30** *BBC Learning Zone*. *The Newcomers* (7) (35339). **1.30** *Oldman Experience* (7235). **2.00** *Winners*. Heritage and Experience (S) (7) (32982). **3.00** *Business and Training*. Computers Don't Lie. Business (323485). **3.45** *OU: The University of Salamanca* (323485). To beam.
- 6.00** *GMTV* (35149). **9.25** *This Morning* (7) (408780). **9.30** *News* (S) (7) (363472). **10.00** *This Morning* (7) (363472). **10.30** *Top Show* (44767). **12.30** *News*: *London Today* (7) (363472). **1.00** *London Today* (7) (363472). **1.30** *The Phil Silvers Show* (S) (7) (363472). **2.15** *Howiey* (R) (332325). **2.45** *Henry and the Hensons* (R) (S) (7) (344549). **3.00** *Cartoon* (333383). **3.20** *Teletubbies* (S) (32505).
3.25 *Children's ITV*. *Top TV* (R) (S) (363338). **3.45** *Cartoon* (333383). **4.00** *Cartoon* (333383). **4.10** *Cartoon* (333383). **4.20** *Cartoon* (333383). **4.30** *Cartoon* (333383). **4.40** *Cartoon* (333383). **4.50** *Cartoon* (333383). **5.00** *Cartoon* (333383). **5.10** *Cartoon* (333383). **5.20** *Cartoon* (333383). **5.30** *Cartoon* (333383). **5.40** *Cartoon* (333383). **5.50** *Cartoon* (333383). **6.00** *Cartoon* (333383). **6.10** *Cartoon* (333383). **6.20** *Cartoon* (333383). **6.30** *Cartoon* (333383). **6.40** *Cartoon* (333383). **6.50** *Cartoon* (333383). **7.00** *Cartoon* (333383). **7.10** *Cartoon* (333383). **7.20** *Cartoon* (333383). **7.30** *Cartoon* (333383). **7.40** *Cartoon* (333383). **7.50** *Cartoon* (333383). **8.00** *Cartoon* (333383). **8.10** *Cartoon* (333383). **8.20** *Cartoon* (333383). **8.30** *Cartoon* (333383). **8.40** *Cartoon* (333383). **8.50** *Cartoon* (333383). **9.00** *Cartoon* (333383). **9.10** *Cartoon* 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